

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 669, Vol. 26.

August 22, 1868.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

THE twenty or thirty thousand clergymen who are annually abused for not preaching two millions of original and impressive sermons in the year have at least a wider range of subjects on which they can expatiate than the candidates for Parliament who are now attempting to execute variations on one or two hackneyed themes. In operas an air is sometimes allotted to two semi-choruses, who, in their respective characters of persecutors and martyrs, or of courtiers and conspirators, declaim contradictory sentiments to the same tune, and, with the necessary modifications, as nearly as possible in the same words. With the same harmonious discord, Conservatives and Liberals are at present insisting that the Irish Church shall perish or shall flourish; and Mr. GLADSTONE is exalted to the skies or denounced with amoebian uniformity. It is remarkable that, while the Liberal leader is introduced into every address for praise or for censure, Mr. DISRAELI, who is, far more than his rival, the ruling spirit of his own party, is seldom mentioned by his adherents. The respectable administration of some of the principal departments furnishes a pretext for professing confidence in the Government; but the chief who, like JUPITER in the *Iliad*, could at will outmatch his collective subordinates, is apparently not supposed by his followers to possess the popular confidence. It is true that Mr. DISRAELI's temper, adroitness, and pertinacity are more fully appreciated by eyewitnesses in the House of Commons than by distant spectators; but it would seem that the sonorous generalities of which no orator is more lavish fall dead on the ears of the multitude. Constituencies, having little sense of humour, prefer a statesman who expresses his convictions, if not in the plainest language, at least without covert irony. Mr. DISRAELI's fine phrases would often be ridiculous if they were not evidently intended to delude or puzzle simple minds; while Mr. GLADSTONE attaches to every proposition which he enunciates deep and grave importance. If he had unnecessarily dated a published letter on Maundy Thursday, he might have been credited with a sincere belief in the paramount solemnity of the festival. Whatever may be the loyalty of professional politicians to their daring leader, the single-minded Conservatives of the country intuitively feel that they are not represented by Mr. DISRAELI. The few among them who understand their own principles would have sacrificed a dozen Irish Establishments on condition of retaining the Parliamentary Constitution which Mr. DISRAELI has destroyed; nor can it be believed, except in the remotest political regions, that the actual champion of the Irish Church would not greatly have preferred the antagonistic task which circumstances have assigned to Mr. GLADSTONE.

A sagacious critic, wholly unacquainted with electoral statistics, might perhaps discover, from a comparison of addresses, which is likely to be the winning side. The Liberal candidates, with one considerable exception, repeat with disciplined fidelity the party confession of faith; but the Conservatives seem for the most part to be conscious that some apology is required for their determination to support the Irish Church. One of the minority of last Session, in an address to the electors of Wilton, indicates the existence in the party of a back current running counter to the general stream of Conservative opinion. Mr. ANTROBUS states that he voted for Lord STANLEY's ambiguous amendment because he thought Mr. GLADSTONE's sudden declaration ill-timed, and therefore dangerous; but for his own part, not perhaps differing from the real opinion of Lord STANLEY or of Mr. DISRAELI himself, he has always thought the Irish Church a symbol of conquest, and a slur on the Protestant faith. If there are many similar attempts at mutiny in the ranks of the Conservative army, the

result of the general election cannot be doubtful. On the other side, one of the most considerable leaders of the Liberal party explains the hesitation which, during the last Session, prevented him from supporting Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolutions. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER in substance acquiesces in disestablishment, but he objects to total disendowment. As it is admitted on all hands that recent benefactions to the Church must be respected, and that some of the ecclesiastical buildings are to be reserved to the Protestants, it seems not impossible that Sir ROUNDELL PALMER may be able to accept office as a member of Mr. GLADSTONE's future Cabinet. The thorough-going enemies of the Irish Church can afford a prolongation of the struggle, and the unqualified supporters of the institution may perhaps hope to profit by delay; but, to those who deem a compromise practicable and desirable, the earliest possible settlement is also the most hopeful. The outgoing House of Commons was anxious to deal liberally with the interests which would be affected by abolition. The next Parliament, even if it proves equally moderate in its first Session, will inevitably be exasperated by a too pertinacious resistance to the majority. One of the most temperate and thoughtful of the Liberal addresses proves that a Roman Catholic supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE is not necessarily a political opponent of the Church of England. Sir JOHN SIMEON assures his constituents in the Isle of Wight that, as long as the English Church represents the religious feeling of the country, and exercises a beneficial influence as an institution deeply interwoven with the social system, he shall feel bound to support the Establishment as an integral part of the Constitution of the country. It is a singular fact that only two other candidates of the same communion are now soliciting the suffrages of constituencies in Great Britain. Both Lord EDWARD HOWARD and Sir JOHN ACTON are well qualified to sit in the House of Commons; and it is highly desirable that the Roman Catholic body should share in political activity through independent and enlightened representatives. Roman Catholic laymen of the educated classes are seldom bigots or fanatics, but Irish members are too often forced to defer to clerical dictation; while English gentlemen, elected by Protestant constituencies, may be expected to promote friendly relations between their co-religionists and the rest of the community. The tendency of religious minorities to conspire for sectarian purposes is most effectually checked by practical fusion in the great political community.

It would be discourteous to question the sincerity of an opinion recently adopted by several candidates, that elected representatives should share with the justices of the peace the imposition and administration of the county rates. The change would be popular, consistent with sound analogies, and only moderately inconvenient. Courts of Quarter Sessions, whatever may be their faults, are both vigilant and frugal, and yet their members are capable of appreciating the paramount expediency of improvement in gaols, in lunatic asylums, and in police. The farmers who, under an altered system, would share their powers, would be guardians of Poor-law Unions. Their disposition to strict economy would be unquestionable, but no class is slower to recognise the advantage of discreet liberality. The establishment of County Financial Boards may nevertheless be possibly desirable, because the scheme would be theoretically plausible. In country districts there is a wholesome disposition to think more of a halfpenny rate than of a Parliamentary tax of three times the amount; but the recent increase of the Estimates will probably supply Opposition candidates with an additional commonplace, before the election is over. Mr. GLADSTONE, in his address to the electors of South-west Lancashire, suggested the subject of economy to the Liberal party as a topic which might be introduced when an audience was tired of the Irish Church; but, with the

exception of Mr. CHILDERS and Mr. HANKEY, few of his adherents have hitherto dilated on the alleged extravagance of the present Government. Whatever may be the causes of the excess, it is undeniable that the Estimates have been largely increased since the accession of Lord DERBY to office; and as the cost of the Civil Service constantly advances with the extension of the functions of Government, the only opportunity for serious reduction must be found in military and naval expenditure. As the services are not unduly large or superfluously efficient, it might be doubted whether any saving could be effected in the army or the navy, but for the circumstance that the modern increase of outlay has been largely due to necessary improvements. In railway language, the capital account has for many years never been closed, although the funds required have been almost exclusively derived from revenue. Mr. GLADSTONE himself would admit that it was the duty of the Government for the time being to substitute ironclad ships for wooden vessels, large rifled cannon for smoothbores, and breechloading small arms for obsolete muskets. It is to a certain extent unfair to complain of an expenditure which, except in the contingency of further improvements in the art of war, will not require to be repeated. The increase in the pay of the army was equally just and expedient, though the consequent charge on the Treasury is included by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHILDERS in the excess of outlay which is imputed as a fault to Government. Financial questions would perhaps occupy a larger space in election addresses if Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI had not accustomed the country to the easy and vicious resource of providing all exceptional revenue by an increase of Income-tax. There is no reason to suppose that the reformed Parliaments will become more frugal than their predecessors, while it is nearly certain that they will be comparatively reckless in adding to direct taxation. Perhaps, as the autumn advances, and the store of commonplaces is exhausted, retrenchment may take its place by the side of Mr. GLADSTONE and the Irish Church.

FRANCE.

THE defeat of M. HUOT, the Imperial candidate for the Department of the Jura, by his Republican antagonist, M. GRÉVY, in spite of the infatuated and virulent antagonism of the Imperial authorities, is naturally considered by the political world of France to be an event of some importance. The stability or instability of the Government has always been, and still is a fruitful subject of interest and discussion, and everything that throws light on the great problem whether or not NAPOLEON III. is safely seated on his throne is eagerly scanned and canvassed by Frenchmen and foreigners alike. The drama of the French Empire is being played before a widespread audience. All Europe looks on at the spectacle of a powerful and turbulent nation curbed by the nervous grasp of a desperate and adventurous rider, and is for ever wondering how long the scene will last. It was in part to the groups of critics who stand apart and speculate on the progress of the play, and on the probability of a speedy catastrophe, that M. MAGNE addressed himself in exultation at the marvellous success of the new Imperial Loan. His tone of triumph was itself a covert argument, to the effect that now at all events all candid minds must be satisfied of the French EMPEROR's popularity when it was plain that his subjects were so ready to lend him thirty-four times as much money as he asked. This, said M. MAGNE, is an irrefragable proof of the nation's confidence in the dynasty of the NAPOLEONS. To accept such an interpretation of the matter would be going a great deal too far. Whether or not France chooses, or only endures, to be governed by her present rulers may be a matter of debate; but it is idle to suppose that the most sanguine of the supporters of the Empire can entertain anything like a settled conviction about the stability of the dynasty. It is not, we may rest assured, upon the prospects of the PRINCE IMPERIAL that the creditors of the Empire have based their hopes. They trust to a thousand better chances still, and the large portion of the loan which has been taken up by speculators is subscribed for of course to-day, in hopes of selling again to-morrow on the excellent terms promised to subscribers. Over and above what speculators have done, there are doubtless some (how many not even M. MAGNE could tell us) who have invested in the new loan *bonâ fide*. Is it such a wonderful thing that they should do so, considering the attractions offered? We cannot think so. A nation like France is not likely to become insolvent, and the money of

French fundholders would certainly be safe even if the French EMPEROR ended his reign to-night. The success of the French loan cannot therefore be taken as a valuable index to the state of political feeling in France.

On the other hand, too much may as easily be made of isolated electoral triumphs of the Opposition; and M. GRÉVY's return, though an important occurrence, is not so very astonishing when we recollect that M. GRÉVY was one of the best men known in the Jura. Experience shows that the voters of provincial towns and agricultural districts will usually vote as they are desired by the authorities, provided the Imperial nominee is not personally distasteful to them, especially if the Opposition candidate is a mere journalist or politician, unconnected with the locality by birth or occupation. But the case is widely changed whenever the opponent of the Empire is a popular local personage. Under these circumstances he would have a chance of defeating M. ROUHER himself, if M. ROUHER were standing for the seat. The issue turns in such cases on the personal merits of the men, not on the colour of their politics, and it is ridiculous to suppose that the 22,000 voters of the Jura who supported M. GRÉVY did so simply as a political demonstration. The truth is that in M. GRÉVY the Opposition had a fortunate representative. He had been born in the Jura, had risen to distinction as a native of the Department, had been its Commissioner under the Provisional Government of 1848, and was returned as its first Deputy to the Constituent Assembly. His known and unflinching political principles served in a certain sense to add to the popular interest attaching to his name. It was not easy to beat such a candidate with a mere official nominee, and M. HUOT, as might have been expected, only received 11,235 votes against 22,438.

It is something, no doubt, to see that a French department under the present régime is capable of political independence. The power of the Executive is so great, and its machinery for influencing provincial elections so complete, that every Opposition contest won seems a splendid and providential victory. In the larger towns such successes have often been obtained, but rural or mixed districts are, as a rule, subservient to the dictates of the Prefect; for the electoral boundaries are manipulated cleverly by the Imperial Government, and the French law offers little facilities for independent political organization. A department like the Jura gained is, therefore, in some way a light struck in the general darkness; and indeed, if the enemies of the Empire had sound reason for thinking that the French peasant was becoming a sound patriot, the chances of political change in France would be immensely increased. We do not think that it can be reasonably inferred, from the elections in the Jura or elsewhere, that this development is taking place, or that the French agricultural population are a whit more politicians at the present day than they were twenty years ago. Indeed, the election in the Jura has been won by the towns rather than by the rural districts, and it is to intelligent townsmen that M. GRÉVY chiefly owes his return. He owes it in part to the outrageous character of the opposition with which he had to contend. The subordinate agents of the Empire, on more than one occasion at recent elections, have damaged their own cause by the superfluity of zeal which M. TALLEYRAND deprecated in officials. The violence of the attack upon M. GRÉVY led to its own defeat, and electors of more than one shade of opinion united to resist an official attempt to command their suffrages which was unprecedented for its gross and dictatorial tone.

Whatever the actual significance of the Jura vote as regards the opinions of the Jura which are reflected thereby, its effect on French public opinion in general has already been great. It is said that the Imperial Government are now flinching from their previous design of a general election. They prefer to go on with the Corps Législatif in its present condition, in preference to encountering the disturbance and agitation of a general electoral campaign, with its attendant risks of occasional mortification and discomfiture. They will, in fact, treat the new loan as a vote of popular confidence, and shut their eyes to any symptoms of dissatisfaction afforded by contemporary events. They know best what is for their own interest, but we should have been disposed to believe that there is no serious prospect of the delay operating to the benefit of the Imperial cause. Meanwhile the accession of M. GRÉVY to the ranks of the Parliamentary Opposition is in itself something. M. GRÉVY will now resume the seat from which he predicted, twenty years ago, the danger of the great calamity which has since befallen French liberty. If M. GRÉVY's Amendment of 1848 had been carried, who can say that France might not have escaped the Empire? That such would have been the result

does not indeed follow, for the last President of the short-lived Republic was not the man to be hampered by constitutional niceties, and a law more or less makes little difference to an adventurer who sees a Crown within his reach. It would be a mistake to suppose that single additions to the Opposition in the Chamber count only as individual units added to a hopeless minority. The Opposition in the French Chamber is far more potent than if its strength depended on numerical weight. When a NAPOLEON governs France, seven or eight free voices in a French Chamber are of no small importance, and M. GRÉVY and his brother Deputies are aware that minorities are not estimated according to the number of the men who compose them.

THE FINANCIAL REFORM UNION.

A NEW Association has lately been formed under the ill-omened name of the Financial Reform Union. It would have been prudent to devise a title which would not have recalled the memory of the abortive and defunct Financial Reform League of Liverpool, which, notwithstanding the occasional patronage of Mr. COBDEN, fell from the first into the hands of quacks and fanatics, and consequently devoted its feeble energies to the propagation of numerous economical heresies. The new Union includes in the list of its Vice-Presidents and Committee two or three members of Parliament, as many popular agitators, and several local London politicians. Its professed objects are reduction of national expenditure, remission of taxation on articles of general consumption, effective control of the national income, and economical and just administration of the public funds. The ordinary machinery of lectures, pamphlets, and public meetings is to be employed for these laudable purposes, and a few harmless papers have already been circulated by the Society for the promotion of its objects. It is easy to foresee that the Financial Reform Union will either collapse or linger on for a time in obscurity. There are already two Reform Leagues which have undertaken to furnish the community with political education; and if it were possible to excite an active interest in finance, they would gladly avail themselves of any subject-matter which would revive the faded attention of their disciples. Leagues and Unions have little influence except when they find occasion to stimulate and organize some great popular agitation. The Councils of the Catholic Association and of the Corn Law League were the officers of a formidable army; and Mr. BEALES and his Reform League justly boast that the fall of the Hyde Park palings exercised some influence on the passage of Mr. DISRAELI'S Reform Bill. The speeches and publications of more peaceable Associations are necessarily composed by persons who, if they could find readers, would require no subscriptions to back them. Temperance Societies form an apparent exception to this rule, but their influence is explained by the practical co-operation which they exact from their members. Men of a certain class find it easier to leave off drinking in company with thousands of associates than alone; but the members of a Financial Reform Union can do nothing but listen to their leaders, and perhaps read their pamphlets.

The managers of the Union have inherited some of the many erroneous opinions which Mr. COBDEN combined with his sounder economical theories. It is certain that a Government ought not to indulge in excessive or wasteful expenditure, and financial reformers naturally cite Mr. SEELY'S charges against the Admiralty, and the complaints which have from time to time been suggested by the military expenditure in the colonies; but, not content with suggesting possible savings, they proceed, in imitation of Mr. COBDEN, to propose the remedy of putting the Government, like a young spendthrift, on an allowance. Sixty millions, or some smaller sum, is to be prescribed as the maximum of outlay, and the Army, Navy, and Civil Service are to be clipped and pared until they are brought within the predetermined limits. The fallacy of the scheme would scarcely deserve exposure if it were not sometimes countenanced by rhetorical phrases in Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches. A private family, if it is to remain solvent, must regulate its outlay by its income; and if a prodigal can be reclaimed by a fixed provision of pocket-money, it will be more advantageous to make him an allowance than to permit him to draw at pleasure on the parental purse. A nation, on the other hand, ought to regulate the revenue, or the share of the general wealth which is applied to public purposes, by the expenditure which is deemed necessary or expedient. If a difference of three or four millions in the annual receipts of the Treasury represented efficient defences as compared with inadequate protection from foreign hostility, it would be

absurd to abstain from a necessary outlay because it might be inconsistent with an arbitrary rule. A coat must be cut according to the cloth when the supply of material is limited; but if there is an opportunity of choice, it is desirable that the coat should be made to fit. Mr. SEELY is perfectly right in insisting that pig-iron ought not to be used for pavement, because the metal can be more profitably employed; but the increase in the Estimates which may have been caused by the misapplication of the iron was objectionable because it was wasteful, and not because the total outlay was large. Some of the money spent on the army and navy must be properly employed, and the legitimate amount of expenditure cannot possibly depend on the general proposition that sixty millions or fifty millions is the proper amount of the public revenue.

From the determination to cut down the revenue by ten millions, it is easy and pleasant to proceed to the selection of taxes to be repealed. There is no doubt that every impost is both immediately burdensome and indirectly mischievous, although some duties are much less injurious than others. The promoters of the Financial Union propose at one stroke to abolish the Customs' duties on tea and sugar, which, since the great reductions of late years, are perhaps the least oppressive of all taxes on consumption. The shilling Corn-duty, not long since denounced with extraordinary vehemence by Mr. GLADSTONE, and the duty on London cabs, are to make up the predetermined amount of ten millions, or ten millions and a half, of annual retrenchment. There can be no doubt that untaxed tea and sugar would be highly desirable; but it is absurd to suppose that Parliament would admit such foreign commodities duty-free, while malt and home-made spirits contribute large sums in the form of excise. The Corn-duty, according to Mr. GLADSTONE—who borrowed the statement from the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce—prevents England from being the corn depot of Europe; but as the duty is not payable until the wheat is taken out of bond for home consumption, it is difficult to understand how it can affect the transit trade. The tax would be objectionable if it operated as a protection to home-grown corn, but probably the percentage on the value of the article is too small to affect retail prices. If the tax can be shown to be really objectionable, it will probably be repealed as soon as the Government for the time being has a surplus to dispose of. The repeal of one-half of the Customs' duties, while the Income-tax, the Assessed taxes, and the Stamp duties were retained at their present amount, would accelerate the entire severance of representation from taxation. As might be expected, the reformers of the Financial Union hanker after the extravagant injustice of imposing taxation as far as possible on landed property. Their predecessors at Liverpool, having picked up a vague notion of the history of military tenures, were in the habit of contending that landowners should, in regard of property which was formerly divided into knights' fees, bear all the expense of the army and navy. It may be presumed that Mr. SCULLY'S Irish tenants, when, by the aid of the same sect of politicians, they are converted into freeholders, will not be charged with their share of the burdens which are to be imposed on a monopolizing aristocracy.

Bad arguments often impede the acceptance of sound conclusions, and it is not to be inferred that a reduction of expenditure is either inexpedient or impracticable because it is recommended by irrelevant reasons. The great increase in the armaments of foreign countries, and the rapid change in the construction of implements of war, sufficiently account for the greater part of the additions which have been made to the cost of the army and navy. The Estimates of 1835 or 1850 would, if they had never since been exceeded, have provided establishments utterly inadequate to the wants of the country; but a portion of the subsequent increase has been incurred once for all, and the Government which may have the good fortune to inherit the effects of costly changes will obtain credit for dispensing with an outlay which will be no longer necessary. A large permanent excess over the expenditure of twenty or thirty years ago will unavoidably continue, not only because greater establishments are required, but on account of the universal advance of prices. Men, like materials, cost more in 1868 than in 1838, and there is no article about which it is less desirable to haggle. From 1842 to 1864 the incomes assessed to the tax increased, on an average of schedules, by seventy per cent. In the same interval the imports and exports increased by two hundred per cent., and the internal trade probably expanded with at least equal rapidity. The expenditure in the meantime, including a considerable charge for interest and reduction of the debt incurred for the Crimean war, increased by perhaps twenty per cent.; and a

considerable addition, which will be partly temporary, has been made since 1864. A demand for an immediate return to the Estimates of 1850 could only be justifiable on the assumption that at that time the expenditure was grossly extravagant. A small part of the apparent increase is caused by the conversion of Consols into terminable annuities, which was devised by Mr. GLADSTONE and copied by Mr. DISRAELI.

IRELAND.

MR. DISRAELI at the close of the Parliamentary Session took occasion to paint in rosy colours the condition of Ireland, governed as it now has the happiness to be, not by miserable Whigs or Radicals, but by Mr. DISRAELI and his friends. All was once again sunshine and good nature and prosperity. And (such was the obvious argument) if that disturber of the nation, Mr. GLADSTONE, would only let the Irish Church alone, Ireland would be as happy and bright and contented as the day is long. There are no Fenians in gaol under the Habeas Corpus Act, no Fenians in arms or in secret league throughout the country. Mr. GEORGE TRAIN is shut up somewhere by his creditors; and, by way of inaugurating the return of halcyon days, Lord ABERCORN is to be a Duke, and Lord MAYO, having pacified Ireland, can be spared for a few years to the Hindoos. To do Mr. DISRAELI justice, this sort of picturesque contrast is one which he is fond of drawing, whether the immediate subject be Ireland or England, the fortifications at Portsmouth, or the policy of the Foreign Office. The Whigs, for long years, have got everything into a muddle. Then suddenly, like a beneficent fairy, Mr. DISRAELI comes gliding by, attended by his obedient sprites, and sets to rights all the confusion and disorder. Sullen foreign Governments again begin to smile, the French EMPEROR brightens up, King THEODORE commits suicide, the guns at Portsmouth mount the idle gun-carriages, the Fenians begin to use their return tickets to New York, and peace and plenty crown the land. The general assertion that the reign of Mr. DISRAELI is contemporary with the return of a Saturnian age is one which it is scarcely necessary to examine. The Tory Cabinet has its merits and its demerits; some Tories are good administrators of a department, some are irreparably bad; and if a balance must be struck, it is probable that the difference between lazy Whig and inexperienced Tory officials is in most places hardly perceptible to the naked eye of the British public. The delicious picture of Irish prosperity which Mr. DISRAELI has drawn goes, however, a little too far; for, in the present critical state of that unhappy island, an affected complacency in English statesmen on the subject of Ireland is either a piece of ignorance or of knavery. The Ides of March, as far as Ireland is concerned, are not passed simply because the Fenians are hiding. We do not say that there are any peculiar indications of immediate danger, nor is it necessary to borrow the stock imagery of volcanoes, and rumblings, and calms that come before a storm. Ireland is now just what she has been for the last five years—in a political condition that is most unhealthy, and which must inspire any sagacious mind with anxiety as to her future. This is the true picture, and Mr. DISRAELI may daub all the colours of the rainbow over it for the sake of oratorical or political effect, but he cannot and does not persuade any except the most provincial listener that his description of Ireland is anything but the merest rodomontade.

A speedy comment has followed upon Mr. DISRAELI's text in the murderous and brutal conflict that has taken place in Tipperary. There has been nothing short of a pitched battle between Mr. SCULLY and his tenants in that county of ominous name, followed by deadly consequences both to assailants and assailed. Mr. SCULLY himself lies at death's door, the victim of his own faults, so far as his own faults led to this wicked and murderous outrage on the part of his tenants. Victims more deserving of sympathy than himself have already been sacrificed to his ill-advised assertion of his rights as landlord over the miserable and misguided creatures on his estate. The ill-will that everywhere attends in Ireland every controversy as to the respective claims of landlord and tenant over the land has in fact, in Tipperary, broken out between Mr. SCULLY and his tenants into a fearful flame. The jaunty air with which Mr. DISRAELI might have dismissed this serious affair has been borrowed by the *Times* newspaper for the purpose of proving to the world that there is nothing at all in the matter of any political importance. "The more we hear from Ireland, the more clearly does it appear that the shocking murders in Tipperary are to be ascribed to exceptional causes, and must not be taken as bearing in any way upon the

"general relations of landlords and tenants." The naivety of this criticism is marvellous indeed. It is probably due to the anxiety of the *Times*—which on this point only reflects the anxiety of many politicians of the feeblar type—not to touch, even with the end of a long pole, the difficult and dangerous question of land tenure in Ireland. The *Times* will not look at anything suggestive of the hateful topic. And when a terrible raid of landlord and tenants against each other occurs in Tipperary, the very bone of contention being their respective rights to possession of the soil, the *Times* still persists in closing its eyes, and ejaculating to the last that all this has nothing to do with land tenure. If this is to be a specimen of the pusillanimous and terrified air with which moderate English politicians are to approach every single question in Ireland that touches on the rights of landed property, the future relations of the two countries cannot by any possibility be otherwise than disastrous. That such a line of criticism should be adopted by Tory organs in the North of Ireland is natural enough. They view all these matters from an interested and fiercely partisan point of view. Of course the *Belfast Newsletter* and the *Cork Constitution* represent the transaction as a thousand miles removed from any agrarian question, and as a "personal quarrel" only. In the mouths of party organs such language is to be expected, for people do not look for impartial comment on Irish matters in the newspapers of Dublin or Belfast. But English spectators are not so deeply committed as Irish landlords to the landlord's view of the land question. As far as this country is concerned, there has been a remarkable disposition to do full justice, and even more than full justice, to the rights of Irish landed proprietors. But when this disposition is pushed to the extreme and absurd point of ignoring the fact that in Ireland there is a land question which has to be solved, and which, until it is solved, will continue to be the cause of disquietude and disorder, it is time to draw the line. Nor is it true, in any sense, that the Tipperary battle, miserable as it was, is quite out of keeping with what has been in Ireland the habitual and conventional relation of landlord and tenant. So bloody a fight has not been known of recent times. But fights of this kind, as every one who knows anything of Ireland is perfectly aware, have been frequent till within the last few years, and it is impossible to distinguish, except as a matter of degree, between the fearful resistance offered to Mr. SCULLY and the police the other day, and any other agrarian outbreak of violence. In no other country except Ireland do these things occur. In Ireland itself they occur too often to be accidental. Exceptional causes have as little to do with it as they have with any other aggravated phenomenon produced by a diseased political atmosphere. It is not every day that a landlord is met with of the merciless temper of Mr. SCULLY. It is not every peasantry that is as fiery and passionate as in Tipperary. But common sense is violated by the suggestion that a quarrel about evictions between landlord and tenant, in a land inflamed as Ireland is on the subject of tenant-right, is a mere accident that might happen in Somersetshire or in Kent.

The Irish have yet to learn—what newspaper articles like those of which we speak seem designed to prevent their learning—that England is quite prepared to consider fairly the Irish land question. Property has its rights in every organized society to which consideration is due; but the laws which regulate those rights are to be moulded and altered, not according to the interests of individuals or classes, but according to what the welfare of the entire body politic demands. Landlords are not a divine institution any more than the Irish Church. They exist for Ireland, not Ireland for them; and where the genius and circumstances of a country are so widely different from ours, its laws and institutions, without any want of reason, might well differ too. One of the greatest of Conservative lawyers pointed out, more than a hundred years ago, that rights of property, like other rights, depend for their validity on civil laws and institutions; and as it is civil society alone that preserves them intact from father to son, the terms on which they are to be preserved must everywhere depend on the omnipotent interests of the community. The presumption in all such cases is against change; but it is a presumption which may be rebutted, and which is by no means conclusive or invincible. It would be discouraging to believe that the Irish land question, whenever the final moment for its settlement arrives, will not obtain a perfectly fair and impartial hearing from the new Parliament, or that the timidity of individuals will affect the Legislature at large. To those who recognise, as most of us must, that this great work of legislation is before us in the future, the conflict in Tipperary is by no means unimportant. It does not prove that the Irish landlords are wrong, or that

the Irish agricultural population is wise, or justified in its exaggerated longing to possess land; but it certainly proves that the air of Ireland is charged with electricity, and that agrarian questions are in part the cause.

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

THE body which assumes the title of the Cretan General Assembly has once more solicited the good offices of the English Government for the establishment of the independence of the island. It is impossible not to sympathize in some degree with a small population which has for two years sustained an unequal struggle against alien rule. Fine sentiments and fine words have failed to convince prudent English politicians that it would be justifiable to engage in a crusade for the liberation of the Christian subjects of the Porte; but the Cretans, although they have probably exaggerated their own exploits and the misdeeds of their adversary, have for a long time occupied a large part of the Turkish army, under its ablest chiefs, in unavailing attempts to crush the insurrection. The open violation, by the Greeks of the mainland, of all the laws of neutrality may perhaps admit, to a certain extent, of moral excuse; but weakness which happens from circumstances to be temporarily invulnerable must be a peculiarly irritating accompaniment of an aggressive policy. The Government of Athens takes advantage of its own diplomatic position, and of the not less anomalous situation of Turkey, to carry on a one-sided war without danger of retaliation. The constant despatch of supplies from the Pireus to the shores of Crete provokes incessant remonstrances, but an invasion of Greek territory by a Turkish army would be treated as a declaration of war by Russia, and perhaps by France. The annexation of the island would be equally advantageous to the Cretans and to the Kingdom of Greece, for the enlargement of a petty State tends to produce a feeling of self-respect which may possibly promote political improvement. The Ionian Islands have suffered from the union which they had clamorously demanded, because they have exchanged a just and liberal administration for practical anarchy; but the Cretan mountaineers have no political refinements which can be damaged by the introduction of a system which is probably more advanced than their own. If there were no conflicting considerations, and if the question could be decided by a wish, there could be no hesitation in returning a favourable answer to the Cretan memorial.

Unluckily, there is another party to the dispute; and it is impossible to say that the Turkish Government is to blame for maintaining its own authority. The island itself is perhaps not worth the blood and treasure which have already been expended in the struggle; but the contest, if it had been abandoned in Crete, would have been immediately resumed in the Continental provinces. The precedent of successful rebellion, instigated by foreign agents, was so dangerous that it was necessary to resist the first assailants of the unity of the Empire. The grievances of the Cretans were vague, if not imaginary; and equally plausible complaints might have been preferred by Christians or Mahometans in any other part of the Turkish dominions. The SULTAN and his Ministers were probably not unwilling to redress abuses, but they were fully aware that the pretexts of the insurrection had little to do with the motives or purposes of its leaders. The war commenced with the transmission of an address to the great Powers, issued simultaneously with a formal petition to the SULTAN; nor could clearer proof be given that the demand for administrative reforms was wholly conventional and insincere. Five out of six of the Governments which were invited to countenance the rebellion immediately commenced attempts at interference which the firmness of the Porte has thus far baffled. In the United States, where the complications of European politics are imperfectly understood, the press and the House of Representatives have been profuse in expressions of sympathy with the Cretans, and England alone has carefully abstained from demonstrations of philanthropy which would have been either deceptive and useless to the Cretans, or unjust to Turkey. It was natural that Russia should favour disturbances which tended to dismember the Turkish Empire; and Prussia has, in Eastern affairs, habitually abstained from opposition to Russian schemes. Baron BEUST at one time thought that the interests of Austria required co-operation with Russia; and France, in the early part of last year, hoped to neutralize or to win the most formidable ally of Prussia. The Italians, naturally disposed to take the side of insurgents against alien Governments, were also influenced by a desire to take part in European councils; and the

Porte must have given way if England had not steadily refused to concur in a policy of intervention. After a time, Austria and France reverted to their customary policy of supporting Turkey, and consequently the Cretans have been disappointed of all foreign aid, except from the neighbouring kingdom of Greece. Lord STANLEY has not unfrequently urged on the Turkish Government the expediency of reforms which, however desirable in themselves, would in no respect tend to the pacification of Crete; but he has steadily refused to enforce his counsels by ulterior menaces, and practically his neutrality has undoubtedly encouraged the Turkish Government in its resistance to diplomatic pressure.

It is said that the Prussian Ambassador at Constantinople has lately reported to his Government an opinion that the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire cannot be much longer delayed. If such a communication has really been made, it belongs to the class of prophecies which tend to fulfil themselves, for the acquiescence of Prussia is an indispensable condition of the success of Russian projects of aggression. There seem to be no reasons for expecting a catastrophe at the present time, although the predictions which have amused two or three generations will be probably sooner or later fulfilled. The obscure and confused accounts of recent plans of insurrection in the Northern provinces rather suggest the conclusion that a disruption of the Empire will not be easily accomplished. The disturbances which have long been announced as imminent in Bulgaria may perhaps be postponed or averted, notwithstanding the ambiguous conduct of the Roumanian Government; nor has the assassination of Prince MICHAEL hitherto affected the peaceable disposition of Servia. There is no probability that Russia will exchange intrigue for actual force, as long as peace continues in Western Europe. The ostentatious armaments of which a portion was last week exhibited in Paris directly tend, by sustaining the hope of a rupture between France and Germany, to thwart the avowed policy of the Emperor NAPOLEON in the East. The failure of the Bulgarian insurrection will confirm the resolution of the Turkish Government to prosecute the subjugation of Crete; for it may be reasonably assumed that the firmness which has been displayed in resisting the pressure of the European Powers will discourage the malcontents who might have been inclined to follow the example of the Cretans.

If the policy of England had been adventurous and impulsive, successive Governments might perhaps have produced and cultivated a national enthusiasm for the cause of Greece. The unanimous election of Prince ALFRED after the deposition of OTTO proved that the Greeks would prefer the aid of a disinterested ally to the formidable patronage of Russia. It is possible that the leaders of the Cretan Assembly or their advisers may still hope to conciliate English sympathy for similar reasons; yet it is almost impossible that their overtures should elicit a favourable answer. To previous requests for intervention Lord STANLEY has prudently replied that it would be useless and undignified to offer advice to the Turkish Government, unless it were intended that diplomatic suggestions should be supported by more practical measures. The most zealous philanthropist would scarcely contend that, after observing strict neutrality in the Hungarian and Italian struggles for independence, England ought to give active assistance to all Christian insurgents who desire to throw off the Turkish yoke. The time for annexing Crete to Greece would have been at the first establishment of the Kingdom, when an enlargement of Greek territory might perhaps have induced Prince LEOPOLD to accept the Crown. Since that time there has been no pretext for urging the further dismemberment of the SULTAN'S dominions; and by the peace of 1856 Turkey has, to a certain extent, been recognised as a member of the European commonwealth of nations. The theoretical or verbal goodwill which is sometimes called moral support has, for sufficient reasons, gone out of fashion. Speakers and writers are perfectly at liberty to express their friendly feelings to Greece, to Crete, or to Turkey; but responsible Ministers are bound to abstain from engaging the honour of the country by barren professions. Only a few months ago, the French Government, which now professes to concur in the neutral policy of England, signed, at the instigation of Russia, a collective Note which might almost have been interpreted as a declaration of war against Turkey; and it is not improbable that the ostentatious encouragement so afforded to the insurgents may have prolonged the sanguinary struggle which still continues in Crete. Lord STANLEY and his colleagues are not likely to fall into a similar error, but their policy must be in some degree influenced by the condition and prospects of the civil war. It is possible that, even in the interests of Turkey, the great Powers might here-

after be justified in enforcing the termination of a hopeless contest; but it is only with the aid of official information that a positive judgment can be formed.

THE CHINESE TREATY WITH AMERICA.

THE languid regard of readers may have been drawn for a moment to the articles of a new treaty between China and the United States, which, so far as we have observed, the *Times* alone has communicated to the world, and which neither the *Times* nor any other daily journal has deigned to honour with a comment. Indeed, it would be difficult to define the particular value which ought to be affixed to a document which on the first blush discloses nothing to arrest attention. Did not the manoeuvres of political parties and the intentions of political demonstrations in the United States baffle the ordinary intelligence of Europe, we might jump to the conclusion that Mr. BURLINGAME had achieved a great diplomatic triumph. Certainly the trumpeting of American journals and the language of the PRESIDENT succeeded in inspiring, if they were not intended to inspire, the belief that he had done something very great and useful on behalf of his country in her relations to the Flowery Empire. As Americans are not generally accused either of not understanding or of not appreciating their own interests, European stupidity may be pardoned if it rashly infers that so much tall talk was not expended for nothing. Additional curiosity is challenged, both for the treaty and its author, when it is remembered that the latter person is on his way to England as the Minister, not of his own country, but of the Court at which he had represented the interests of the United States. It is not an unprecedented thing for the subject of one Power to represent another Power at a friendly Court, though it is of rare occurrence. But this is the first time that a great Oriental Power has delegated diplomatic functions to an alien and a barbarian. It augurs either very little for Mr. BURLINGAME's knowledge of China, or very much for his philosophy, that he has undertaken functions which the Mandarin class regard with unaffected and unconcealed contempt. The results of two wars and two humiliations have not cured them of their belief that all foreigners are beyond the pale of recognition. They still look upon Europeans as a servile race with whom communication should be held only through the medium of eads. Of course Chinese opinion may be safely disregarded, both by Americans and by Europeans; or perhaps Mr. BURLINGAME may, after some years' residence in China, still be completely unacquainted with it. Otherwise, he may not unreasonably be suspected of having undertaken an office which is without honour, because it may be attended with profit. It is his twofold mission which gives interest to the treaty between his country and China. We cannot be far wrong in surmising that the concocter of two treaties has a common object in both; and American patriotism would spurn the suggestion that an American would not use his opportunities for coaxing or extorting some advantage for his country.

A rapid perusal of the new treaty reveals nothing new or startling. It is only when one looks narrowly into it that a purpose is discovered. It is quite possible that the Chinese have conceded, and meant to concede, nothing to the insinuations or the demands of Mr. BURLINGAME. The shrewdness of their race may have satisfied them that a bustling and ambitious politician, hungry after New York popularity, might be put off with diplomatic wares of the stalest and trashiest kind. The articles of the new treaty are, many of them, the articles of the old treaty. The document is one half platitudes, and the other half surplusage. The first article gravely enunciates the proposition that the Emperor of CHINA is of opinion that, in conceding to strangers the privilege of residence in his dominions, he has not parted with his own jurisdiction. If this clause was not inserted in a spirit of irony, Chinese Emperors must take a very long time to form their opinion. For the supreme jurisdiction of the EMPEROR over his own people and kingdom has been always recognised by the Governments which had relations with China. The only, and that a partial, exception to this uniform conduct occurred in the year 1862. The Shanghai merchants had been, during the civil war, transferred from the jurisdiction of the Chinese authorities to that of their own municipal officers; and therefore they inferred that, even after the termination of the war, the authority of the Chinese law was abrogated. But this error was corrected, and its consequences repudiated, by the British Minister, who emphatically asserted the principle of Chinese jurisdiction over Chinese territory. And in no other instance since that time has the principle been questioned. That the EMPEROR, then, should so submissively venture to advance his own opinion upon a matter

on which there can be no doubt, may be taken as an example either of demure pleasantry or of contemptuous irony.

What special sense the Government of the United States attaches either to the reiteration of an old principle or to the mild claim of the EMPEROR, it is impossible for us to say. The only plausible suggestion is that in any "difficulty" between English and Chinese the American Treaty may be appealed to, and an American interpretation of it may be made the excuse for American interference. The second article provides that all privileges shall be at the discretion of the Chinese Government, but "not in a manner or spirit incompatible with the treaty stipulations of the parties." How a language which rejoices in concrete and repudiates abstract forms of expression would convey this meaning, is a very puzzling question. To say in a treaty that a Government shall exercise the powers of a Government, but not in a manner adverse to the spirit of treaties which have already recognised these powers, is not saying very much. Possibly there is in the clause a latent reference to a later clause in this very treaty of which we shall have to speak. If this is so, Mr. BURLINGAME is entitled to a small, but a very small, chuckle over a piece of 'cuteness which would do credit to the most promising of village lawyers in Connecticut. The third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh articles are really meaningless. They are mere padding stuffed in between the second and the eighth article, partly to smother and partly to support the last. Article three only repeats one provision of the previously subsisting treaty. Article four repeats another; and article five is useless, for the right of the Chinese to emigrate was formally declared by the EMPEROR, in a Convention signed with Lord ELGIN in 1860. The mode and supervision of Chinese emigration were subjects which demanded attention, and might well have been embodied in a treaty. But, although the Californian journals have over and over again been filled with complaints both on behalf and to the discredit of Chinese residents, this essential question is deemed unworthy of a place in the treaty. Article six is as needless as its antecedent. It is simply a repetition of the "favoured-nation" clause which was to be found in the subsisting treaty between the two nations. But reiteration may, to a certain school of American diplomatists, appear a provision *ex abundantia cautela*. Article seven, too, is equally needless, simply repeating the stipulation contained in the seventeenth article of the United States Treaty.

We now come to the eighth article. And this is the head and scope of the whole treaty. For this alone, after minute examination, we are convinced, the treaty has been made; and a consideration of this clause will give the best idea of the craftiness of the American negotiator. It seems to us to exhibit that curious infelicity of language which betrays a conscious attempt at cajolery. It begins by a superfluous but suspicious disclaimer on the part of the American Government of any desire to interfere with that of China in regard to the construction of railways and telegraphs. Such a disclaimer reads very much like Parliamentary disavowals of the same kind. After this it proceeds:—"But if at any time His IMPERIAL MAJESTY shall determine to construct works of that character, and shall make application to the United States, the United States will designate and authorize suitable engineers to be employed by the Chinese Government, and will recommend to other nations an equal compliance with such application." There never perhaps, in the whole history of diplomacy, was penned or read such a clause as this in a treaty between two great nations. It is redolent of the smartness of the provincial attorney and the huckstering of the provincial shopkeeper. It in effect says, "We don't wish to dictate to Your Chinese Majesty any policy about railways and telegraphs; certainly not; we know what's manners too well for that, but telegraphs and railways are the outward signs of a civilized and an enlightened age, and Your enlightened Imperial Majesty would not like to see the Celestial Empire deprived of such privileges. And should Your Majesty decide on their construction, we will undertake to have the work done for you in the tightest manner and at the cheapest rate. Don't send to those European nations—no, don't. The great American people invented railways and telegraphs and all the appliances of modern civilization, and they will fix these things for you in the cleverest and cheapest way possible." That is the gist of the article. Mr. BURLINGAME wants to get a footing for his countrymen in China, similar to the footing we have for some time held there. As the trade which the United States carry on with China is to the trade of England with China only in the proportion of 2 to 19, it is tolerably clear that a considerable period must elapse before the ordinary

August
progress
equality
the batt
of com
another
be rap
enginee
and Mar
concess
land an
owners
more th
An impe
Pekin n
nations
be cited
justific
Of the
it is not
save the
vious tre
compact
there be
conclude
there be
But there
The auth
Chinese
mending
proposed
their face
They wo
tations.
purpose
Empire
cession t
humiliat
diplomacy
by a lavi
STANLEY
deem it
interests

THE j
been
railways
erect. M
changes n
nation. T
proposed
Chairman
teristically
perhaps
consider
prieters,
probably
Companies
considerat
in the su
too low,
to charges
have infl
with narr
some par
ordinarily
of their
of the B
as if for
of the re
explained
desired to
tariff for
the object
Brighton
rates. Th
Kent was
gamation,
that a rou
allowed th
had been
elsewhere
the existi
culties, an

progress of commerce places England and the States on an equality. But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. The influence which arises out of commercial wealth may not easily be attained; but another influence, that which arises from Court favour, may be rapidly acquired. A Railway Company with a staff of engineers and telegraph constructors might inspire Emperors and Mandarins with reverence, and perhaps with awe. The concession of railways and telegraphs implies concessions of land and monopolies of traffic. Railway directors and owners of telegraphs might in the course of a few years extort more than foreign merchants had obtained in a century. An *imperium in imperio* might be developed, and the policy of Peking might be directed from Washington. Should other nations remonstrate, the second clause of this very treaty may be cited as the received explanation of other treaties, and the justification of invidious privileges.

Of the treaty between the two countries, as it is published, it is not for this country to complain. There is in it little, save the last clause, which has not been sanctioned in previous treaties. America and China have a right to make any compact with each other. We do not know, however, if there be not another and secret treaty which has recently been concluded between the Empire and the Republic; and if there be, it may possibly become a cause of future trouble. But there is one subject to which we may and must attend. The author of this treaty comes here in the character of a Chinese Minister, accredited for the express purpose of recommending changes in our existing treaty with China. Of the proposed changes we have formerly spoken. They are on their face needless, insidious, and damaging to our interests. They would destroy all the fruits of our wars and our negotiations. The purport of this American Treaty reveals the purpose of its author; and if our own relations with the Empire are to be modified in a spirit of unworthy concession to an arrogant rival, we shall afford another sad and humiliating instance of the weakness which allows a bold diplomacy to filch from us advantages which we have gained by a lavish outlay of men, money, and labour. Will Lord STANLEY venture to discard a cosmopolitan liberality, and deem it the duty of an English Minister to guard English interests even at a barbarian Court?

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAYS.

THE just complaints and the empty clamour which have been caused by the late increase of fares on the Southern railways prove that the Directors have been extremely indiscreet. More prudent administrators would have made the changes more gradually, and with some attempt at discrimination. The deliberate avoidance of all previous notice of the proposed increase almost renders credible the report that the Chairman of one of the Companies had threatened, in characteristically elegant language, to "serve the public out." It is perhaps not the business of Mr. LAING or Mr. WATKIN to consider the interests of the general body of railway proprietors, but the irritation which they have provoked will probably prevent the concession of an advanced tariff to Companies which may perhaps have a just claim on the consideration of Parliament. It is possible that the fares in the suburban districts may have been previously fixed too low, but a sudden addition of thirty or fifty per cent. to charges which had been supposed to be permanent must have inflicted serious hardships on a large class of persons with narrow incomes. For longer distances the fares on some parts of the South-Eastern system are now extraordinarily high, and some of the railway officials, in the spirit of their superiors, inform passengers that it is the object of the Board to discourage the use of first-class carriages, as if for the purpose of spiting the critics and opponents of the recent project of amalgamation. It has often been explained that the Select Committee of the House of Lords desired to establish a uniform and comparatively moderate tariff for the South-Eastern counties; and in pursuance of the object the Committee, on insufficient grounds, raised the Brighton tariff, reducing at the same time the South-Eastern rates. The doubtful policy of taxing Sussex for the relief of Kent was defeated by the withdrawal of the scheme of amalgamation, and the Committee, unwilling perhaps to admit that a rough compromise had been inconsiderately attempted, allowed the Brighton Company to retain the advantage which had been originally offered in consideration of a sacrifice elsewhere. The Company had not attempted to prove that the existing rates had any connexion with its financial difficulties, and the tariff had in fact been voluntarily adopted on

full consideration five years ago. In the interval Mr. WATKIN and his witnesses had convinced Parliament that the Brighton traffic would bear a further reduction of at least twenty per cent.; yet, as compared with the powers of the majority of Companies, the Brighton maximum is even now not excessive. The South-Eastern Company, on the other hand, has by some ingenious contrivance secured for itself over a great part of its system an exceptional exemption from all limitation of rates. If it is thought desirable still further to "serve the public out," passengers may perhaps at some time find that travelling by the South-Eastern Railway is as expensive as posting. It may be doubted whether the interests of the shareholders are promoted by an ostentatious disregard for the public convenience. The respect once entertained by Parliament for joint-stock property has of late been sensibly impaired, and it is possible that a maximum of rates may be imposed by hostile legislation.

In ordinary cases Boards of Directors are not to be blamed for exacting the most remunerative rates within the limits of their legal powers; and in determining their charges they may leave their financial position altogether out of consideration. If a Company which pays no dividend can procure an income by raising fares and tolls, the most prosperous undertaking would increase its revenue by a precisely similar process; and it is as much the duty of a Board to earn seven per cent. rather than six and a-half, as to substitute one per cent. for a blank. The aggrieved travellers who complain that they are made to pay for the unproductive expenditure of the Brighton Company ought to blame Parliament for granting an increased tariff, and not the Board of Directors for exercising their powers. When the present tariff was once sanctioned by law, high and low rates ceased to bear any relation to the capital account. Except where there has been an obvious oversight, as in the South-Eastern Acts, it must be supposed that Parliament, on behalf of the community, has made an equitable bargain with the undertakers of the railway; and there is no more injustice in charging the maximum fares than in requiring full payment of the rent reserved by a lease. The almost universal practice of charging less than the highest rates must be attributed partly to the desire of encouraging traffic, and partly to the fear of competition. The Brighton and South-Eastern Companies will soon find by experience whether their increased charges are remunerative; and they are, in the present stagnation of railway enterprise, free from the dread of rival projects. Down to a recent period the real or supposed interest of the South-Eastern Company prevented it from profiting by its extraordinary and exceptional powers. It is, on the whole, expedient that the statutory maximum should so far exceed the ordinary rates as to allow of a certain elasticity of administration; and there is little doubt that within a few years the tariffs of all railways will virtually be largely reduced by the incessant fall in the value of gold. The purchasing power of money received in dividends, as in every other form, has probably been diminished by fifteen or twenty per cent. since the first establishment of railways; and the practical depreciation of the currency furnishes the strongest argument against Lord REDESDALE's doctrine that Parliament ought under no possible circumstances to readjust the terms of the bargains with the Companies. It must be admitted that demands for increased powers of charge should be jealously watched, and that Parliament perhaps committed an error in granting the new Brighton tariff. When similar proposals are at any future time brought forward there will be full opportunity of considering them on their merits.

Some malcontents have lately proposed to remedy the grievances of travellers on the Southern lines by the whimsical device of pledging candidates at the general election to the great principle of low fares; nor is it impossible that some aspirants to popular favour might welcome the occasion for ceasing to ring monotonous changes on the Irish Church. There is fortunately a limit, if not to the number of promises which may be made on the hustings, at least to the subjects which a deliberative assembly is, at the dictation of constituents, to exclude from deliberation. A member who is pledged to a score of unconnected propositions can only redeem his obligations by acting in turn with different parties. If he has undertaken to maintain or to disendow the Irish Establishment, to close public-houses or to open the Crystal Palace on Sundays, and to run cheap trains from London Bridge to Camberwell, he may possibly be reduced to the same embarrassment with a theologian who had adopted indiscriminately some of the Thirty-nine Articles and some of the decrees of the Council of Trent. Only a few months ago newspaper writers on railway matters

occupied themselves exclusively with the supposed interests of the shareholders, who are now proposed as objects of popular indignation. Before the general election there may be some fresh change in the fashion of railway clamour, and candidates may possibly be required to pledge themselves against measures tending to the diminution of dividends. A more rational engagement would be to guard the public interests in bargains with Companies, and to abide by the contract when it is made. A competent House of Commons ought to need no preliminary instruction on the discharge of its obvious duties, but it oddly happens that the most extravagant believers in the omnipotence of Parliament are always eager to withdraw from its omniscience the questions to which from time to time they attach the greatest importance. The sufferers at Camberwell and elsewhere must submit, as well as they can, to a grievance which scarcely admits of immediate redress. They may, if they think fit, put a pressure on the Companies by preferring the third class to the second, and the second to the first; but the fine weather which was lately expected to last for ever has already departed, and those who can afford to pay will, as winter comes on, be more and more inclined to prefer comfort to principle. The recourse to omnibuses is still more unpromising, for the loss of half an hour at either end of the day is more than equivalent to the twopence or threepence which might be saved by recurring from the railway to the road. The most satisfactory termination of the controversy would be the discovery that high rates are comparatively unprofitable, a conclusion to which the Directors of the Brighton Company arrived in 1863. In some instances it is probable that the rates recently charged were unreasonably low, and that the increase was therefore wholly or partially justifiable, although the change was effected in a rash and imprudent manner.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE modest preface with which the President of the British Association began his address at Norwich suggests a difficulty that is likely to be increasingly felt. For whom are these carefully prepared discourses primarily intended? If for students, the best mode of choosing a President would perhaps be to give each science in turn the right to elect its ablest teacher. If for the general public, what is wanted seems to be a man, conversant indeed with the leading principles of philosophical method, but specially fitted to take a comprehensive survey of the relations between science and the community at large. The two functions can rarely be discharged by the same President, and the interests of the Association may be thought to suffer by an exclusive preference for either of them. Those who have laboured throughout the year to increase and diffuse knowledge are naturally disinclined to see themselves postponed, at the annual festival, to men whose contributions to science are summed up in an occasional review article. If, on the other hand, the alternative method is adopted, and a geologist is chosen one year, to be followed by an astronomer the next, it becomes difficult to draw the line between the work of the President of the Association and the work of a President of a section. We confess to thinking that in this one feature of the meeting, and in this alone, the unscientific multitude ought to be first cared for. Still no arbitrary rule need be laid down as to the class from which the President shall be taken; for the examples of Mr. GROVE and Mr. TYNDALL are enough to prove that there are amateurs fully competent to address a professional audience, and that there are professors, on the other hand, who know how to enlist and retain the attention of men of merely general education. Least of all should we advocate that exaggerated deference to social or political distinction from which learned bodies are not invariably free. Dr. HOOKER tells us that the delivery of an annual address is now regarded, "if not as the whole duty of the President, at least as his highest"; and in that case the capacity for preparing an address should be regarded, if not as the sole qualification of the President, at least as the most important. Neither science nor literature is wanting in men who are fully competent to fulfil this condition. Mr. MILL or the Duke of ARGYLL might be listened to with intelligent pleasure by all classes of a mixed audience; and if there were any difficulty in keeping up the supply of Presidents, the tenure of the office might be made triennial instead of annual. The opportunity of delivering three consecutive addresses would probably inspire a really eminent man with a fruitful desire to leave a permanent impression on the proceedings of the Association. Dr. HOOKER's discourse is a very good specimen of that unpretending and businesslike type which, as he frankly told his hearers, was

all he found compatible with the "ceaseless correspondence" devolving upon him as the administrator of a large public department. Any one who knows what a burden letter-writing can become will sympathize with Dr. HOOKER's appeal on behalf, not only of himself, but of many of his official brethren, who, on leaving their posts for the meeting of the Association, "drag a lengthening chain of correspondence after them." It is but a poor compliment to science to saddle those whose whole working-time should be devoted to the study of their special subject with a host of purely administrative duties. A great museum requires for its business management much the same qualifications as are wanted in a permanent Under-Secretary. The imperfect provision for science which is made in this country leaves the Government no choice but to appoint men eminent in their several departments of research to posts where their peculiar powers are deprived of their proper scope, and the work of which would in most cases be better performed by an ordinary Civil servant. A more rigid separation between the scientific and the administrative departments of our public institutions is needed in the interest alike of the public and of the officials.

The most generally interesting of Dr. HOOKER's observations relate to the researches now being made among the indigenous tribes of India. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the scientific importance of a thorough acquaintance with populations which in some respects seem to have changed but little since prehistoric times. No limit can at present be assigned to the discoveries which may be awaiting an adequate investigation of the less known parts of the great Indian continent. At the last meeting of the British Association a Committee was appointed to represent to the SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA how needful it was that these inquiries should be instituted before the primitive conditions with which they have to deal have disappeared before the advance of civilization. The Committee thought it best, for the present, to confine themselves to a single class of tribes—those, namely, which "are still in the habit of erecting megalithic stones." Dr. HOOKER was probably right when he said that many members of the Association would hear with surprise that within 300 miles of Calcutta there exists a tribe of savages "who habitually erect dolmens, 'menares, cysts, and cromlechs almost as gigantic in their proportions, and very similar in appearance and construction to the so-called Druidical remains of Western Europe.' Their country is 'dotted with groups of huge unpolished squared pillars, and tabular slabs supported on three or four rude piers.' These blocks—some of which are erected every year—are detached from the solid rock by successive applications of heat and cold water, and then transported to the site where they are to stand, by ropes and levers. It is almost incredible that these facts should have been known for nearly a quarter of a century without exciting any active curiosity. Colonel YULE described them as long ago as 1844, and Dr. HOOKER himself inspected them in 1850. It is hard to say what light may not be thrown on the early history of mankind by the study of these monuments in connexion with the habits and character of the race by which they are actually raised. How intact the barbarism of this people still is may be gathered from the fact that they measure distances by the mouthfuls of betel-leaves chewed in the journey, and hold so loose by the marriage tie that the son commonly forgets his father, and the sister's son inherits. Dr. HOOKER mentions one fact, in connexion with their language, which is at least a suggestive coincidence. Their word for a stone is "maen," and it "as commonly occurs in the names of their villages and places as 'man,' 'maen,' or 'men' does in those of Brittany, Wales, or Cornwall." Now that the attention of scientific men in this country has been at length called to the subject, it is to be hoped that they will be urgent, both with the Home Government and the Government of India, not to neglect the opportunity for profitable research which the existence of such tribes affords. Englishmen have been too much accustomed to look upon India as inhabited by two races—Hindoos and Mahomedans. It is time that they should learn that this superficial view of the subject is as detrimental to themselves in respect of science as it has been to their Indian subjects in respect of government.

Dr. HOOKER's position at Kew makes him a valuable authority on everything connected with museums. It is to these institutions, as they exist in provincial towns, that he looks for many years to come, as the only means of diffusing scientific instruction, especially in zoology and physiology. The educational advantages of a museum are that it minimizes the need of teaching, and that it presents facts in the least repulsive form. From a properly arranged collection, con-

taining not only a series of specimens, but appropriate pictorial illustrations, magnified views of the smaller objects, and full descriptive labels, an intelligent observer may learn a great deal even without further assistance. And a curator thoroughly familiar with his collection ought to be able to give elementary demonstrations *in situ*, even though he may not possess the rarer faculty of delivering a good lecture. Besides this, as Dr. HOOKER points out, there are many schoolboys who, though they regard the best-devised of manuals with unconquerable distaste, "would not refuse to accept objects and pictures as pegs on which to hang ideas, facts, and hard names." An educational museum of this kind should have three leading features; it "should not contain a single specimen more than is wanted," it should be well lighted, and it should be placed in an easily accessible situation. Simple as these characteristics seem, they are all of them constantly neglected. Museums for instruction are habitually confounded with museums for reference, and valuable space is taken up, while the eye and mind of the spectator are hopelessly confused, by the intrusion of objects which, however important in their proper place, have no connexion with the subject he is studying. As to the internal arrangement of museums, Dr. HOOKER's experience is that "the rooms are usually lit by windows on one side only, so that the cases between the windows are dark, and those opposite the windows reflect the light when viewed obliquely, and when viewed in front the visitor stands in his own light." This defect is often inseparable from the locality in which the building is situated. Upon this point Dr. HOOKER's criticism is extremely shrewd and pertinent. To make a provincial museum acceptable, it should stand, not in the centre of the town—which is frequented by the inhabitants only during business hours, when they have no time for sight-seeing—but in the outskirts, to which they resort in the evenings and on holidays, when their time is at their own disposal. Place a museum in a crowded thoroughfare, and few people will ever enter it. Transplant it to the local park, or to the nearest open space in the suburbs, and there is at least a chance of its attracting some of those who naturally leave the streets behind them when their work is done, in order to get a little fresh air.

TAKING SIDES.

ALL over the kingdom men are beginning to bethink themselves into which of the two great political camps they shall betake themselves for the autumn season. Everybody who values his peace is under an increasing pressure to enrol himself in one army or the other; so long as he remains avowedly neutral, he is a prey to the solicitations, remonstrances, argumentations, and even the invective of both parties. When political feeling runs high, the cautious man who would fain avoid committing himself has an amazingly bad time of it. To find the arguments of neither party good enough for you is to incur all the odium which belongs to a character for over-weening personal conceit, and to be thought to pass oneself off without reason as better than one's neighbours. If even the man whom his nature predisposes to neutrality and waiting is thus coerced by the passion of the hour, we may be sure that his opposites in temper, with whom partisanship is an instinct and a necessity, are carrying their zeal with impetuous ardour to the support either of the Minister or his rival. The moment, therefore, is one of extraordinary interest to persons who have been accustomed to study the growth of opinion in a society, and to seek the circumstances which determine the course of public sentiment in one direction rather than in another. There is now a wonderfully good opportunity of watching the conditions under which a decisive opinion about anything is formed in the minds of large bodies of men and women. We have really some of the advantages of the method of experiment, added to the advantages of the method of observation. The circumstances are infinitely varied for us and lie to our hand; we have only to observe for ourselves. The results ought to be full of instruction to those who have trained themselves to contemplate and classify the various movements of thought and sentiment which constitute the history of the development of the human intelligence. They will probably not reveal any new law, but they will at any rate help to confirm or to modify such generalizations as a man may have gathered from the facts of recorded history. At any rate, the least they can do will be to destroy the hold of some strange fallacies which underlie assumptions that one may meet with largely in every-day practice.

There is an extremely general persuasion, for example, that everything goes by reason, demonstration, proof, argument which appeals to the intellect, and which the intellect accepts and appreciates. Convince a man's understanding, and his conversion must be the inevitable consequence. Give him all the arguments for your own side, and all the arguments for the other; show him how indisputably the balance is in your

favour, and he must yield to this inevitable logical pressure. In the present struggle, for instance, the main process would thus consist in pointing out, first, all the desirable ends which are gained by a Protestant Establishment in Ireland, and next, all the drawbacks, and then striking a balance between the two on one side or the other, according to your own conviction. If such a process be performed exhaustively and efficiently, with the force as of a geometric demonstration, the elector has no more choice about giving you his vote and interest than he has about believing that two and two make four. The simplicity of this conception of the method in which the changes essential to progress are made is extremely attractive. But, as a matter of fact, do men take this side rather than that because, after due and dispassionate examination, they are driven to conclude that the scale inclines on the one hand rather than on the other? "Reason," as Mdlle. de Meulan said, "is for reasonable people." Of the hundreds of thousands of electors who will hold and pronounce an opinion on the Irish Church, whether for it or against it, how many will either have gone through this excellent and creditable process on their own account, or have followed it when performed for them by other people? About as many, probably, as have acquired their belief in the movement of the earth round the sun by an intelligent scrutiny of the arguments in favour of that explanation of the facts as compared with the arguments in favour of the theory that the sun follows the motion of the earth; or as many as could tell you why they believe in the fact of the circulation of the blood. Philosophers insist on a preponderance of argument, established after large and complete comparison of both sides. Plain people are mostly content with a single argument, or perhaps, in the case of extraordinarily exacting intelligences, a couple. Exceed two arguments in your demands, and you really rank among finished reasoners. Thus one immense batch of persons will vote for the Irish Church because they dread throwing a sop to the Pope, and for no other reason; another, because, without any uneasiness about the Pope, they are persuaded that to disestablish one branch of the Church is to disestablish the other; a third, because they are enamoured of Mr. Disraeli's courage; a fourth, because they cannot bear Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright; a fifth, because they are alarmed for the fundamental institution of property, against which they conceive religious disestablishment and disendowment to be an opening attack. Then, on the other hand, men of the rival colour espouse their cause because they believe that religious equality will tend to conciliate the Irish people; or, perhaps indifferent to this, because they hate all establishments; or because they have confidence in Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship rather than in Mr. Disraeli's—and so on all through the list of considerations on this side. It is only the minority in either camp who arm themselves with arguments at all; the majority, like the rank and file of an army, will vote for or against the measure because such is the party order. They trouble themselves no more about the rights and wrongs of things than soldiers do about the justice of the cause which their leaders happen to think it necessary to defend or to overthrow. It is so in all matters. Why should I assert that the sun does not go round the earth? Because Dr. Whewell, or Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, or some other authority which I accepted in the days of youth, told me so. Even the most sceptical sort of people take fully half of their least doubted beliefs on trust, of some sort or other. It is no wonder, therefore, that the "swinish multitude," as a wise man in the last century got into trouble for calling the sovereign people, take most of their views on trust, and follow one course rather than another in political or social or religious questions because some one else takes this course in whom they have been accustomed, perhaps for wholly extraneous reasons, to place entire confidence. But of those who aspire to the dignity of a reasoned conviction, who sincerely believe in argument and proof—if they only knew what argument and proof mean—who venture on occasion down into the thorny field of controversy, how many know all the arguments on their own side, as well as all those on the other, and how many only know a single consideration on their own side, and nothing else under the face of the wide heavens beyond that? It is almost confounding to reflect, first, that in politics there is scarcely ever a question which can be settled on a single issue, and secondly, that by the mass of people scarcely any question is ever settled on any other than a single issue. The complaint with how little wisdom the world is governed is transformed into wonder that the governments of the world should, on the whole, be so decently endurable as they are. Men who can see round questions, with all their difficulties, their complexities, and their many-facedness, are overawed or horror-stricken at the rapidity and finality with which a man who knows none of these things will still rush to a positive opinion, and then hold it against all comers. Take, for example, any great transaction of recent times—the creation of the French Empire, the civil war in America, the Reform Act of last year. On each of these subjects there are a thousand relevant things to be said which a man ought to have weighed before he should undertake the authoritative enunciation of his final estimate of what took place, and before, in the eye of a strictly logical and mentally methodical judge, he could have acquired a right to a decisive opinion at all worthy of the name. Yet we hear every day thoroughly confident judgments on the French Empire and the American Republic and English democracy, from the lips or pens of men who never in all their lives saw more than one simple issue in any controversy that attracted their attention. It is essential to their peace of mind that they should form an instant and settled conclusion, never

afterwards to be shaken or disturbed or doubted; they cannot bear the laborious suspense of judgment in which men of another sort hunt out right opinion, and without which right opinion is not wont to reveal itself.

We have already seen some of the indirect paths by which people suffer themselves to be drawn to espouse one set of opinions rather than some other set. They are content, for example, to believe a certain view to be right because somebody else whom they usually side with holds such a view; they suppose him or her to have gone through all needful processes of inquiry and examination, and accept the report as completely as if they had themselves gone through the evidence. The most perfectly trained, curious, and independent mind is obliged to do the same thing in many cases, perhaps in most, at one point or another. A more dangerously indirect principle of taking sides is to trust blindly to feeling, in matters that ought in fact and propriety to go by close reason. This, of course, is the arch enemy of truth and right. If pure reason ruled human affairs, the only thing to be done would be to prove the advantages of a line of conduct clearly, and its immediate acceptance would instantly follow. We should all incontinently take the same side—the side of demonstration. But feeling twists, turns, and predisposes one in all manner of ways; and the seed of argument is not often cast into a virgin soil. Feeling traces out mental grooves for us, and if the reasonable proofs and considerations do not happen to run in them, then they are not allowed to reach us at all. This is the reason why most controversy is merely labour wasted. It is not that men are blockheads, that they do not know an argument when they see it, that they do not make it their fundamental canon to accept that view for which there is most rationally to be said. Bias accounts for all; it prevents them alike from seeing the gist of any one argument, and from summing up two sets of arguments and striking a balance. Such men insist on following their sentiment at all hazards, and in the consciousness that this sentiment glows inviolate within them they find ample solace for what to other men would be the insufferable humiliation of knowing that their position is on rational grounds indefensible. One, for instance, whose soul is all aflame with radiant enthusiasm for “the throne, the altar, and the cottage,” to borrow an election cry of the hour, is really indifferent to Irish statistics, and cool balancing of pros and cons; though an angel from heaven were to descend, our friend would pay him no heed, or, if he did, would at least owe him no thanks for the destruction of his familiar and loved edifice of feeling. On the other side, too, there are sentimentalists with their minds distended by phrases of justice, liberty, and one knows not what besides. Though one were to rise from the dead and prove to them that liberty or justice was not in question here, yet would they not be moved. Still, these people who go by their sentiment and not by clear reason, if they are horribly tiresome when you want movement, are great helpers when you happen to want stability. They keep the world together, if they are the means of keeping many an abuse in it long after its time. And, after all, one tells the men of feeling on one's own side off against those in the enemy's camp, and thus in the long run the right side does win with its superiority of argument, though the ways in which that superiority is borne into the minds of men may be various and indirect enough. Even then there is a wondrous disparity between the supremacy which men concede to logic on their lips and the puny sway it exercises in their understandings. And if we may wish that there were more reality in its sovereignty, let us nevertheless echo George Eliot's wise exclamation, how many sins and cruelties bad logic has saved the world. It helps to keep many an obsolete abuse and injustice above ground, but reflect how many hideous and dreadful persecutions it has stayed.

RESPONSE.

WHEN our friend comes to us full of some personal matter that greatly excites and concerns him, there are a hundred modes of receiving his communication, but, however many, they must all marshal themselves under two heads, resulting from two opposite postures of the mind. Once apprehended, we may either think first of what is due to him, or of what is due to ourselves. We may treat the occasion as his or as ours; we may adapt ourselves to the subordinate, attentive part of confidant and recipient, or we may take the lead out of his hands, and use the opportunity for our purposes. Opportunities are bewitching things; many lives are passed in a look-out for them. A man who comes to us with his own concerns, or with some project which needs our acquiescence, comes at a disadvantage, and, as it were, as a suppliant. Here is something to be turned to account in our own way. It may even be a favour that he proposes to confer; in this case he is still dependent on the tone and temper of our acceptance. But as few persons know how they receive and respond to the confidences, the civilities, or the favours of others—unless, indeed, their failure in sympathy is deliberate—we will invite our readers to the lighter and more cheerful task of noting the peculiarities of their friends in this particular, and drawing upon their experience. We use the word “response” not in the sense of sympathy, but as its expression. Many persons have sympathy, when they think over things in their own way, who nevertheless egregiously fail in expression and prompt response.

We are only speaking of cases where a communication important to the teller is fairly apprehended by the listener; for

there are people so absorbed and carried away by their own subjects that it is a task of difficulty to break in upon them. We stand watching for the rapid current of their special interests to slacken in its flow. We have to wait for an opening to insinuate our announcement edgewise, and even then, unless it is of a very startling nature, we scarcely succeed in getting it a hearing. We all know persons and family circles, probably lively and genial ones, whom we have on occasions approached with an impression of having that to tell which will certainly create a sensation, but with whom we presently find the tables are turned. We are listeners where we reckoned upon making a conspicuous figure, and are fain at last to be content with a merely parenthetical and partially absent attention. Our facts are shorn of their prestige, and are half ashamed of themselves by the time they do get a hearing. It is one of the mysteries of social life how those people who are so chary of their own attention, so reliantly exacting of that of others, should yet be so well up as they always are in their friends' affairs. It is an example of that double concurrent process of thought of which the mind is capable. While apparently absorbed in their own matters, they are receiving foreign impressions which dawn upon them subsequently; then their response is full and hearty enough to satisfy the most exigent.

For a mind to be at once busy and intelligent, and yet ready frankly and promptly to give itself up to another's expectations, fitting itself on the instant to his pace of thought and expression, is so rare a quality as to be a noticeable and distinguishing excellence wherever met with; implying a grace of self-adaptation given to few. It constituted the epitaph of some old worthy that he had

A soul which answered best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made.

It is a testimony of the highest order to any character that the bearer of it first occurs to his friends when they need a listener, whether for pressing thoughts or for the accidents of life; and that what will so-and-so say of any personal event is the first movement of the mind from itself. Of course circumstances do something towards the formation of such ready response. Some engrossing occupations almost disqualify for it. Wherever we meet this union of sympathy and repose, suggestive of the pleasure which the ear finds in perfect time and rhythm, there must be leisure, spaces of quiet time for friends and their concerns to pass in review. Such harmony is in soothing contrast with the bustle of amiable intention in more impatient spirits who forestall their communicative friend in all he has to say, and drive him, if he would be first with his own news, to discharge it, as to a deaf man, denuded of all that nicety of detail without which truth is vulgarized into fact. Not that we would quarrel with this ready form of sympathy, which is good enough for common use. It would be enervating to live always under the gentler influence, as is seen in many an instance of spoilt and petted genius. Where a failure in response is a legitimate grievance, where it comes

Bias and thwart not answering the aim,

and the friend gets a snub where he looked for comfort, the fault lies deeper. Some reference to self is sure to be stopping the flow of sympathy. There is self perhaps to compare notes with, self to put in a prominent point of view, self to indulge through an old grudge, self to clear, self to keep out of the scrape, self to prove a true prophet, self to glorify in improving the occasion, self to put in competition as the greater sulterer, self to amuse by bringing to light that ludicrous side of the subject which no trouble or difficulty is absolutely without. We are not speaking of unkindness in act; all this is compatible with substantial service, with slow sympathy even, but not with response. In fact, these self-communings may be but momentary, but they spoil a critical moment; they betray a flaw, they inflict an injury which no benefits can blot from the memory. No doubt they are one and all defensible to the perpetrator, who scorns the hypocrisy of seeming, which is the coinage of the world on such occasions.

But, without being absolutely engaged with self, there is an habitual pre-occupation which is fatal to the flash of sympathy. Where people meditate much upon the character and temper of their acquaintance, anything that furnishes food for this curiosity sets them thinking at the irrecoverable moment of action. What can be more baulking than a dead silence when a friendly explosion is looked for? The speaker sees but one side to his story. It has a twofold aspect to the other, as an event, and as an illustration of some view. Thus Don Silva, in the *Spanish Gipsy*, detects a smile on his sagacious friend's lips even as he tells of his soul's hungry grief, and the defence is:—

Science smiles
And sways our lips in spite of us, my lord,
When thought weds fact—when maiden prophecy
Waiting, believing, sees the bridal torch.
I use not vulgar measures for your grief,
My pity keeps no cruel feasts; but thought
Has joys apart even in blackest woe,
And seizing some fine thread of verity
Knows momentary godhead.

The study of men and their ways is often supposed to supply hints for self-direction, but those most actively engaged in it make the greatest mistakes, from this habit of thinking and recalling, and reconciling to preconceived theory, where the action should be instantaneous; so much so, that perhaps no one is perfectly pleasing who makes this a serious occupation.

Very few people are available for every sort of personal confidence. It will be found that men naturally think of different vents

for their excitement, according as what they have to tell elates or depresses them. Some are good for a disappointment or a discomfiture, others for a piece of good fortune. And if the desire here taken for granted, to communicate to others what excites, and especially what favourably excites, ourselves, is disputed as a general instinct, we maintain that, though kept in check in middle life by experience and repeated disappointments, it is in fact universal. The child and the old man are alike eager and garrulous under the stimulus of something to tell; not because the pleasure belongs exclusively to the dawn and the decline of life, but because in these periods the social instincts are under less restraint. Those who acknowledge the impulse at all will observe that the ears chosen to receive what gratifies feeling, pride, or complacency—the news of your engagement, of a thumping legacy, of a favourable notice of your last work, of some civil thing that has been said of you—are not at all necessarily those to which are confided a pecuniary embarrassment, the first whisper of some corroding anxiety, or some bitter family trouble. Nor is it at all certainly the least sterling character which is selected for the confidant of our pleasures. People who can rejoice in their friend's trifling successes have generally some contrast in their own case to shut their eyes against lest it should qualify felicitation with some secret touch of grudge or envy. The grave and earnest friend who hears with warm intelligent sympathy of the bitter ingredient in a seemingly prosperous lot might be provoked to another tone if called on to share our complacency upon some slight social triumph. Experience teaches us never to take our lesser successes to persons invested with a sense of superiority. As a fact, all must allow the indecorum of bringing undigested hopes and transient elations to a sage or a saint. From such we have no right to expect response of the ordinary type; the demand implies something of equality. The youth of the story, flushed with his first success, who came with his hopes to St. Philip Neri, got not only an invaluable lesson, but his deserts, when led up by the wily saint through a course of anticipated triumphs to a view of the grave that was to conclude them all. And though Dr. Johnson was no saint, people were equally ill-advised who reckoned on his seeing their future from their own point of view. What sometimes offends us, however, is when our friend assumes this post of elevation for our benefit without sufficient claim to it.

But the reception of a friend's confidences is only one branch of our subject. We equally need response, as putting ourselves in another's power, when we assume to confer a benefit or a favour. Never does the unresponsive temper come out more effectually than under this condition. The proposal, compliment, felicitation, gift, whatever it is, is seized upon as an occasion long waited for to inculcate a lesson which might have been held permanently in abeyance but for this advance on our part. Jeremy Taylor, in one of his forcible illustrations, shows how an unwary act of hospitality may be turned to account by one of this humour. "Jerome," he tells us, "invited Epicharmus to supper, and he, knowing that Jerome had unfortunately killed his friend, replied to his invitation, 'I think I may come, for when thou didst sacrifice thy friends thou didst not devour them.'" We probably all know friends as cynical in their acknowledgments of small civilities; they will grasp at the opportunity of discharging their mind of a biting criticism and their conscience of an uncivil truth, which we feel, with the divine, "might with more justice and charity have been avoided." The acknowledgment of gifts is another very fair occasion for these people. Convention prescribes a formula to which they will not submit. The pretence of liberality may be ingeniously exposed as an example of meanness or inconsiderateness. We are proved to have given what was in itself valueless or of no use to us; or it was not carriage-paid; or the gift was delayed too long; or it was given in dull forgetfulness of the receiver's tastes. Or audible response may be wanting altogether, and an expressive silence marks the conventionally obliged person's sense of an ostentation or meanness or perversity for which civility will not furnish appropriate words.

Perhaps there is no more important point in lesser morals than the duty of receiving graciously what was meant in kindness; but we prefer treating the matter of genial response from its utilitarian aspect. Men, as they get older, have suspicion forced upon them; they cannot always help looking a gift-horse in the mouth; facts are too strong for them; but this is a caution that should come slowly and with years. It is a serious drawback when it develops itself too soon, for there is nothing that people are so soon checked in as in their efforts to confer a favour or to give pleasure, and the chill of rejected good-will is often more than a negative and passive coldness. A readiness to be pleased, an openness to friendly advances, is a wonderful start in life, and may be reckoned among the most effectual equalizers in the matter of natural advantages. An average capacity so endowed is, by this mere response to good-will, on a level with superior but captious intelligences. This is, in fact, the clue to so many seeming anomalies and sports of fortune in the matter of getting on. The successful man has responded to the advances of others, not now and then, with a conscious effort, but heartily through nature and habit, while his rival has sniffed and frowned and snubbed away every helping hand. This willingness to be pleased is indeed one of the most effective forms of pleasing, as well as the most universal test of amiability. Few young people can lay themselves out to please after the Chesterfieldian method, without making themselves offensive or ridiculous to persons of any discernment; but a frank committal of oneself into benevolent

hands, a trust in good intentions, a graceful self-adaptation, some remains of that confiding temper of infancy which opens its mouth and shuts its eyes, confident that something sweet, some untried good, will reward the trust—such a disposition, allied to ordinary talent and discretion, is a fortune in itself. Society does not, in fact, want the abstract best man—which means somebody who would be best if many things in him were different from and opposite to what they are—but the man who can work best with others, who can bring out and be brought out, and with whom it can most pleasantly get along.

MAN AND HIS DISENCHANTER.

IS there anything more poetic than woman? Is there anything more prosaic than man? The piteous little song has been chanted so often in our ears by lips so pretty and so infallible that it is hard to whisper a suspicion of its truthfulness. It is easier to take woman at her word, to credit her with high ideals, with delicate sensibilities, to mourn with her over the crash of this tender imaginative nature when it comes into rough contact with the coarseness of life and of man. There are moments when pebbly-hearted man flings his cigar away, as the little light shines out from Clarissa's lattice, and swears that he is a brute. It is too bad that that porcelain feminine existence should have to sail down the stream of life with such iron pots as we are. We are ashamed of our rough voice, of our little spurts of temper, of our hard busy life, of our commonplace aspirations. Why do we find her verses so wearisome, why do we yawn over her little prattle of Charlie and papa? It is because we are sheer hard worldlings, because we have trodden out all that was tender and innocent in our own soul, and left nothing to respond to the innocence and tenderness in hers. So man, flinging away the end of his cigar, as he watches the little light in Clarissa's window, and sees the longed-for shadow flit across the curtain. And Clarissa laughs her assent to this abject self-condemnation. Her very defence of her lover plunges him deeper in the mire. It is so natural that he should be absorbed in business, poor fellow, and that business should prison him down to reality and prose. It is unjust to charge him with the general misfortune of his sex. Of course he cannot quite understand her; of course he cannot wholly return a love so pure, so absorbing, so self-sacrificing as the love she gives to him. Her extenuating circumstances put a graceful fringe round the ugly verdict of guilty, but sentence is recorded none the less. Self-condemned, we watch beneath the casement, and fling away our meditative cigar for the last time. We stand before the altar, and poetry comes surging up the aisle—the poetry of bridesmaids, the poetry of the bride. How white, how fearful, how confused! The very church, with its stuffy pews and its dusty galleries, brightens up into a certain romance. The very mob of lookers on hush their gabble into whispers of awe and pity as she passes by. But not a ray of all this poetry lightens upon us. We stand there simple prose. We feel that we spoil the grace of the picture. Our "I will" rings out dissonant and unmusical. Then we are swept into a corner, while sobbings and embraces complete the sacrifice. It is a victim that we lead away, and we lead her away with the self-consciousness of a Calcraft. It is a victim who sits beside us at the wedding-breakfast while scores of eyes glare incredulity and scorn as we stammer out our promise to treat her as well as we are able. The lucky slipper allows us to take refuge in our honeymoon. We have pictured it all long ago in those hours of contrition beneath Clarissa's window. What are we to do with this poetic being? How are we to amuse her, to interest her? We have put a Tennyson in our travelling-bag. We have coached up Wordsworth, and have a couple of stanzas ready for the first sight of Helvellyn. Her shyness will pass away after a time, and we shall be at her feet, and listen to the hoarded treasures of her soul. A new life is before us, and even the study and the counting-house will catch a little of the glow. A gentle influence will be round us, and our selfishness, our coarseness, our worldliness will insensibly fade away. If we can only be tender and good-tempered! If we can only get rid of our fretfulness and impatience! It is with a pocketful of good resolutions, of golden incoherent hopes, that prose whirls away with poetry to the lakes or to the sea.

It is with fewer hopes and slightly different resolutions that prose and poetry whirl back. A new drama has to be played, and it is not surprising that the actors have changed parts. At any rate the bridal return finds prose under the bonnet and poetry under the hat. It is the bride who pronounces her husband quixotic and ideal. It is the bridegroom who takes refuge behind his *Times* from the chilling common sense of his wife. He is puzzled, and he is angry at his puzzlement. He has a dim idea that the whole affair has been a mystification. It is impossible that the angel of his dreams can have turned into the woman of the world who lies yawning in the opposite corner of the compartment. It is impossible that that tender and delicate nature can in an hour have developed into obstinacy and common-place. He knows that the weariness and dullness on the face before him will be readily translated by the world. She is going, people will say, through the most common of the disenchantments of life—a wife's disenchantment as she discovers what a brute she has married. But is it not as common a disenchantment for the husband as for the wife? Why is it that he is haunted by the memory of that last night of freedom and of his annoyance at his friend's farewell, "You

are going to put your foot in it to-morrow"? He certainly has put his foot in it, and yet it seems incredible that a month can have done it all. There is a strange irony in the contrast between the honeymoon of his fancy and the honeymoon of fact. There has been very little of the expected alternation of caresses and romance. The angel has from the very outset turned into a spoilt child. After so many months of compulsory good behaviour, of unchequered sunshine, it is an immense luxury to her to find herself free to live her natural little life of pouting and petting. And so she brings to the paradise of expected bliss the frowns and the sulks of the nursery. She takes out her freedom in a thousand caprices and tempers and whims. But, after all, hope isn't killed in an hour, and it is possible to be patient. The real difficulty is to be entertaining. The one thirst of the young bride is for amusement, and she has no notion of amusing herself. If she yawns, if she feels sleepy and bored, she looks on the breakdown of the vague anticipations with which she married as an injustice and a wrong. It is amusing to see the spouse of this ideal creature wend his way to the lending library after a week of idealism, and the relief with which he carries home a novel. But the novels are last season's novels, and life is soon as dreary as before. How often in those nights of expectation has he framed to himself imaginary talks over the fire, talk brighter and wittier than that of the friends he forsakes! But conversation is difficult in the case of a refined creature who is as ignorant as a Hottentot. He begins with the new Miltonic poem, and finds she has never looked into *Paradise Lost*. He plunges into the Reform Bill, but she knows nothing of politics, and has never read a leading article in her life. He tries music, and she kindles a little at the thought of hearing Nilsson again next season, at least if there is a royal princess in the house. Then she tries her hand in turn, and floods him with the dead chat of town, and oceans of family tattle. He finds himself shut up for weeks with a creature who takes interest in nothing but Uncle Crosspatch's temper and the scandal about Lady X. Little by little in that fatal honeymoon the absolute pettiness, the dense dullness, of woman's life breaks on the disenchanted devotee. His deity is without occupation, without thought, without resource. He has a faint faith left in her finer sensibility, in her poetic nature; he fetches his Tennyson from the carpet-bag, and wastes *In Memoriam* on a critic who pronounces it "pretty." He still takes her love of caresses as a sign of an affection passing the love of men, and he unfolds to her his hope that a year or two more may give him the chance of a retreat into the country and a quiet life of conjugal happiness. The confession startles the blighted being into a real interest at last. She has not escaped from the dullness of the nursery to plunge into the dullness of home. She amuses herself with her spouse's indifference to all that makes life worth the living. But then men are such odd creatures, so Quixotic, so impractical, so romantically blind to the actual necessities of life! It is this idleness, this boredom of the honeymoon, that begets dreams so absurd, so fanciful. The dear, odd creature must be got back to town, to his business, to his books, and the honeymoon must end. It is time, in fact, that it did end, for boredom has done its work, and the disenchantment of man is complete.

Absurd, fanciful as these dreams of a rural future may be, they have startled the poetic being into the revelation of her own plans of life. As you whirl home together she tells you all about them with a charming enthusiasm, but with the startling coolness of a woman of the world. They are not the crude fancies, like your own, of a moment of romance. Long ago, in those hours of mysterious musing when her lover watched her figure at the casement, she was counting the cost of the season, the number of her dresses, the chance of a box at the Opera, the cheapest way of hiring a brougham. That morning of saddest farewell, when both walked hand in hand through the coppice with hearts too full for even a word of affection, she was laying her plans for eclipsing her married cousin, and forcing her way into Lady Deuceace's set. One sees dimly, as the honeymoon ends, what an immense advantage this poetic being has gained over her prosaic spouse in the completeness of her previous study of the position. In the presence of his confused dreams her practical well-arranged plan of life gives her a lead that she means to keep. She is reasonable, of course, ready to listen to objections if those objections are based on a plan not absolutely romantic and absurd. But the hard, coarse, masculine creature refuses to reason, and buries himself in his *Times*. Reasoning, calculating, planning—this was the very life from which he had fled to fling himself into the arms of his ideal. He is mystified, puzzled, indignant. His dim conceptions of imaginative woman float sadly away, but they leave him no formula to which he can reduce this hard cynical being who has taken her place at his fireside. Woman, on the other hand, is far from being puzzled or mystified. It is part of her faith that she thoroughly understands her husband. There is a traditional theory of spouses that one feminine generation hands down to another, and into this theory he is simply fitted. While he was flinging away his last cigar, and confessing his worldliness and unworthiness, she was taking from mamma a series of practical instructions in the great art of managing a husband. The art is somewhat like the Egyptian art of medicine; it is purely traditional, and it assumes a certain absolute identity in the patients, which the patients obstinately deny. But woman clings to it with a perfect faith, and meets with it every problem of domestic life. She knows the exact temper in which her spouse had better be

induced to go to the club; she knows the peculiar mood in which he had better be let alone. The same frivolous creature who lay sulking on a sofa because the honeymoon was dull wastes the patience and skill of a diplomatist in wheedling her husband out of his season on the moors. Her life is full of difficult questions, which nothing but tact and time can solve—questions like the great question of husbands' friends, or the greater question of husbands' dinners. The exact proportion in which his old acquaintances may be encouraged to relieve him of the sense of boredom at home without detaching him absolutely from it, the precise bounds within which his taste for a good dinner may be satisfied without detriment to that little bill at the milliner's—these are the problems which the poetic nature is turning over as she bids farewell to the honeymoon. The poor iron pot has no particular fear now of the possible consequences of a collision with the fine porcelain. He finds himself floating whichever way he is guided; wheedled, managed, the husband—as women tell him—of an admirable wife. He does his weary round of work, pumping up the means for carrying out her admirable projects of social existence. But the dreams, the romance, the poetry, the sentiment—"where," as the song runs, "where is last winter's snow?" He thinks sometimes of other things that turned to dust with the ashes of that last cigar. Is there anything more poetic than woman? Is there anything more prosaic than man?

MILLIONAIRE MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

THE political prophets who are anxiously examining the signs of the times have begun to dwell upon a result of the Reform Act which perhaps attracted less attention at the time than it deserved. All kinds of consequences were anticipated with more or less probability, but few people dwelt upon the argument that it would throw the government more than ever into the hands of the richest classes. Yet it seems probable that this will at first be one of its most obvious consequences. The increase of constituencies must tend directly to increase the expense of elections. It is possible that bribery in its grosser forms may be gradually suppressed. The new Bill may hasten that millennium in which a member of Parliament will think it as discreditable to give as to receive a bribe, and will find no officious friend to do his dirty work for him. We may even suppose that, by some such measure as that proposed by Mr. Fawcett, the legitimate expenses of the actual election may be thrown upon the rates instead of upon the members' pockets. But if these and similar plans should have all the good effects that their most ardent supporters anticipate, if constituencies should become so pure as to refuse bribes or so numerous that direct bribery would be impossible, and if all lawful expenses should be reduced to a minimum, it is plain that the advantage possessed by rich candidates need not be sensibly diminished. All that can be said is, that it would be possible under such circumstances for a poor man to enjoy at a cheap rate the honour of going to the poll. But, except under special conditions, he will be fighting at an increased disadvantage. No legislation can do away with the power exercised by wealth, though it may prevent the power from being exercised in certain unfair ways. The contest may be thrown open to everybody, but nothing will hinder the poor man from being heavily handicapped. In the discussions about University extension it is frequently assumed that if, by lowering the official fees, we make it barely possible for poor students to enter, they will certainly come up in crowds. Yet in practice the rewards may fall as much as ever to the rich, simply because a certain degree of wealth gives a man the advantages of leisure and the means of procuring the best possible preparation. In the same way, we may make it strictly possible for the poorest classes—for artisans, or, it might be, for beggars—to come upon the hustings and ask for votes, but we should not necessarily make it the easier for them to get into Parliament. The problem which has to be solved is a very simple one. The aspirant has, by some means or other, to make his name familiar to some thousands of people in a large constituency, and to persuade them, if possible, that they will get some advantage from electing him. Whatever rules are adopted, there can be no doubt that great wealth is an amazing assistance in such a task. The modes in which the object may be accomplished are endless. An ambitious candidate may build churches, or give away large sums in charity, or may simply advertise himself by spending a great deal of money in the town to the benefit of tradesmen. However virtuous we may be in theory, in practice a man with forty thousand a year can do such things much better than a man with two. Moreover, with every increase in the numbers of the constituency, the power of spending ten pounds where your rival can spend one becomes of more palpable importance. So long as English people retain a hearty respect for wealth, and think that the possession of great means and the disposition to spend them liberally gives an unimpeachable claim to deference, the power of the purse will increase with the area over which it has to be exerted.

Of course in a time of great political excitement the conditions might be altered. It is possible that constituents may at times be so anxious to secure a thoroughpaced representative of their own views that they will be indifferent to other considerations. If we were on the eve of a revolution, we might find that it was as easy to buy votes by pledges, or by good stump-speaking, as by money. And even in quieter seasons, some popular favourites may

he sufficiently served by their reputation. A man whose name has become a popular proverb has already his advertisement done for him. If he can rely upon the press stimulating all electors to do their duty, he need not cover the walls with posters, or summon an indefinite number of public meetings. But there are few happy persons who can rely upon such gratuitous support. For the most part, in quiet times, the prevailing argument is likely to be that the candidate has been a public-spirited citizen, or, in other words, has led to the circulation of large sums of money through the borough. There is a good solid sound about such a recommendation which has a telling effect upon the average middle-class mind. And we may probably anticipate for the present that an increasing proportion of the House will consist of rich men of business who have taken a fancy to buy the creditable addition of M.P. to their names. Merchants who have made their fortune in the town, or great railway contractors, or similar commercial magnates, will apply their business talents to secure a title which is a pleasant testimony to a man's success. As some men buy an estate in the hope of passing into the aristocratic class, others will gratify themselves with the testimonial to virtue implied in being members of Parliament.

The advantages of such a tendency may perhaps admit of discussion. It is better on the whole, it may be said, to be represented by persons who are at least likely to be men of business, than by the old-fashioned class which rose by its connexion with great families. At times, it might be urged, we got under the old system promising young men, who meant to devote themselves to political life. But for the most part we had stupid and well-bred gentlemen, who believed in their prescriptive right to govern the country. Taking the brilliant exceptions with the commonplace average, they did well enough in their time; but they would hardly answer now, when we are specially in want of men of sound business abilities. To have made a good many thousand pounds is as creditable a testimonial as to be related to one of the governing families. It shows, at least, that you are likely to know how business ought to be conducted. A successful merchant will be a better judge of the merits of a system of taxation, or the good management of a Government department, than most heaven-born Ministers. So, again, we might urge that the more democratic system of representation by men of moderate means is not without its disadvantages. If we could have an ideal state of things, it might be well to elect simply the ablest men in the country who can afford to give their whole time to their Parliamentary duties without regard to their wealth or their social position. But we can't have an ideal state of things. To elect poor men really means that wealth, instead of influencing the constituencies, will influence the representatives. Votes will no longer be bought by members of Parliament, but the voters will buy the members. We should have a body of professional politicians, such as those who do the wirepulling and logrolling of the United States, and who have as little reputation for being above pecuniary considerations as the members of Australian Parliaments. If it becomes worth while for poor men in any large numbers to enter Parliament, it will be because they find means of making their duties profitable. It is true, indeed, that a Parliament full of rich men may be given to certain forms of jobbing. Railways and different commercial interests may exercise undue influence upon a body composed of men who have been mixed up all their lives in such affairs, but at least they will not be so sensitive to temptations which take the form of actual bribery; they will neither be driven to flatter their constituents by acting as unprincipled demagogues, nor to pay themselves by hard cash for the degradation they have undergone. A Parliament of rich men may be bad, because we cannot as a rule expect them to be very hardworking or very sincere Reformers; but at any rate they are likely to be decent, sensible, steady-going people, and not likely to be demagogues of the lowest type. As for the dreams of hardheaded working-men sent by the horny-handed artisan to advocate the claims of his class in Parliament, or the equally unpractical dreams of the trained philosophers who are to be sought out to make laws by a reverent people in right of their intellect and their virtues—those are nothing but dreams. One or two such men in a generation will be all that we can expect. We must take what we can get; and we must not be surprised if the growing commercial interests of the country secure the admission of a greater number of commercial magnates in Parliament. Short of a revolution, we must expect an increasing tendency to a system which, with obvious drawbacks, is not without its disadvantages.

We need not attempt to estimate the precise value of these and similar considerations. It is the less necessary to do so because, after all, the result will be determined by causes beyond our control. If the constituencies seriously believe that the best proof of virtue and ability which a man can give is the accumulation of hundreds of thousands of pounds, they will continue to look out for millionaires, and we must comfort ourselves for the exclusion of other classes by such comforting reflections as we can find. Only one thing is tolerably plain. Whatever may be the interest connected with wealth, a Parliament whose doors should only open to golden keys would certainly be a very inferior assembly. Not only would the field of competition be unduly restricted, but it would be impossible for such a body to retain a proper hold upon the respect of the country. It would be divided on too many points from the general sympathy; the test of merit would be

vulgarized, and it would tend to lower the belief in any lofty principles of political honour. We are quite enough disposed to speak well of a man who has made his fortune, without seeing the highest political prizes restricted to those who have this additional title to our respect. We can only deduce the simple moral that we should do nothing by legislation to increase a tendency which is already too strongly developed. It is more than ever important to diminish all the expenses which already make the road to political life so difficult. If rich men are certain to have an advantage of which no laws can deprive them, it is the more clearly desirable to give them no extraneous advantage in the struggle for existence. To forbid every method of spending money on elections which can be really suppressed is necessary in order that such respect as exists for men of ability, and without large fortunes, may at least have a fair chance of displaying itself. The rich men will take care of themselves, and it is to be hoped that they will not take such good care as to exclude everybody else.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THERE are two distinct elements in the projects of school and University reform which are prevalent at the present day. First, it is thought that the matter of the studies most generally in use for educational purposes is inadequate to the wants of the age; and that, in addition to classics and mathematics, such large subjects as physical science and modern languages ought to obtain recognition as among the things most important for the right understanding of the world as it now exists, to promote which is unquestionably the final aim of education. Secondly, it is thought that the great schools of this country fail, not only in the matter of what they teach, but in their manner of teaching it; that they allow idleness too much; that, more especially in the case of such old foundations as those of Winchester, Westminster, and Eton, the real progress of the scholars is sacrificed to traditional ideas and to the apathy or selfishness of the governing bodies.

It is of the second of these two opinions, and its probable influence on schools, that we wish now mainly to speak. That the old public schools, and particularly Eton, have been for some time lamentably lax and deficient in energy, is not to be denied. The governing bodies, being practically disconnected with the school, and secure of their incomes, have had no stimulus to induce them to exercise a zealous supervision; and their only interference has been when some over-eager head-master has endeavoured to introduce methods more trenchant and energetic than suited the old traditions. Hence also the masters have been too few, and therefore overworked, and, as a natural consequence, the boys have learned much, or little, or nothing, as seemed most expedient to themselves. The state of things in these respects is not, it is true, so bad now as it was a few years back, the outside world having imperiously called for a change. But even under the most favourable circumstances, it is not to be feared that Eton boys will for some time to come be subjected to a pressure of work that will materially injure their health.

But this reforming impulse, which can hardly fail to produce good in those institutions which from long neglect have grown rusty and out of order, may, as it seems to us, be carried greatly too far in other and newer schools. If there is a too great laxness, there is also a too great tension of work possible. Of course, to determine how much work and how much play is good for a boy is a question not to be settled by any outsider, or by any general regulative system. This can be done only by those who have the actual management of the school; they must by feeling and instinct and experience discover when to tighten the rein, when to loosen it; when it is that a boy requires an additional spur, when rest to restore his energies. Still there are considerations of a wider nature, which, though not sufficient to determine any particular case, may yet be quite as usefully suggested from outside as from inside, and are more likely to be so suggested, since the master who is engaged in the actual education of a boy will for the most part take as his aim something very near at hand, which shall act as an immediate test of the soundness of his calculations.

We think, then, that with respect to boys between the ages of ten and fifteen, the danger of overworking them is extremely small; and, moreover, that it is a comparatively immaterial point what should be the nature of the work given them. It is indeed most important that the management of them should be judicious, because on this their future habits depend; an injudicious master may easily convert a well-disposed boy into a restive and troublesome idler. But whether they should be taught Latin and Greek, or French and German, or mathematics, or science, appears to us a minor question; whatever it be, they will dislike one thing pretty nearly as much as another. In a boy of thirteen the physical nature is necessarily predominant; all mental work is distasteful to him; and, being distasteful, it can hardly be in any degree useful on its own account. The use of it lies in this, that it is the instrument by which he is inured to a habit which in the end he will find pleasant as well as beneficial. Moreover, such a boy will not allow you to overwork him; he will rather suffer almost any punishment you choose to inflict. Injurious overwork is almost invariably voluntary overwork, except in the case of those who are struggling for sheer existence.

Up to this point, then, we do not think that much danger is incurred from a schoolmaster who is a martinet, or excessive in his demands. But the case is different with boys who have passed the age of fifteen. Then it is that preferences and interests

and seeds of originality will begin to show themselves. Then, too, a boy will often work more than is good for him, in order to pursue some favourite line of study, or secure some prize which is an aim for his ambition. And a schoolmaster who has to deal with boys of this age has a delicate task to perform. He must study individualities; he must give a good deal of free choice, and even look upon occasional idleness, in a boy generally disposed to work, as more of a good than an evil. For it is in what seems to be idleness that native power and insight and fresh ideas and flexibility of mind are acquired. He must not press an invariable rule, but be quick to perceive, and foster and direct, the growing intellect.

Now, in those upper and upper-middle class schools of this country which are not fettered by old traditions, the right process is reversed. A boy who has arrived at the age of sixteen or seventeen is not less, but more, urged on by the masters than he was before; is not more, but less, entrusted with voluntary work of his own. And this happens from two causes—first, because at this age the boy has the opportunity of competing in examinations external to the school, such as the Civil Service examinations, or those for scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge; and secondly, on account of the public cry for more work in schools—a cry directed originally and rightly against schools of the Eton stamp, but which acts also on schools of a very different character. Moreover, schoolmasters as a class have taken a much more serious, if not a higher, view of their duties and position, during the last ten or twenty years, than they ever did before. The example of Dr. Arnold naturally suggests itself to them. Every schoolmaster wishes to be an Arnold; and, to be an Arnold, he thinks it simply necessary to be profoundly in earnest; and to be profoundly in earnest means to get through a great deal of work himself, and to make all other people, as far as he can influence them, get through a great deal of work. But Arnold did a great deal more than make people work mechanically, however hard; he had a spirit and genius, and could inspire both men and boys with the sense that in their work lay the seed of great things for a future time. And we have been acquainted with other schoolmasters, and even Eton schoolmasters, who have had the same power; but it is very rare, whereas nothing is easier than to exact a very large quantum of work of a not very high order, to which neither enthusiasm nor interest has been given. And the misfortune is, that the difference between these two kinds of work is not recognisable at the first glance; indeed, the latter kind is probably the more immediately saleable. It would, indeed, be most unjust to designate the great body of the newer schools of our time as cramming establishments; but yet the evils of cramming establishments are in part theirs also.

The conclusion is that there are many schools in this country the masters of which should be urged not to make their boys work harder (at least in the higher forms), but to give them freer scope. It is true, as we have already seen, that one cause of this overwork lies beyond the schoolmaster's control—that is, the number of the external examinations. A schoolmaster's reputation depends so much on the places which his pupils take in these, that he can hardly be blamed for directing a large portion of his attention to this end. But the result is not the better on that account. Few University men can fail to have met with scholars of great ability, but uncultivated minds, who measure all men by their degrees, and give utterance to such opinions as these, "So and so was Fourth Wrangler in 1838; but So and so was a better man, for he was Third Wrangler in 1840"—and this entirely without reference to the subsequent careers of the two men. And though many able men, themselves distinguished in examinations, have spoken severely against the mania for them, the system itself has not yet received a check. How far it ought to go, we are not prepared to say; but we are clear that it goes too far at present.

Still, though the schoolmasters are not entirely, they are yet partly, responsible for the overwork of which we are complaining. And this makes it necessary to examine one argument alleged in their favour. It is said, "It is true enough that the able boys will be better if left more to themselves. But the mass of boys have no individuality, no preferences; if left to themselves, they will be simply idle. It is therefore necessary to sacrifice the few clever boys to the many dull ones." In answer to this argument we have three remarks to make. First, a good master ought to be able to draw a distinction between the clever boys and the dull ones; to demand sheer hard work from the latter, if they are really dull, and nothing better can be got from them; but at all events to press less heavily upon the former. Secondly, we believe that a smaller proportion of boys are wholly and entirely dull than the argument supposes. If, indeed, you assume that a boy is nothing better than a piece of mechanism, and treat him as such, you are doing your best to make him such, and thus the argument tends to produce its own apparent justification. But we can hardly think that the number of boys who are utterly unimpressionable, who cannot be roused to voluntary work in any direction, or to take pleasure in mental effort of any kind, can form more than one half of the whole. And we are certain that a very small amount of voluntary and pleasurable mental exercise outweighs a very large amount of mechanical work. Thirdly, even granting the premises of the argument, the conclusion does not seem to us necessarily to follow. The real and thorough education of one boy is surely better than squeezing ten hours a day of unpleasant labour out of a dozen. In the first case you are secure against any reaction; in the second case you can never

know whether wholesale disgust may not follow the enforced subjection.

There is one more consideration which we wish to point out before we conclude. The new studies which it is sought to introduce into schools will, if rightly used, form a great power in diminishing the prevalence of cramming. It is hard indeed if a boy cannot find in himself any germ of interest in either classics or mathematics or science or modern languages. A great deal of course depends on how they are taught. But we would say to schoolmasters, Be generous to these new studies; think of them, and encourage others to think of them, not as matter of inferior value, which clever boys may properly disregard, and to which only the more stupid need turn their attention; but as subjects of real magnitude and importance, to which a boy of sixteen or seventeen may, if it seems desirable, even be allowed to devote himself exclusively. It stands to reason that they cannot at first be equally good instruments of education with the older studies, since the methods of teaching them are at present unformed; but it does not follow that they are intrinsically inferior, and, even if inferior, they may still be valuable. We do not believe that cramming will ever be abolished. A master who is essentially a crammer cannot be prevented from continuing to cram by any power on earth. But many masters cram who are unwilling to do so, and who would be capable of reaching boys to whom a subject is congenial in a less mechanical way; and a greater variety of studies would render it possible for them to deal with a larger number of boys in this better manner, since there would be an opportunity for those boys who were found finally unable to make progress in one subject to transfer themselves to another.

THE CHURCHES OF CHARTRES AND LE MANS.

IT is sometimes curious to see how far the popular fame of buildings is from answering either to their architectural merit or to their historic interest. Take, for instance, the two cathedrals of Chartres and Le Mans, two cities placed within no very great distance of one another, on one of the great French lines of railway, that which leads from Paris to Brest. Chartres is a name which is familiar to every one; its cathedral is counted among the great churches of Christendom; men speak of it in the same breath with Amiens and Ely. Le Mans, on the other hand, is scarcely known; we suspect that many fairly informed persons hardly know where the city itself is; the cathedral is hardly ever spoken of, and, we believe, is scarcely at all known, except to professed architectural students. Yet, except that Chartres is nearer Paris of the two, one is as accessible as the other; the historical associations of Chartres, as far at least as Englishmen are concerned, certainly cannot be compared to those of Le Mans; there is nothing at Chartres to set against the early military and domestic antiquities of Le Mans; the secondary churches of Le Mans distinctly surpass those of Chartres; though between the two cathedral churches the controversy might be more equally waged. Each has great and diverse merits; but for our own part, we have little hesitation in preferring Le Mans even as a work of architecture; that it is a building of higher historic interest there can be no doubt whatever.

Both cities belong to a class of which we have few or none in England. A Celtic hill-fort, crowning a height rising steeply from a river-side, has grown into a Roman city, and the Roman city has remained to our own times the local capital, alike civil and ecclesiastical. It would be hardly possible to find a single town in England whose history has run the same course—a course which is by no means peculiar to Chartres and Le Mans, but which they share with many other cities in all parts of Gaul. And Le Mans especially has a local history of unusual interest, and that history is written with unusual clearness on the site and the earliest remains of the town. But on that history we shall not at present enlarge. Our present object is to compare the churches of the two towns, especially the two great cathedrals, which, as usual, stand within the earliest enclosure, and therefore upon the highest ground in their respective cities.

Two or three events connect the cathedral of Chartres with general and with English history. The first church of which any part survives is that raised by Fulbert, the famous Bishop of Chartres in the early part of the eleventh century, and the most diligent letter-writer of the time. To this work, of which a vast crypt still remains, our great Cnut was a benefactor. The dignity of the Lord of all Northern Europe has so deeply impressed the writer of Murray's Handbook that he cuts him into two, and speaks of the contributions of the Kings of England, France, and Denmark. In the latter part of the next century, John of Salisbury, so famous in the great struggle between Henry and Thomas, held the Bishopric of Chartres. It was the spires of Chartres to which Edward the Third stretched forth his hands when his heart smote him at the sound of the thunder, and he vowed to refuse no honourable terms of peace. It was in this cathedral that Henry of Navarre received the crown of France, a new holy oil of Marmoutiers being extemporized to supply the place of the inaccessible holy oil of Rheims. The history of the city and county in earlier times is closely mixed up with those of France, Normandy, Anjou, and Champagne. The counts of Chartres and Blois in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries were men of importance in their day, and one of them directly connected himself with England by a memorable marriage. Chartres was long the dwelling-place of the excellent Adela, the daughter of the Great

William, the mother of King Stephen and of the famous Bishop Henry of Winchester. But, while Chartres was thus closely, though indirectly, connected with our history, it never, like Le Mans, actually formed a part of the dominions of a common sovereign with England and Normandy.

The cathedrals of Chartres and Le Mans are about as unlike as any two great mediæval churches well can be. Well nigh the only point of likeness is that each possesses a magnificent east end of the thirteenth century, of the usual French plan, with the apse, the surrounding chapels, the complicated system of flying buttresses. But at Chartres this east end is part of a whole. The crypt still witnesses to the days of Fulbert, the lower stages of the western towers to those of Adela and to those of John of Salisbury; but all the rest of the church, including of course all the interior, is of a uniform style and design. The church throughout follows the usual type of great French churches; the eye accustomed to the buildings of England or Normandy misses the central towers of Lincoln or of St. Ouen, but Chartres is not in England or in Normandy, but in France, and its church is built accordingly. A fairer question of taste is raised by the unequal spires of the west front—a French feature again, but occasionally extending into Normandy and England, as at Rouen, Llandaff, Lynn, and Canterbury as it was. But it is only in so long and varied a front as that of Rouen Cathedral that it is at all satisfactory. At Chartres the great south spire is modern and of iron, but we believe it very well reproduces the outline of the elder one of wood, and it certainly comes down heavily and awkwardly upon the towers and upon the roof of the church. The upper part of the north tower is frittered away with work of a later style. Still, allowing for the diversity of the towers, which of course does not appear inside, Chartres is a whole—a consistent, harmonious whole, of great, though we cannot think of first-rate, excellence. How does such a whole stand as compared with a building of strange and, at first sight, unintelligible outline, formed by the juxtaposition of two parts, each of admirable merit in itself, but which startle by their absolute contrast in every way? Chartres was made, Le Mans eminently grew; and different minds will be differently inclined in the comparison between a single harmonious work of art and a union of two buildings widely differing in date, style, and proportion. But on the other hand it must be said that nothing at Chartres equals the parts of Le Mans taken separately, and that, in the inside at least, the incongruity of Le Mans is far from being felt in the unpleasant way that might have been looked for.

The general effect of Le Mans Cathedral, as seen from any point but the east, is certainly perplexing. From the east indeed, from the open place below the church and the Roman wall, once a marsh, the apse, with its flying buttresses and surrounding chapels, rises in a grandeur before which Chartres is absolutely dwarfed, and which gives Amiens itself a very formidable rival. We here see the main source of our difficulties, namely that the church has but a single tower, and that at the end of the south transept. Viewed from any other point—looking up, for instance, at the old town from the other side of the river—what one sees is a lofty body with a tower at one end of it, which one is inclined rashly to assume to be the nave, with a western tower, and a lower body joining it at right angles. This last is the real nave of the church, and a magnificent building it is. The truth is that, at Le Mans, as in various other churches in France, the Gothic builders, from the thirteenth century onwards, designed a complete rebuilding. They began at the east, they rebuilt the choir and transepts, but they never got any further, so that the ancient nave remains. So it is at Bordeaux and Toulouse; so it is at Beauvais, where the small but precious fragment of early work, which looks like an excrescence against the gigantic transept—the *Basile*, as it is locally called—is really the ancient nave. So it is in a certain sense at Limoges, where a gap intervenes between the finished choir and transept and the western tower of the original design. But in none of these cases, as far as we can see, can the elder nave have at all approached the grandeur of the noble work at Le Mans. It is a Romanesque building of the eleventh century, reconstructed in the gorgeous style which prevailed towards the end of the twelfth. The outer walls, except in the clerestory, are of the former date, and the contrast in the masonry is very striking. Within, the whole has been recast in the later form of Romanesque, but it has not been wholly rebuilt. Columns with rich and highly classical capitals, supporting arches which are just pointed, have been inserted under the massive round arches of the original church, but the arches are still there and visible. The triforium and clerestory have been wholly reconstructed, or so thoroughly disguised that the old work does not appear. This nave is one of those buildings which, in the infancy of vaulting, their builders found it convenient to vault with one bay of vaulting over two bays of arcade, as in the choir of Boxgrove in the next century. The result is that the piers are alternately columnar and clustered. Setting aside a few of the very grandest buildings of the style—as one would hardly compare this nave with Peterborough, Ely, or Saint Stephen's—this Romanesque nave of Le Mans is one of the finest works of its kind to be found anywhere. And its juxtaposition with the superb Gothic choir is less incongruous than might have been looked for. The only fault is that, as it now stands, the nave ends abruptly to the east with a mere vaulting rib, without any proper choir-arch. But this fault is fully balanced by the glorious view of the choir thus given to the whole church. That any one could compare the

inside of Chartres with the inside of Le Mans, thus seen, seems incredible. The height of Le Mans is said to be a few feet greater than that of Chartres. It looks half as high again. At Chartres the height is lost through the great width, and through the use of a low spring for the vaulting arch. At Le Mans everything soars as only a Gothic building, and pre-eminently a French Gothic building, can soar. The pillars, of enormous height, support the clerestory without a triforium. But the effect of the triforium is there still. The aisles are double, and the inner range—itsself of the height of the nave of Wells and Exeter—is furnished with a complete triforium and clerestory, which, seen between the pillars of the apses, allow the sort of break which the triforium gives to be combined with the grand effect of the full unbroken columns. Something of the same kind is found at Bourges, and, on a much smaller scale, at Coutances. The effect of the arrangement comes out in perfection at Le Mans. Altogether, little as the building seems to be known, the thirteenth-century work at Le Mans undoubtedly entitles it to rank among the noblest churches of the middle ages. One point more on the Romanesque church of Le Mans. The original design embraced two towers at the end of the transept, like Exeter, Ottery, and seemingly Saint Martin's at Tours. These towers were destroyed by order of William Rufus, who charged the Bishop Hildebert with having used them to shoot at the neighbouring castle. The north tower has never been rebuilt; its ruins are there to this day. The southern tower was again rebuilt at the end of the twelfth century and finished in the fifteenth. This is surely as speaking a bit of architectural history as one often finds.

The writer in Murray, in his zeal for the cathedral of Chartres, assumes that no one will care to visit such inferior buildings as the other churches of that city. Let no man be thus led astray. In the general view of the city from the walks to the southeast, one of the most effective views to be had of any city, two other churches stand out very strikingly, the cathedral crowning all. Of these Saint Anian, we must confess, is somewhat of a deceiver. The distant effect is good, but there is little to repay a nearer examination. It is far otherwise with the Abbey of Saint Peter, whose apse, though on a far smaller scale, is distinctly more skilfully managed than that of the cathedral. The disused collegiate church of Saint Andrew has some good Transitional work, and Saint Martin-in-the-Vale, just outside the town, is a gem of bold and simple Romanesque. But the secondary churches of Chartres do not equal those of Le Mans, while Chartres is still further behind Le Mans in military and domestic remains. At Le Mans the Abbey of La Couture (*de cultura Dei*) is a perfect minster with two unfinished western towers, a nave of Aquitanian width, a fine Romanesque apse, in which, if later windows have been inserted, some small fragments of some early work have also been preserved. Beyond the Sarthe is another fine Romanesque church, also a complete minster, the church of Saint Julian-in-the-Meadow. A fine hospital, the work of Henry the Second, is now perverted to some military purpose, and some military tomfoolery forbids examination, in marked contrast to the liberal spirit which allows free access to everything that the antiquary can wish to visit at Fontevault and at Saumur. But the ecclesiastical remains of Le Mans are far from being the whole of its attractions. Its military and civil antiquities are endless, and they are more characteristic. We have not the least wish to depreciate Chartres. It is a highly interesting city; it contains a magnificent cathedral and several other remarkable buildings. But it cannot compare with Le Mans.

PRIVATE EXECUTIONS MADE PUBLIC.

WITHOUT going into all of the many difficult questions which must be solved before we can pronounce for or against private executions, quiet and humane people rejoiced over the abolition of public hangings, because they supposed that with the publicity of the hanging would disappear also all chance of pandering to a brutal and depraved curiosity by a minute and offensive account of all the abominable details of the gallows. They supposed that not only would the assembly of a gaping and jeering crowd of ruffians be done away with, but that the conductors of the various public prints would have a very good excuse for omitting two columns of morbid and ghastly description. These sanguine folk little know the adventurous and irrepressible genius of the penny-a-liner, nor the lengths to which the dead season might drive the conductor of a daily paper. Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage, for a reporter of enterprise, armed with a sense of what he owes to his proprietor. No Act of Parliament baffles him, or curtails the number of lines and pence to which he is by the tradition of the press entitled on the occasion of a hanging. Public or private, he knows perfectly well that there is always a ghastliness about one of these cell and scaffold stories, and that there will always be a certain audience for his horrid talk. Calcraft or Smith would not be more injured by the invention of some self-acting machinery for strangling a criminal than an execution reporter would be by the reduction of his two or three columns to the half-dozen lines which would perfectly suffice for anything he has to tell. It used to be said that every hanging in public brought the abolition of capital punishment by so much the nearer. The demoralization of the spectators at the Old Bailey, Horsemonger Lane Gaol, and elsewhere, was such as to furnish the so-called humanitarians with their strongest argument. But the demoralization of a crowd of ruffians,

already about as demoralized as they well could be, was not nearly so bad a thing as the demoralization of the host of people who read the *Telegraph* and the *Daily News*, and we defy anybody to read the accounts with which these two journals favoured their patrons or clients of the execution at Maidstone a few days since without being much the worse for it. Such reporting is a frank appeal to the lowest and most diseased curiosity; it only awakens a set of feelings which lurk somewhere in the breasts of most persons, but which nobody with any sense of self-respect ever desires to have stimulated or brought into conscious action. We all think it very vile and degrading that the ladies of Paris should have crowded the balconies overlooking the Place de la Grève when a criminal was broken on the wheel, or when Damiens was tortured to death. We can imagine the noble and purple fury of the *Telegraph*, and the more frigid spleen of its accomplice, the *Daily News*, if they had to comment upon the presence of ladies at a hanging in our own time. Yet it is only a matter of degree. The tastes which they would condemn in the ladies of the time of Louis XV. are precisely those to which they appeal, and which they do their best to stimulate in such reporting as that to which we refer. The public cannot see the spectacle and gloat over it with the bodily eye. The best part of the public would rather hear nothing of it, be in no way reminded of it. But what can they do if newspapers insist on dragging them inside the prison wall, and calling their close attention to every detail and circumstance of horror which an imagination trained, we presume, at fires, murders, police-courts and the like, can spy out and exaggerate?

For, in truth, this highflown reporting of what is essentially a gross, sordid, baldly ugly piece of business conveys the wrongest impression. The reporter may say that it is for the public good that the truth of these things should be known, and that, if society thinks it right to take away the life of a criminal, at least it should overcome the high and mighty squeamishness which cannot endure the thought of the way in which that life is taken. But this is mere moonshine. The writers do not give us the plain unvarnished narrative of what took place, but they fill it in and colour and heighten it, by all that entered into their own excited imaginations. They do not give us flat, hard circumstances, but their own morbid and stimulated notion of the circumstances. The circumstances are simple and unexciting enough. At such or such an hour Calcraft entered the prison; the criminal bore up with tolerable fortitude; he was clad in his porter's uniform; he took his stand on the drop; Calcraft or Smith drew the bolt; the wretch fell into the pit and was strangled. Do we not all of us know what a hanging is, and how death takes place, and all about it, without the explicit enumeration of all its phenomena as lighted up by the hungry imagination of a reporter? What is gained by telling us how, directly after the bolt had gone, the Under-Sheriff, "with grave courtesy"—a genuinely *Telegraphic* touch—invited the spectators to approach the brink of the pit and there behold the wretch in his last throes? What better notion of the central fact does one get from all the details about the purple and convulsed hands, the wry neck, and all the other horrors? The *Daily News* is more intolerable still, and insists that we should attend to "the convulsive strugglings of the strapped legs, throat gurglings which were heard distinctly through the cap, a discoloration of the neck under the ear where the halter comes"; "such," it is added, "were the signs noted silently by those whose painful duty it was to look on." If it was the painful duty of the man to look on, we are not aware, at any rate, what duty, painful or otherwise, constrained him to reproduce these disgusting impressions for the regalement of the public. We cannot conceive anything more revolting, more unspeakably brutal, than this reporter peering into the pit, noting down every item of horror in his mind—or it may even be in his notebook, for that matter—with a view to a sensation column. To strangle a murderer publicly may have its disadvantages, but the picture of these gentlemen of the press surveying the wretched Wells dangling in his hole strikes us as about the nastiest thing we can remember. The grave courtesy of the Under-Sheriff, acting as showman, completes the picture. "The authorities," says the reporter in the *Daily Telegraph*—and we presume even the humblest printer's devil in that establishment is required to speak in the grand manner—"were sternly and scrupulously determined that the public should know, through their representatives, that this murderer had been precisely and exactly dealt with according to the law; and that, just as no one hair of his head would have been harmed without proper warrant, so in the manner of his slaying the behests of the law had been carried out." This is simple nonsense. The public was represented by the coroner's jury which sat upon the body afterwards; we trust to them, and not to excited reporters, to see that in the manner of the slaying the behests of the law have been carried out. The gravely courteous Under-Sheriff would be as good a witness as another, to say nothing of the "nonchalant gentleman of military mien, in civilian garb, with a wideawake hat and a natty cane"—in plainer English, the Governor of the gaol.

Apart from the downright brutality of those parts of the reports which describe the horrid appearance of the criminal's face, there is something comic in the childish minuteness with which we are told how Calcraft drove up to a tavern in the neighbourhood of the gaol in a cab driven rapidly; how he entered, and the door was closed cautiously after him, as though the mysterious visitor had been expected; how there was "just such a delay as drinking and paying for a stimulating draught

might occupy"; how he carried a shabby bag in his hand, containing no doubt—at least this is the theory of both our reporters, and we see no reason to dispute it—the hangman's tackle, his straps and buckles. Is it in order that the behests of the law in the manner of slaying should be carried out that all this rubbish is put on record? Why are we not told what is Calcraft's favourite tippie when he is on these jobs? Whatever his draught was, when he came out, "he walked rapidly and nervously, close to the walls of the prison, till he seemed to be clinging to the stonework like a lizard"; or, as the *Daily News* puts it, "he seemed to cling to the railing like an animal eager to burrow, and searching in vain for an open place." Imagine two London papers of leading importance, imagine the cold and respectable *Daily News* of all journals in the world, sending down two gentlemen all the way to Maidstone to tell the public exactly how the common hangman walked from a pothouse to the gaol, whether like a lizard or a rabbit, or whatever it might be. But, in the solemn interest of history, we pray these two gentlemen, while there is yet time, to clear up one momentous difficulty. The *Telegraph* says Calcraft was clad "in somewhat faded black, and on his head a tall shabby black hat." The *Daily News*, on the other hand, takes a much less disparaging view of Calcraft's apparel, and assures us that he wore "black and glossy broadcloth, and a shining chimney-pot hat." If it is so immensely important that the public should know all about Calcraft's hat and breeches, let us at least know the truth. To complete the thing, let us not omit the congratulations of one of the reporters that "the demands of morbid curiosity, if any were made, had been rigorously refused; the 'artist' attached to some illustrated police paper had not been permitted to penetrate to the interior of the gaol; and the execution was thus to all intents and purposes strictly private." This is a consummate touch—followed as it is by two columns of description, twentyfold more graphic and minute than any woodcut, all expressly composed to make the miserable business as public as possible in every detail, real and fancied. We protest against these two brutal narratives in the name of all public decency.

DR. PUSEY AND THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

FEW unprejudiced persons will approve of the spirit in which Dr. Pusey's letter to the Wesleyan Conference was received by the principal members. The leader of a great party in the Church of England, a man of eminent personal goodness, whose whole life has been characterized by a breadth of charity unapproached by many who pride themselves on their theological liberality, appeals to the representatives of an important Dissenting community to make common cause with him against certain religious tendencies which they, as well as he, regard as extremely mischievous. He proves the sincerity of his appeal by offering to use all his influence to obtain for the Wesleys, in common with all other Dissenters, a share in those University emoluments which are now confined to members of the Church of England. No matter what criticisms Dr. Pusey's plan may be open to in point either of wisdom or feasibility, it was at all events a serious attempt to achieve an object the importance of which the Conference might fairly have been expected to recognise, and its genuineness was evidenced by the sacrifices to which its writer was ready to consent. Yet, if the abridged report in the *Times* is to be accepted as accurate, there was scarcely a speaker in the discussion that followed the reading of the letter who did not adopt a carping and suspicious tone quite unworthy of a religious assembly dealing with such a document. Mr. Bedford "observed that the letter . . . would give up something to Romanism." Mr. Prest said that Wesleys "were not to be caught with the golden bait," and warned them to "be on their guard against having their young men ensnared at the Universities by Romanizing agents in disguise." Mr. Wiseman observed that, though the letter mentioned Dissenters, it never used the word Protestant. Mr. Arthur thought it not wonderful that Dr. Pusey was afraid of a national University, "for Socinianism must get the better of forms and ceremonies." This, with the exception of some remarks in a contrary direction from Dr. Osborn, which were so obviously out of harmony with the general feeling of the Conference that the speaker declined to pursue the subject, was the drift of all that was said. Of any desire to give the new relations between Dissenters and the Universities the consideration and the forethought they deserve, there was not a trace. If the Wesleyan Conference had been an ordinary anti-Ritualist meeting, it would no doubt have been more violent in its language, but it could hardly have been narrower in its views.

The attitude of the Wesleyan Conference in this matter is an instructive indication of the feeling of a large section of Englishmen upon the religious questions of the time. It has been a favourite theory with Dr. Pusey and some of his friends that the result of recent controversies has been to draw together religious men in various sects. Rationalism is assumed to be the common antagonist in whose presence all minor differences sink into insignificance. Some years back Dr. Pusey applied this theory to parties within the Church of England, and for a short time there was an incongruous alliance between him and the Evangelicals to put down the teaching symbolized by *Essays and Reviews*. That pleasing dream has at length been dispelled by the anti-Ritualist prosecution, and by the growing determination of the Evangelicals not to leave Dr. Pusey's friends any standing-

room inside the Church; and he seems now to have substituted for it the still more visionary scheme of a union of High Churchmen and Dissenters, having for its object "that we should each teach according to our own belief until God bring us to one mind." The action, or rather the inaction, of the Wesleyan Conference the other day will show what are the prospects of such a combination in the case of one of the largest of Dissenting communities. It seems very clear that, with the Wesleyans at all events, one article of belief is that Popery is no better than infidelity; and another, that there is no perceptible difference between Puseyism and Popery. It is important to note this fact, because we may be quite sure that any scheme of comprehension or union which ignores it will find that a main element has been left out of the calculation. However the English dislike of Romanism—a dislike at once more pronounced and less intelligent than is felt perhaps by any other nation—may have arisen, it does not seem to have perceptibly decreased. It has changed in form—for it is now content to tolerate, and only kicks when anything like an endowment is mentioned; but it retains its substance. And as the English middle-class mind is not apt at drawing nice distinctions, it divides men broadly into Protestants and Papists. In this way it evades the need of a definition, because every man is set down as a Papist who does not proclaim himself a Protestant. Any one who accepts the latter title hesitatingly, or with qualifications, might as well wear a cardinal's hat at once. All that he gets by his moderation is the credit of being dishonest, as well as superstitious. Dr. Pusey seems to have thought that this feeling had died out among religious Dissenters. The proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference may serve to convince him that he was mistaken.

In discussing the proposal "that out of the funds of the Colleges provision should be made for those Dissenting bodies who wish to be represented in the University"—in other words, that new denominational Colleges "should be founded out of the revenues of the old ones"—it is quite unnecessary to say anything as to the merits of denominational or undenominational education. Nor is it at all incumbent upon us to adopt the very irrelevant objections which have been brought against Dr. Pusey's proposal in other quarters. When the *Times*, for example, asks why Dr. Pusey "should disturb himself at all about Mr. Coleridge's Bill," since "by his own proposal he would allow some Colleges within the University to be under Socinian management, and devoted to the inculcation of anti-Christian principles," it simply proclaims its own ignorance of the subject it undertakes to handle. Dr. Pusey certainly does not suppose that young men, either at Oxford or elsewhere, can be brought up in the belief that there is no such thing as religious differences in the world. He only desires that these differences should not be represented in the educating body, and as in Oxford this is practically the College, he wishes to secure to each separate society an internal unity of theological conviction. The fact that a Unitarian College and an Anglican College might stand next door to one another would no more interfere with this object than the existence of a Unitarian College in London. The Anglican system would be presented in its entirety to those educated at the Anglican College, and thus the evil which Dr. Pusey especially dreads—the omission from the educational course of all those points upon which men of various creeds are at issue—would be completely averted. But though Dr. Pusey's proposal is perfectly consistent and intelligible from his own point of view, it displays, nevertheless, a remarkable degree of political innocence. Even if the Wesleyans had been "caught by the golden bait," there would have been one fatal objection to such a scheme. It could not be carried out without the aid of Parliament, and the aid of Parliament would certainly never be vouchsafed to it. Whatever success Mr. Coleridge's Bill has met with is chiefly owing to its frank assertion that the property of the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge neither belongs to, nor is held in trust for, the Church of England. As Dr. Pusey looks at the matter, the proposal to endow Dissenting Colleges out of the revenues of Anglican Colleges is generous, and even magnanimous. As the House of Commons looks at the matter, it is simply a gift by the Church of England of what is not hers to give. Dr. Pusey may be right, and the House of Commons may be wrong; but, in the case of a transaction which requires the sanction of Parliament to make it effectual, the opinion of the House of Commons is all-important. Of course it is conceivable that Parliament might be induced to redistribute the endowments of the Colleges in the way Dr. Pusey suggests, but we cannot say that, under present circumstances, it is anything more than conceivable. How the public mind is disposed towards such a measure may be gathered from the reception given to the analogous proposal to redistribute the ecclesiastical property of Ireland among the different Churches. For both plans there may be much to be said, if it could be of the least use to say it; but upon both the popular judgment has been passed too unanimously to make it worth while to reopen the discussion.

In the meantime, while Dr. Pusey is vainly endeavouring to recommend his project to the public, he is leaving unnoticed the possible means of arriving at the same goal which is supplied by the very measure he so earnestly deprecates. At present Parliament is laudably anxious not to interfere with the corporate freedom of the several Societies, and to conciliate this sentiment Mr. Coleridge's Bill has been framed. It is nothing more than an enabling statute; it removes the restriction imposed on the Colleges by the Act of Uniformity, but it does not compel them to take advantage of the removal, or prohibit them from imposing other restrictions in the room of those removed. It follows from

this that, by some forethought and organization, the results which Dr. Pusey is anxious to bring about may, at any rate as regards the Church of England, be virtually achieved under Mr. Coleridge's Bill. All that is needed for this end is, that those candidates for Fellowships who think with Dr. Pusey on this question should endeavour, as far as possible, to obtain an entry into the same College or Colleges. If, whenever a man has the option of standing for one of two vacant Fellowships, his choice were determined by the consideration in which Common-room his accession would most tell, the next few years might practically secure two or three Colleges to the Church of England, whether the Act of Uniformity were repealed or not. Of course this implies that the High Church party at Oxford can command recruits in sufficient numbers and of sufficient mark to secure their full share of Fellowships—the only change being that these recruits would by degrees be concentrated in a few Colleges instead of being scattered over all. If men of this calibre are not forthcoming, this whole plan falls to the ground; but then Dr. Pusey will not need to be told that under any circumstances it would be impossible to retain the Universities for the Church of England unless she can hold her own in the open field of University distinctions. The working of the process here indicated would be made much less invidious, and therefore much less likely to be interfered with, if there could be combined with it a measure of University Reform which is urgently needed on other grounds. One great reason why the limitation of Fellowships to members of the Church of England creates so much ill-will is to be found in the fact that Fellowships have come to be regarded almost entirely as a prize for past study. From this point of view it is perfectly natural that Dissenters who have taken their full share of the work should be inclined to grumble when they find themselves shut out from a share in the rewards. There would be far less room for this feeling if Fellowships were viewed in their proper light as means of enabling men to go on working. So long as non-resident Fellowships hold their present place in the University system Dissenters will feel it a grievance to be prevented from enjoying them. Make residence and an actual share in University work the ordinary condition of holding them, and there will be nothing offensive in the fact that in this or that College the vacancies in the teaching body are uniformly filled up by men of the same creed with the students they will have to teach.

THE PROTESTANT DEMONSTRATION.

THE great Protestant Demonstration at the Crystal Palace may be called a failure or a success according to the disposition of the speaker, and his conception of the end proposed by it. Fine weather would perhaps have brought more visitors to the Palace, but it is not certain that a larger assembly could by any possible arrangement have heard the orators, and, if it could, it would probably have been tempted to interrupt them. The rain, which descended copiously, may be considered propitious to the cause of Protestantism, as it prevented any counter-demonstration, and rendered the day's proceedings harmonious and intolerably dull. The great fountain of talk began to play at half-past three o'clock, and it played incessantly till seven. Then the friends of the Demonstration dined together in the south wing of the Palace, and when they had refreshed themselves with meat and drink, the great fountain of talk began to play again, and left off we cannot tell when or how or why. If we were called upon to sum up in a single sentence the result of the day's proceedings, we should say that we tried Protestantism sober and we tried it drunk, and, drunk or sober, there was nothing in it. We do not, of course, mean to say that any of the company at the dinner exceeded the just measure of alcoholic refreshment which was due to the labour of delivering, and the infinitely greater labour of listening to, Protestant orations. There was, indeed, one after-dinner speaker whose discourse might, to an unpractised ear, have seemed not far removed from dithyrambs, but further study of Protestantism would doubtless have convinced any hearer that the inflation and incoherence of this speech were to be attributed to the nature of the subject, and not to the condition of the speaker. The roof of the dining-hall in the south wing is adorned with pendant flags, among which it was not unreasonable to expect to find that Banner of the Constitution of which enthusiastic Protestants frequently speak. But among the familiar flags of European nations which decorate that hall no new and gorgeous device surprised the eye, and we incline to think that although, in the language of the Ring, the Protestant champions mean business, their colours are not yet ready. Certainly, when we consider that a noble and pious duke has, as they say, "come down handsome" by subscribing 2,000*l.* to the funds of the National Protestant Union, we might have expected some expenditure in coloured silk and riband to relieve the lugubrious monotony of the spectacle presented on Monday last in and about the orchestra of the Crystal Palace. It is to be feared that the Protestants of Monday made a poor and tame appearance compared with the Foresters of Tuesday; for even at moments of highest enthusiasm in the meeting, when the loudest speaker declared in his most emphatic tones his determination to maintain firmly our glorious Constitution in Church and State, and to contend stoutly for the faith once delivered to the saints—even then, when all usual and available signs and tokens of applause and approbation were freely used, it did so happen that from one point of view upon

the platform there could be seen waving only one solitary pocket-handkerchief, and that one was, not to put too fine a point upon it, dirty. It is evident, however, that the managers of the Demonstration intended to appeal rather to calm intelligence than to vulgar love of sensational effect, and the managers of the Crystal Palace seem to have exactly appreciated the difference between Protestants and Foresters; for, whereas their advertisement for Tuesday offers a long list of the amusements which will be provided in the "palace of the people's pleasures," their advertisement for Monday merely promises that the Palace will be "cool and delightful," and even this must be admitted to be hardly an accurate description of the process of standing in a crowd and hearing Mr. Newdegate denounce Popery. It may be, however, that the Demonstrators, when they omitted to provide themselves with outward signs of the inward grace of Protestantism, had an eye to securing the prophetic reputation of the inspired bard who composed a "patriotic song" for the occasion. The Church of England, according to the poet, has given to her pious children

A banner which shall never be
By ruthless traitors furled.

Many surprising things may be in store for us in the future. The London, Chatham, and Dover Railway may become a prosperous concern, with shares at a premium. The artisans of the great towns in the North may come out strong as Protestants and Conservatives. We cannot tell what may happen, but one thing we are sure will not happen; the Pope, the Devil, and Mr. Gladstone, and whatsoever meaner traitors may combine with them, shall not furl that "beacon to the world," the banner of the Protestant Church, but they will be hindered by the same insuperable obstacle as would prevent them from taking breeches off a Highlander. In fact, as Betsey Prig would say, there never was no such banner; but if the Demonstrators had taken the Duke of Portland's cheque for 2,000*l.* and stuck it on a pole, there would have been a banner to which the eyes of Protestants might turn with joy and confidence. There are many dukes, and some of them are Ministers, but a duke who sends to the managers of a public meeting 2,000*l.*, and thinks, or at least says, that he has done less than those who come to that meeting to make speeches, may well cause the party of his opponents to exclaim with envy, *Dux nobis et auctor opus est*—if we only had a Duke of Portland to set us going we might do something.

But to return to the dinner-table, from which we have wandered in search of the banner of the Protestant faith. An incident occurred at it which our contemporaries who protect the Throne, Church, and Constitution have either overlooked or have treated with less attention than it deserved. We can scarcely suppose that it has been reserved for ourselves to defeat machinations of the enemy which have escaped the vigilance of the chosen guardians of Protestantism. But not the less the duty appears to be cast upon us, and we will not shrink from it, but will declare boldly that we have discovered what we take to be the nearest approach which has been made in modern times to an imitation of the Gunpowder Plot. We were assured by speakers on the platform that Popery is the same now as it was three hundred years ago, and when we came to the dining-hall we believed them. The company were seated at tables plentifully supplied with food. The waiters stood ready to supply in equal abundance beer and wine. Grace had been said, and knives and forks were wielded by many an eager hand, when lo! a cataract of water descended from the roof towards the floor. Umbrellas hastily unfurled, which the Protestant banner is never to be, averted the deluge from the heads of Protestants, but a gas-burner almost ceased to shed its light upon Protestant proceedings, and the interior of a pie was flooded so as to render it unsuitable for Protestant consumption. There was once a scheme working in the earth's bowels, and using as its agent fire, for the destruction of a Protestant King and Parliament. Here, we say, is a scheme working in the air, and using as its agent water, for the annoyance and injury of the elect of the Protestantism of our age. And will any rational human creature venture to assert that the Pope, the Devil, and Mr. Gladstone were not—we will not say at the bottom of this contrivance, because water does not flow upwards—but at the top of it? Has not the Canon Law, as expounded by Dr. McNeile, provided that heretics may be cast into the furnace? and is it not within what lawyers would call the equity of the statute that they should be put under the pump?

The only distinct impression left upon the mind by all the weary talk that was talked upon that day is, that the talkers enjoy a monopoly of religion, loyalty, and patriotism. They will maintain our glorious Constitution. They will assert the supremacy of the Crown. They will never submit to Ultramontane ascendancy. This word "Ultramontane," being a bigger word than "Papal," has been largely substituted for it of late in Protestant orations. It pleases the orators to point to countries where Papal influence prevails, and to bid their hearers contrast their miserable and benighted state with our own happiness and enlightenment. "Look," says Mr. Newdegate, "at Spain. Can there be found anywhere a more melancholy spectacle than Spain?" Well, opinions will always differ; but we think, for our own part, that a Protestant Demonstration on a rainy day is about as melancholy a spectacle as can be witnessed. The Spaniards believe that we sent our armies to their country, under the Duke of Wellington, in order to get the opportunity of subverting a manufactory at Madrid which we feared would compete with our

own trade. Here is an opinion equally reasonable and probable with that which Dr. McNeile holds as to the design of the Pope to subvert the liberties of England by setting up among us the Canon Law. Mr. Newdegate went the round of Europe, and, as we understood, his purpose was to show that the Pope misguides Governments which submit to him, and intrigues against Governments which do not submit. The reporters for some of the newspapers were wise, perhaps, in dropping Mr. Newdegate before he got to Russia, but he said something about Russia that had the merit, which on that tedious afternoon was great, of novelty. The Government of Russia, according to him, is in alliance with the Greek Church, and the Church of Rome conspires with rebellious subjects of Russia to break or shake this alliance. Now here, certainly, was something new and strange. We have always thought that, next to Protestantism, the liberation of Poland by platform rhetoric was the most extravagant delusion that ever possessed the minds of Englishmen. There used to be people who believed that by holding meetings and passing resolutions they could drive the armies of the Czar from Poland. We might have thought these people very silly, but we never should have suspected, until Mr. Newdegate explained the matter, that they were tools of the Pope. Beales, before he took up Hyde Park, was great on Poland; and Beales, although he did not know it, was doing the Pope's work. In the days of Lord Dudley Stuart there used to be held an annual Polish ball. Many people went to these balls to dance and flirt; a few went to show in some vague way a sympathy with Poland; but did anybody ever dream that, by going to a ball, he was promoting that Ultramontane ascendancy which stalks abroad in Europe? But, now that we have been to a Protestant Demonstration and had our eyes opened, we see it all. Probably the very card of the dances to be danced at one of those balls was settled in a conclave of Cardinals at Rome. It was the Pope that got up the Polish wars; and if freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell, the Pope of the period doubtless girded his loins with sackcloth and covered his head with ashes on the same melancholy occasion. The greatest of all the triumphs of Papal ingenuity is surely this, that Beales—fiery champion, as he seemed to be, of liberty—was nothing but a figure moved by wires which the Pope pulled. After this, Dr. McNeile may tell us that he has found anything whatever in the Canon Law, and we will believe him.

The deputation of the Orangemen of Ireland did not, to do them justice, confine themselves to those empty phrases about Throne, Church, and Constitution which other speakers so tediously reiterated. Mr. Foster used exceedingly alarming words. He announces that the Irish Protestants are ready to take up arms to defend their Church, and he desires to know whether the English army will, in that event, be employed to aid the Irish Roman Catholics to assail it. One feels tempted by the outrageous folly of this speech to express the wish that the English army might be wholly withdrawn from Ireland, and the Protestants of that country left to make the best fight they could with the Roman Catholics. But the power of this country must necessarily be employed to keep peace between contending races and religions in Ireland, and the question is, upon what terms? How shall we be sure, if we are called upon to use our might, that we are using it in support of a system which is just and right? To that most important question the speeches of Protestants at the Crystal Palace afford no answer. The reports of these speeches are a mere heap of words in which one will vainly seek for any particle of sense or reason.

THE NEW RULES OF RACING.

THE Jockey Club has recently revised the rules of racing with reference to defaulters, and more recently still, from a laudable desire to diminish as far as possible the chances of the new regulations being evaded or improperly applied, has amended its own revision. By the old law, if an owner or a nominator of any horse was in default for a single penny on account of stakes, such horse was disqualified from winning any race till the arrears due on his account were paid up. It was frequently a matter of great difficulty, especially when a horse passed in rapid succession from one owner to another, to discover the exact sums for which he might chance to be in the forfeit-list, and the case has occurred of an owner having carefully paid up all, as he imagined, that stood in the way of his horse's starting, and then of his having discovered, just a moment too late perhaps, that there was yet another paltry sovereign or so due from some distant date. The slightest mistake on the part of the trainer, to whom an owner must naturally look as the proper person to bring his horse to the post duly qualified to start, would thus cause, and has on more than one occasion caused, an aggravating disappointment. The rule was stringent and inflexible, and it was right that it should be so, but its stringency made all the more remarkable the entire absence of any similar provisions for the case of default in bets. While the accidental and unintentional non-payment of a single sovereign due for stakes would make one horse useless for racing purposes, another, whose owner and nominator might owe thousands of pounds on account of bets, could keep on running and winning all over the country, and the defaulters interested in his welfare could pocket the stakes with impunity. That a law so manifestly unjust should have remained so long unchallenged can only be explained by the fact that in former years owners of racehorses were a class of men who, when they made bets and

lost, were in the habit of paying the money. The racing history of the last few years, however, has shown that this custom fails to find favour with the new school of British sportsmen, who evidently regard it as antiquated and obsolete, and whose maxim is that it is more blessed to receive than to give. Considering how the numbers of the Jockey Club have been swelled of late with members of the Young England school, we were not a little surprised at the notification of a change so sweeping as that which was effected a few weeks ago; nor were we a little gratified to see that the older-fashioned and more respectable part of the Club was quite able to assert its superiority over the false and flashy element that at one time threatened to drag into the mire the Supreme Tribunal of Racing. In the middle of June the following resolution was passed at a meeting attended by the most influential members of the Jockey Club:—

Whereas it is expedient that the Rules of Racing which prohibit defaulters for stakes and forfeits from entering or running horses should extend to defaulters for bets, and to all persons guilty of malpractices on the Turf, it is resolved that

No person convicted of any fraudulent practices on the Turf, and no person that has been reported by the Committee of the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket or at Messrs. Tattersall's as being a defaulter in bets, shall be permitted to name, enter, or run, either in his own name, or in that of any other person, any horse of which he is either wholly, or in part, owner, for any race whatever.

It was further resolved that

If any member of the Jockey Club, or of the New Rooms or Coffee Room at Newmarket, should appear in the published Forfeit list as a defaulter for stakes or forfeits, or be reported by the Committee of the Subscription Rooms at Newmarket or at Messrs. Tattersall's as being a defaulter for bets lost on horse-racing, the Stewards shall cause notice to be sent to him that if his default be not cleared by a time to be stated in the said notice (not to exceed three months) his name will be erased from the list of members; and if a member of any of these clubs should be convicted of fraudulent practices on the Turf, or should compound with his creditors, he shall cease to be a member.

And in the early part of the present month the following amendment was made to these resolutions:—

Resolved, that the Jockey Club will not enforce the penalties imposed by their resolutions of June 15th, 1863, for default in bets made after the passing of this resolution, unless the complaint shall have been lodged with the Committee of the Subscription Betting Rooms at Tattersall's, or at Newmarket, within three months of the bets being due.

The object of this amendment is clearly—first, to bring about the prompt settlement of accounts; and secondly, in case of negligence or collusion on the part of the creditor, to make him take the consequences himself, and to prevent him from digging up old claims at seasons that may suit his convenience. Taken altogether, resolutions and amendment, their aim is obvious, and it is highly creditable to a body so conservative as the Jockey Club, so jealous of its privileges, and so generally intolerant of criticism on the conduct of any of its members, that it should have run the risk of internal dissensions, and chanced the dangers of dismemberment—often a prelude to dissolution—sooner than suffer the continuation of the disgraceful abuses that have been perpetrated under the shadow of its influence and authority. During the last few years we have seen the rise and fall of a most singular body of racing men, who during their short and unmeritorious existence inflicted evils on the national sport from which it will be long before it recovers. These persons were not rich; contrariwise, few of them had means to support a racing establishment at all; but as their design was to make money rather than to spend it, the absence of substantial resources was of course immaterial. Their theory was to take the Turf by storm, to buy—but not necessarily to pay for their purchases—everything that came into the market, and at any price; for when a man is not paying for his goods with his own ready money, he is wonderfully complacent as to the increased demands of the vendor. Having thus got together an immense number of horses, they next set to work to run them all over the country, and in all sorts of races; and to give themselves a better chance of making their pleasure profitable, they hit upon the ingenious plan of increasing the amount of their speculations in inverse proportion to the pecuniary value of the stakes. Thus, if they had a horse of fair class running for a rich prize in good company, their investments would be moderate; but if they had a plater in a selling race just sufficiently superior to the other platers entered to make his victory a certainty, they justly argued that then was the time to win, and they would wager ten thousand pounds on the issue of the event with the most imperturbable calmness. And as they possessed many platers—particularly among the horses for which they had given, or promised to give, enormous sums when yearlings—they had frequent opportunities of practising this ingenious contrivance. Further, they were splendidly careless of the doctrine of chances, as applied to the probability of one horse beating six or seven other horses. If they were satisfied that their plater must win, they argued that it was just as safe to lay odds on him as to take odds against him, and that the former course was perhaps less troublesome than the latter. Thus, for the first time in the history of the Turf, not only were tens of thousands of pounds betted in a few seconds on the most paltry race, but also the doctrine of backing the field, which must be true nine times out of ten when there are many runners, was utterly subverted. For a time all prospered. The platers won their plates, and the plungers reaped a golden harvest. The sporting papers were loud in their praises. When these gentlemen gave unheard-of sums for yearlings, they were princely; when they backed their horses at any price that

was offered them, or rather, when they set the price themselves, they were magnanimous; when they lost, they were aristocratically indifferent; when they won, they were modestly triumphant; when by begging or borrowing they were enabled to tide over an emergency, they were noble-hearted, and the souls of honour; and when they failed to appear on settling-day, such large minds might be excused for being temporarily oblivious of mere trifles. But when, after two or three years, the tide of success turned, and these fine sportsmen began to experience a run of ill-luck—but by no means of ill-luck proportioned to their previous good fortune—some fresh light was thrown on their dispositions and habits. Some promised largely, some proposed compromises, some offered compositions, some remained placidly unconscious of their obligations, but all with one accord shrank from the idea of discharging their debts in hard cash. They had brought little or nothing with them on the Turf, but for a time they had carried away much, and had subsisted thereon; and when fortune ceased to favour them, the means for subsistence and the means for paying their losses alike vanished. Thus the crash came; and when it was discovered that the Jockey Club, at the instigation of its most honoured members, intended to take energetic steps to thwart the schemes of any similar adventurers, these pretentious and insolent gamblers slunk into an obscurity from which we fervently hope they will never emerge.

Apart from this special result achieved by the recent acts of the Turf legislature—apart, namely, from the removal of a portion of the scum from the surface of the Turf cauldron—there are one or two practical consequences of which mention may be made. In the first place, the system of betting has been so brought back within proper bounds that it is possible now for an intelligent person to back his reasonable opinion for a reasonable sum at a reasonable price. In the next place, a salutary check has been given to the over-extensive operations of breeders of bloodstock. The price of yearlings has fallen so considerably that whereas two or three years ago the most eminent breeder of the day obtained an average of over four hundred guineas for his yearlings, at his sale this year a few weeks ago the average for forty-three yearlings was one hundred and sixty-two guineas only. We do not say that they were worth more; probably not; but the circumstance is significant as showing that the competition is much smaller, and that in the case of the stock of a less fashionable breeder prices will range much lower still. The real truth is that the supply of yearlings is much beyond the requirements of *bona fide* purchasers. Last year about six hundred were sold, and this year no doubt a larger number still will be offered for sale. Considering that the leading upholders of racing—men like Lord Glasgow, Lord Zetland, and Baron Rothschild—have their own breeding establishments, and never purchase at public sales, it is obvious that this number is out of all proportion to the requirements or the means of the remaining patrons of the sport. It is probable, therefore—and we rejoice at the probability—that, in the course of the next few years, a large number of worthless broodmares will be either exported or otherwise disposed of, and the number of yearlings offered for sale proportionately reduced. It may be urged that a different class of owners may possibly compete just as eagerly for the possession of racehorses, but we are loth to anticipate so disastrous an event. It must be confessed, however, that it is not a little discouraging to look at the entries for the Derby of 1870, and to observe how the well-known names on the Turf are disappearing, without any apparent chance of the vacancies being adequately supplied. And of the few nominators belonging to the upper classes, some, Lord Derby and Lord Scarborough for instance, do not own any horses, but sell their yearlings with their engagements. If the aristocracy retire from active participation in Turf pursuits, the long-threatened but long-deferred decline of racing will be soon brought about. All precedents show that when once a national sport is deprived of the countenance of the upper classes, it is speedily degraded into ruffianism and blackguardism.

REVIEWS.

A HANDBOOK OF PICTORIAL ART.*

THE work before us, which announces itself by the sounding and somewhat doubtful title of *Handbook of Pictorial Art*, is one of a series of schoolbooks on the issue of which the Delegates of the Clarendon Press have for some time past been engaged. We cannot but congratulate them on the liberality which has led them to include in their scheme one branch of a subject not generally considered as proper to education, and at the same time we must express a hope that, when drawing and painting are remembered, engraving, sculpture, and architecture will not be forgotten. The compilation of the Handbook at present under consideration has been entrusted to the Rev. S. J. Tyrwhitt, an amateur who, we believe, first became known to the public by some papers which appeared with his name in the earlier numbers of the *Contemporary Review*.

When a popular work on a technical subject is produced by a

* *A Handbook of Pictorial Art*. By the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, M.A., formerly Student and Tutor of Christ Church. With a Chapter on Perspective, by A. Macdonald, School of Art, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1868.

writer who has made that subject his profession, general readers are apt to find that too much is required of them. The very style is too serious. An author cannot be lively and amusing when treating of the object of the labours of his life; he is overburdened by the very fulness of his knowledge, and in the effort to be brief but too often becomes unintelligible. On the other hand, in a book written by an amateur, the very reverse of these conditions is probably to be found; the teacher is but a few lessons in advance of the learner, and a great deal of zeal takes the place of a great deal of knowledge. Such a work may possibly have the advantage of conveying to its readers some of the enthusiasm felt by the author; but it is only too often liable to the grave objection of rash and hasty generalization from insufficient data. There is, unfortunately, a tendency to confound great things with small, and to give undue importance to the writer's fancies undisciplined by facts; consequently the impressions received by the student, instead of being distinct and clear, are to the last degree vague, corresponding indeed to the puzzleheaded condition of the author's mind.

The general arrangement of the work before us is simple enough; it is divided into two parts, the one entitled *Theory*, under which head appear the Historical Chapters, and the other, *Practice*. Of these two parts, the first, or theoretical, is made totally subservient to the second, or practical. Just so much of theory and history are presented to the reader as will, in the writer's view, assist a student in the worthy study and practice of what is called "realist art" in the present day. A couple of introductory chapters, in which Mr. Tyrwhitt develops his conception of the proper functions of "art," are succeeded by a short account of early Christian work, which introduces us to slight sketches of the biographies of Giotto, Orcagna, Angelico, Masaccio, and Ghirlandajo. At this point, on the very threshold of the sixteenth century, we are arrested, and with a passing allusion to the great masters of the cinque-cento we enter on the system of teaching advocated by the author.

The highest function of painting, says Mr. Tyrwhitt (p. 46), is "instruction." But the meaning which he attaches to this word he nowhere distinctly defines, and we are left to infer from other passages that accurate representation of facts, or what is elsewhere called "real historical painting," is, in his opinion, the noblest work of the artist. Throughout the chapter in which he urges the claims of "art" on the public it is on the strictly utilitarian ground that "real historical representations of events will be of great use in teaching any history"; and though he quotes in support of his argument from the evidence given by Mr. Watts before the Royal Academy Commission, he does not appear to us to have apprehended the true value of it. For whilst Mr. Watts proposes to develop *taste* by placing "before the eyes of the public at large the best specimens of art," Mr. Tyrwhitt continues to urge the *use* of fresco-paintings as a means of historical instruction; whilst Mr. Watts proposes, as an end, the education and refinement of æsthetic perceptions, Mr. Tyrwhitt calls upon the artist to become the assistant of the national schoolmaster. To say the least of it, at the present moment such a claim seems but ill-timed. The intellectual and moral conditions which affected the artist and public of the fourteenth century do not affect the artist and public of the nineteenth; if they exist at all, it is in a profoundly modified form. In an age when books were rare, and when ignorance perhaps was even greater than at present, it might have been demanded of the artist, with some fair show of justice, that he should dedicate his chief powers to the promotion and diffusion of religious and useful knowledge; but now, when a cheap literature is accessible to all men, to make such a demand would be the exercise of an unnecessary and unreasonable tyranny. In the kingdom of art, imagination is not the handmaid, but the mistress, of the understanding; and work which is not done for its own sake, in which the chief place is claimed for the historical or the moral, in which the attention is seized by the subject rather than by the rendering of the subject, in which the contents form the weightiest part, loses its æsthetic character, and cannot possess those poetic elements which fire the fancy and rouse the emotions. It is not inspired, it is not suggestive. "Suppose," says Springer, "that Raffaele intended to depict in his 'Disputa' and 'Scuola d'Atene' systems of philosophy. Then before these, as before other didactic works, the fancy will remain unstimulated, and the spectator will come before the picture with the question, What and whom do these groups, these single figures, represent?" In a truly artistically conceived composition the historical can form but the background; it must be developed and completed by the expression of the universal human element, freed from all accidents of time and place. Such work cannot be better described than in the words used by Burkhardt, in speaking of the "Incendio del Borgo," from which the third stanza of the "Vatican" takes its name:—"Hier sind lauter rein künstlerische Gedanken versinnlicht, frei von der letzten historischen oder symbolischen Rücksicht, im Gewande einer heroischen Welt." The intelligent spectator must ask, before a truly poetic creation, not for the facts as they happened, or as he may imagine them to have happened, but for the train of thought, of fancy, and feeling which they excited in the mind of an inspired man. The story is to the artist as the legend to the poet, between the lines of which he reads, letting the dead past suck out the life of his own soul, until it stands before him a new creation; and this process is not conscious. The great defect of the Quattrocentisti, regarded as artists, the great defect of all men who aim at

"teaching," is that the view taken by them of their work is eminently subjective; instead of reflecting their subject, like a faithful mirror, they endeavour to force it into some preconceived shape then dominating their own mind. Work done in this temper can never claim the name of ideal, for it is always marred by individual bias or local colouring; and idealism, which Mr. Tyrwhitt loosely calls "great imagination of great things," demands, not that the universal be degraded to the spirit of the particular, but that the particular be read in the light of the universal. "Generic knowledge and power," we quote from the epilogue to Mr. Wornum's *Epochs of Painting*, "characterizes the antique." Generic knowledge and power characterized the great painters of the sixteenth century, and stamp the whole of their work. This gave them their unrivalled mastery over individual portraiture; to this must also be attributed the dramatic unity which distinguishes their composition.

"Composition," Mr. Tyrwhitt says, "or artistic arrangement of groups and separate figures, seems to have been determined and fully systematized in Giotto's mind." But the term "composition" can hardly be used with propriety in speaking of his work, or of that of his followers, men who could not combine three figures together in a common unity of action. Masaccio, whose chronology Mr. Tyrwhitt succeeds in restoring to its original confusion, was the first who set at defiance the laws of symmetrical and ornamental opposition which ruled the work of his predecessors. "He appears," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "to be the first who discovered the path which leads to every excellence to which the art afterwards arrived, and may therefore be justly considered as one of the great fathers of modern art." The frescoes executed by him in the Brancacci chapel of the Church del Carmine in Florence, about 1426-7, mark an era in the history of the development of painting. He was the first who forsook tradition and cast off the bonds of old conventionalisms, and, as Mr. Wornum points out, it is especially his appreciation of dramatic unity of composition which constitutes him one of the masters of the transition between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. His daring innovations in this respect were probably the cause of the complaint of his contemporaries referred to by Mr. Tyrwhitt, that "the elements of order, arrangement, series, and method were omitted entirely from his work." They missed the mass, balanced against mass, to which they had been accustomed, and remonstrated in the interest of the decorative and conventional systems of arrangement which previously prevailed. Again, the high encomium which Mr. Tyrwhitt passes on the works of Giotto, when he states that in their action is never overrated, may be far more justly claimed for Masaccio; in the works of his predecessors, each actor may be said to assume rather than to express the sentiment proper to his position. Admirable in point of sentiment, their technical deficiencies drive them into mannerisms, which render them unfit as examples to beginners, and we fear that Mr. Tyrwhitt's pupils will illustrate an old truism by carrying away from their study of the school of Giotto the characteristic defects rather than the characteristic excellences—weak drawing and constrained action, instead of delicacy of sentiment and purity of tone. Highly gifted as were the artists of the fifteenth century, they cannot be said to have attained to more than the exercise of their powers; it was left for their successors to use them. To send, therefore, the student of the present day to sit at their feet is as if Ghirlandajo had despatched Michel Angelo to study the works of Giunta Pisano and the Byzantine school, whilst on the one hand stood the Brancacci chapel, glowing with the frescoes of Masaccio, and on the other the gardens of Lorenzo di Medici, peopled by the living statues of the antique. The last word of the past should be the first word of the present, its goal should be our starting-point, or we neglect our heritage.

When we find Mr. Tyrwhitt asserting that feeling led Angelico to select the high clear key in which he worked, and to substitute pure colour for shade, we feel compelled in great measure to differ from him. It is true that every man's work reflects his individual character and disposition, and no doubt subtle relations exist between the tone and temper of Angelico and the tone and temper of his work; but, tempting as it may be to sentimentalize over the sainted monk of Fiesole, it must not be forgotten that his powers were developed by the practice of decorative painting—first, as an illuminator of MSS., under his brother Fra Benedetto, next as a fresco-painter at Cortona, Fiesole, Florence, and Rome. Now one of the chief characteristics of all decorators is, as C. Clément remarks in his admirable critique on Decamps, that they paint "dans une gamme claire, vive, légère, qui me paraît être une des nécessités de ce genre." Tintoret forms the solitary exception; shade predominates in all his works, but in the world of mural paintings they stand alone. As regards Fra Angelico, it may be urged that the same high clear key which distinguishes his frescoes is to be seen in his small easel pictures, executed in distemper, of which several fine examples exist in the Academy of Florence, and that therefore it was not, with him at least, so much a matter of necessity as of choice. But we are prevented from attaching any weight to this argument when we recollect that, as above stated, the chief of his labours were decorative, and that he did not carry the influences of the studio to the work of mural decoration, but that the habits engendered by the practice of mural decoration were brought to bear upon the paintings of the studio. This is exactly the reverse of what takes place at the present day, for, as Sir C. Lindsay says in his evidence (quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt) before

the Royal
frescoes
finished in
They have
exactly op
other. "a
not stippl
such work
correction

The subse
marked ab
Anglico—
to a def
achievem
viewing n
in the ear
of actual
but as th
sympathy
a great p
face.

We do
"Practice
In them a
systems, b
appear to
objection
both for h
Governme
teaching
tion of te
especially
the ways
tongue ca
the learn
book in h
in the lab
in which
impossibl
the best.
(see the
drawing
which is
cally we
this very
terms of
quently
instance
apocryph
We gave
painting
by Leon
ameo, etc.
Academy
plays str
chio was
summit
occupied
head, or
shows no
more of
how Mr
book "in
illustrati
upon he
ducing t
the arti
sea-sick
investiga
perhaps
was not
with pla
fact Sir
London,
which se
steamers
in which
anguish
making
he was
young
veins or
and the
strongly
same th
But
of ever
this sta

the Royal Academy Commission, "With few exceptions the frescoes which our artists have painted have been too much finished in detail, and much too little considered in the mass. They have painted them like easel pictures"; whereas almost exactly opposite treatment is required in the one case and in the other. "Masaccio did not stipple," says Mr. Tyrwhitt. He did not stipple, because he could not; stippling was inadmissible in such work as he had daily on hand. Careful elaboration, patient correction, are at home in the studio, but as Molière tells us:—

La fresque est pressante, et veut sans complaisance
Qu'un peintre s'accommode à son impatience,
La traite à sa manière, et d'un travail soudain,
Saisisse le moment qu'elle donne à sa main.
La sévère rigueur de ce moment qui passe
Aux erreurs d'un pinceau ne fait aucune grâce;
Avec elle il n'est point de retour à tenter,
Et tout au premier coup se doit exécuter.

The substitution of pure colour for shade—which is also, as remarked above, in Mr. Tyrwhitt's eyes, a matter of sentiment with Angelico—may, it appears to us, be attributed with greater justice to a defective knowledge of chiaroscuro, that last and latest achievement of the science of representation. The power of viewing nature correctly is a power acquired by slow degrees, and in the early painters of Italy there are constant evidences of want of actual sight. Things are represented, not as they appear to be, but as they are, and probably Angelico would have felt some sympathy for that distinguished Chinese critic who considered it a great pity that a portrait should be spoiled by the dirt on the face.

We do not propose to comment on the chapters headed "Practice," which occupy the second half of the work before us. In them are collected, and detailed at length, directions, methods, systems, for work in chalk, in water-colour, in oil, &c.; some appear to us harmless enough, whilst others are more or less objectionable, and the whole course bears a close resemblance, both for bad and good, to that at this moment pursued in the Government Schools of Design. In practical matters written teaching is likely to do no good, neither much harm. A description of technical methods may be of interest to the teacher, more especially when, like the treatise of Cennino Cennini, it treats of the ways and means of bygone days, concerning which no living tongue can speak, but it is more than likely to mislead and betray the learner. He who would be a good smith must not sit with a book in his chamber, but stand by his master's side at the anvil, in the labour and heat of the day. The workshop is the only place in which a trade can be learnt. The original illustrations it is impossible to mention with praise; the least pretensions are about the best. The chromolithographs are exceedingly poor and weak (see the Grapes, opposite p. 212), also the frontispiece, the drawing for which may have had some good colour, but which is lost in the copying so completely that it is with difficulty we can perceive even traces of it. Of the execution of this very frontispiece, however, Mr. Tyrwhitt uses the warmest terms of commendation, but he seems to lose only too frequently his better judgment in a fit of eager enthusiasm. An instance of this occurs (p. 152) where he tells us a somewhat apocryphal story of Andrea Verrochio and Leonardo da Vinci. We give it in Mr. Tyrwhitt's own words:—"Verrochio gave up painting on seeing the superior beauty of an angel's head painted by Leonardo, in his picture of 'Our Lord's Baptism.'" This anecdote, he remarks, is confirmed by the picture now in the Academy of Florence, and "the head is exquisite." Imagination plays strange tricks, and is but a bad guide to the critic. "Verrochio was at this very time," we quote Mr. Wornum, "at the summit of his reputation as a sculptor, and was so completely occupied that he can have had little time for painting." The head, or rather the figure, of the angel, attributed to Leonardo, shows no marked superiority, and the whole story has probably more of fiction than fact in it. Again, we are told (p. 95) how Mr. Tyrwhitt took a walk in the Strand, and saw an old book "in a shop window somewhere." The old book contained illustrations of expression, and was open at Despair. Thereupon he inveighs against the thought of recipes for reproducing the varied passions of the children of men, and accuses the artist of studying types of Despair at critical moments of sea-sickness. It is a pity that our author did not continue his investigations a little further, and our curiosity might then perhaps have been satisfied by the facts that the work he saw was not "an old book," but the old book, a book still read with pleasure by artists, and not so very old after all, being in fact Sir C. Bell's *Anatomy of Human Expression*, published in London, 1866; and that the studies which resulted in the sketch which so strangely excited his fancy were not made in Channel steamers, but in London hospitals. In commenting on the sketch in which he endeavoured to combine the expressions of bodily anguish and despair, Sir Charles tells us that a few days after making it he had an opportunity of testing its correctness, when he was called upon to extract a bullet from the arm of a strong young man, and, turning, saw "the face turgid with blood, the veins on the forehead and temples distinct, the teeth strongly fixed, and the lips drawn so as to expose the teeth and gums; the brows strongly knit, and the nostrils distended to the utmost, and at the same time drawn up."

But examples of inexactness and confusion meet us at the turn of every page, and one is frequently at a loss to decide whether this state of things is caused by a defective knowledge of facts or

by a defective method of conveying them. In giving an account of the Capella degli Scrovegni, decorated by Giotto at Padua, "it appears," Mr. Tyrwhitt says, "to have been finished by Scrovegno, probably from Giotto's designs," a probability which it would not be possible to prove. The chapel was finished (we quote Selvatico), "verso il 1303," and Mr. Tyrwhitt has the date correctly enough, but at that time Giotto was engaged on the frescoes of the Podestà at Florence, which city he did not leave, as nearly as can be guessed, till about 1305. Of course it is easy to suppose a communication of designs and advice by letter, but there are no grounds on which to rest such a supposition. Strictly speaking, it is even doubtful whether Enrico Scrovegno (who was not an architect, as Mr. Tyrwhitt seems to imagine, but a rich patrician of Padua) built the chapel, although it was erected on his property recently acquired from the Delesmanini, solely for his own use, and with his own funds. Federici, in his *Cavallieri Godenti*, gives evidence in favour of its having been constructed for the use of that society, which at that time was very rich, and to which it is not unlikely that Enrico belonged. Again (p. 111), when debating the authorship of the Campo Santo frescoes at Pisa, under the head of Orcagna, Mr. Tyrwhitt states that "the painter or chief designer of those works, whoever he may have been, is a person to be compared with Giotto and Angelico, whether he be resolved into Andrew and Bernardo, the two Arcagnoli of Florence (transformed into Orcagnas), or if we like to take Messrs. (sic) Crowe's hypothesis, and say it is all Siennese work—into the two Lorenzetti." Andrea di Cione (whom the writer "transforms" into Andrew, whilst he leaves his brother in undisturbed possession of an Italian termination) was one of a large family of brothers Di Cione. An elder Bernardo was frequently a fellow-labourer with Andrea, and from him it is believed that the great Orcagna learned to paint. Andrea, but we do not think Bernardo, was commonly called l'Arcagnuolo, and this was contracted into Orcagna. Now it would be impossible for a person not possessing thus much previous knowledge of the subject to retain, after reading the sentence above quoted, any idea as to who Orcagna (if indeed he ever existed) was, and on the mind of one better informed the impression made is that probably the author himself is not very clear about it. He dismisses the matter contentedly with the remark that "by any other name the fresco would look as terrible," which is a fair specimen of the little witticisms with which his style is too often disfigured, and against which, were it a work of a more serious nature, we should feel called upon to protest; but in a lay book, addressed to the laity by a layman, perhaps a little fooling may not be out of place.

SMILES' HUGUENOTS.*

THIS is a book by a popular biographer who has in some sort turned historian, and who naturally succeeds best when his subject allows him to keep most nearly within his old walk. Mr. Smiles fills a sort of middle position between the writer of a real historical monograph and the mere putter together of historical odds and ends. He has got hold of a definite subject, a subject quite worth working at, and at the same time one which is not beyond the scope of an ordinary popular writer. It is a subject which enlists both his feelings and his reason, and to which he has evidently devoted a good deal of honest and genuine work. Mr. Smiles succeeds very well as long as he has to deal with the fortunes of individuals, families, and congregations. He has got together a great deal of curious and interesting matter, and he has thrown it into a form which is well suited for the subject. And he tells his story in a sensible, straightforward, earnest way, without any of the antics and tricks of style which so many of our popular writers indulge in. As soon as Mr. Smiles has fairly settled his Huguenots at Canterbury, Norwich, Spitalfields, and the other places where they took up their abode, his work is very satisfactory. It is only in the earlier part of his book, where he attempts something more ambitious, something more like a survey of the Reformation and the general state of Europe, that he can be at all said to break down. But unluckily Mr. Smiles' break-down happens at the beginning of his work. We confess to have been a good deal set against the book by the utterly irrelevant nature of the first chapter and the poverty of treatment in the two or three which follow it. But we struggled on manfully, and we are glad to be able to give a much more favourable report of Mr. Smiles as soon as he gets within the real bounds of his own subject, which he would have done wisely never to have outstepped.

Why, for instance, should an account of the Huguenot Settlements in England and Ireland begin with some commonplace fine writing, which would do very well in a schoolboy's essay, about the art of printing and its benefits? Where, one instinctively asked, was the connexion between printing and the Huguenots? We in these islands have to thank the Huguenot settlers for the introduction and improvement of many of our arts and manufactures; but surely we got printing from quite another quarter. The inventors and first disseminators of that art were either good Catholics or else dealers with familiar spirits; they certainly are not orthodox according to the orthodoxy of John Calvin. But we found that the connexion of ideas in Mr. Smiles' mind was something far more subtle than this. Printing gave us the Bible, and

* *The Huguenots; their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland.* By Samuel Smiles. London: Murray. 1867.

the Bible gave us the Huguenots. This sort of thing would doubtless go down well at Exeter Hall; it may, for aught we know, help to push a book into a sale of its "75th thousand"; but it is not the way in which a rational subject should be treated by a man who, as he goes on, shows that he really does know something of the matters which he is talking about.

So, in the next chapter, there are few things in their way more attractive than the character and adventures of Bernard Palissy. And their connexion with Mr. Smiles' subject is certainly much plainer than that of the progressive discoveries of Gutenberg and Faust. Still Mr. Smiles gives us his Palissy at a length which is altogether disproportionate in a work devoted to the Huguenot settlements in England and Ireland. The truth of course is that the life of Palissy is just the sort of life which Mr. Smiles is used to write and which he has gained his reputation by writing. But here, in a work with whose subject Palissy has only a very remote connexion, we cannot look on it as anything better than a piece of book-making. Mr. Smiles naturally fares still worse when he gets out into the wide domain of general history, when he has to deal with the religious wars in France, and the relations of England under Elizabeth with France and Spain. Of course some notice of these things is necessary to make an account of the Huguenot settlements in England intelligible. Now there is no better test of a writer than when he is called upon to turn out an introductory sketch of this sort, when he has to sum up a vast deal in a short space, to give the results of much labour of himself or others in a few pages or perhaps in a few sentences. He must bring out in a forcible, almost epigrammatic, way those leading events which form the skeleton of the whole thing, and which it is absolutely essential for his readers to carry off, while he will pass rapidly over a great deal which, if he were writing the history of the period, he would narrate in minute detail. The first of all virtues for such a purpose is the power of vigorous condensation. Of this Mr. Smiles has not a trace. He goes pottering over this part of his story in the feeblest way, ever and anon stopping to quote and to patronize some writer of greater power than himself. This is just the way of writers of Mr. Smiles' class when they get beyond their own natural tether. They never know how to behave to their betters. Now, whatever any of us may think of either Mr. Buckle or Mr. Froude, they are at least distinctly Mr. Smiles' betters, and they ought not to be trotted out by him. It is intolerable when Mr. Smiles, with all the grandeur of a local reporter, refers us to "an able posthumous paper by Mr. Buckle." It is yet more intolerable when Mr. Smiles gives a little quotation from Mr. Motley, and puts in a note "*MOTLEY—History of the United Netherlands* (i. 490), where the story of Philip's war against his subjects in the Low Countries will be found related with remarkable power." Mr. Motley must be a man of unparalleled patience if he undergoes this sort of patting on the head without uttering an audible curse. But perhaps all this may help to let us into a fact. The seventy-five thousand purchasers of Mr. Smiles most likely belong mainly to a class to whom Froude, Buckle, and Motley are unknown, and to whom Mr. Smiles thinks it is a good work to introduce them.

All this compiling and book-making begins again as soon as Mr. Smiles gets on the ground which has been already trodden by Lord Macaulay. Mr. Smiles, after "*Michelet, the French writer*"—that is Mr. Smiles' way of describing him—complains that Lord Macaulay, in his description of the entry of William the Third into Exeter, has not distinctly marked out the Huguenot soldiers among the component parts of the army. Perhaps there was nothing specially to mark them out to the eye in a procession; it is plain that they did not make the same impression on the popular mind as the "Brandenburg and Swedish boys," who are dwelt on in the ballads which Macaulay quotes. Yet, even in the scene at Exeter, Macaulay at any rate does full justice to Schomberg personally, and, in the account of the campaign of the Boyne, he surely does justice to the Huguenots generally. From that account Mr. Smiles pilfers, and spoils while he pilfers. We read in Macaulay, "*'We English,' Schomberg said, identifying himself good-humouredly with the people of the country which had adopted him, 'we English have stomach enough for fighting. It is a pity that we are not as fond of some other parts of a soldier's business.'*" This sentence winds up a paragraph well, and it winds up a paragraph in Smiles as well as in Macaulay. But in the Smiles version Macaulay's plain English "*as fond*" is translated into the high-polite "*equally fond*," and the words in italics, which give the point to the whole story, are left out.

But when Mr. Smiles gets clear of this direct competition with his betters, we have little to say against him, and much to say for him. A vulgarism or two here and there is no more than we must be ready to put up with in writers of his class. For instance, Mr. Smiles, like many other people, often talks about a patron "*presenting*" a man "*with*" a living, showing that he does not know the legal meaning of the word "*present*." But the blunder carries its own remedy with it, when we read (p. 228) that "*the deanery of Christ Church was presented to a minister of the Church of Rome*," as in the case of the Deanery of Christ Church there is of course no "*presentation*" in the legal sense. And one smiles a little when one reads (p. 411) of Baron Maseres, that "*his writings on arithmetic, algebra, and mathematics are still prized*." Some may also be inclined to prize, what Mr. Smiles seems to think of no value, his *Historia Anglicana Selecta Monumenta*, containing, along with the great work of Lord Lyttelton,

some of the first attempts at real criticism on early English history. But, on the whole, Mr. Smiles has given us an account, curious and interesting enough, of his own immediate subject. He has had the great advantage of having really to search for his matter, instead of finding it ready to hand in the works of stronger writers than himself. What strikes one most in going through Mr. Smiles' narrative, and, still more, through the tables at the end of his book, is the high average, so to speak, of the Huguenot settlers of all ranks. The workmen were among our best workmen, and their coming, as the introduction of so much new skill and enterprise, forms an epoch in the history of English industry. And the capacity, one might almost say the hereditary capacity, of the refugees of a higher rank is shown in the great number of families of note which they founded, and of eminent men who have sprung from those families. Huguenot names meet us at every step in both Houses of Parliament, in the annals of divinity, law, warfare, and commerce. But this is almost inherent in the nature of religious refugees. A man who is ready to give up his fortune and his country for the sake of his religion will commonly be a man not only of unusual virtue, but of unusual vigour and determination. The average of the persecuted sect to which he belongs will probably stand higher than the average of the rest of the nation, and the men who give up all for their principles will be men standing higher than the average of their sect. Such men will naturally get on anywhere. Add to this that religious refugees, settling among a people who welcome them as sufferers for righteousness' sake, will in some respects have an advantage over the natives themselves. Each one will be a marked man, marked out as an object of personal interest, one for whose advancement most people will be glad to do anything that they can. We therefore find that the English jealousy of strangers, even commercial jealousy of strangers, relaxed very much in the presence of the various swarms of religious refugees from France and Flanders. The phenomenon is not peculiar to the Huguenots. The same sort of thing may be also seen on the other side. The Irish Catholic refugees did not carry any new manufactures with them to the Continent, because they had no manufactures to carry; but many of them carried with them quick wits and strong arms, which opened for them an honourable and prosperous career in the countries of their adoption. Lord Macaulay has an eloquent passage on the high positions held by Irish settlers and their descendants in the various courts and armies of Europe, at a time when Irishmen in Ireland were held down in the lowest bondage. And we need not add that purely Irish names continue to figure prominently in both French and Spanish history down to our own day.

The Huguenot settlements in England took a form which was eminently honourable at the time both to the settlers and to those among whom they settled. They gave us a valuable infusion into our nation, for which we have reason to be thankful in many ways. But the event shows how little any mere infusion, whether of conquerors, subjects, or settlers, really affects a nation. The descendant of a Huguenot family is now simply an Englishman, not to be distinguished from any other Englishman, except by his French surname, and in many cases he has not kept that. All attempts to keep up distinct Huguenot colonies in England or Ireland failed. Mr. Smiles' book contains some very interesting accounts of the way in which these settlements in various places died out. One of the most interesting is the account of the French colony at Portarlington, where French was spoken some way down into the present century. The House of Commons, in discussing the Irish Reform Bill, was doubtless in too great a hurry for anything of the kind, otherwise one might have expected the merits of Portarlington in this way to have been brought forward as a reason for Portarlington retaining its member. It would have been at least as much to the purpose as many of the arguments which have been used for and against more than one borough in England.

CARICATURE HISTORY OF THE GEORGES.*

IT is twenty years since this work was given to the public with the different title of "*England under the House of Hanover*." The new name is unquestionably more proper, if the object of a name be to describe the nature of the contents of the book. For England under the House of Hanover presented a thousand exceedingly important aspects which it did not at all fall within Mr. Wright's province to delineate; indeed, one might say, that the grave and profound elements in the England of the eighteenth century were just those which he naturally and characteristically avoided. England for a hundred years after 1714 contained an immense amount of religious activity of diverse kinds, social energies working all manner of changes from beneath the surface, political forces modifying both the spirit and the letter of positive institutions, and so on. There was the whole foundation and preparation for our own social state being laid, in all its departments and forms. A history of it would be a history of civilization in the eighteenth century—an achievement which Mr. Wright would not be at all likely to undertake, or to think himself competent to undertake. To compile a caricature history of this epoch is quite another thing. Light industry among old prints and collections of squibs and lampoons, a knowledge not too difficult of attain-

* *Caricature History of the Georges; or, Annals of the House of Hanover. Compiled from the Squibs, Broad-sides, Window-Pictures, Lampoons, and Pictorial Caricatures of the Time. By Thomas Wright, Esq., F.S.A. London: J. C. Hotten. 1868.*

ment as to where repositories of these documents exist, and the absence of too keen and exquisite a sense of literary art—these are the conditions of a caricature history, and with them Mr. Wright found no difficulty in complying. His enterprise was one particularly well fitted for his talents and attainments, and his book, adorned and enlivened as it is by some five hundred illustrations, is well worth turning over by everybody who has had his interest in this period stirred by graver authorities. Perhaps it would not be doing Mr. Wright a very weighty injustice if we were to invert the case as we have just put it, and say that the four hundred illustrations, if not adorned nor much enlivened, are at any rate satisfactorily explained, by the accompanying letterpress. Certainly, to persons who have studied the period with intelligence in standard writers, the illustrations and the interpretations thereof are more instructive as well as more diverting than the portions in which the author strings his events together would be without the attraction of woodcuts. As an adjunct to a good history of the larger facts of the time, this caricature history, representing in grotesque forms the views taken alike of larger and smaller facts by contemporaries, may well be thoroughly useful, both to the general reader and to the younger sort of student. The full-grown student will probably find time to work the vein more or less on his own account in independent sources.

Caricatures bring the feelings of an epoch home to us with a sense of reality that perhaps nothing else can supply so well. There is such difficulty in making history real to most minds. Much force and soundness and apprehensiveness of imagination are needed, if we are to reproduce to ourselves the outward manners and customs and the inward sentiments of people who lived under unfamiliar circumstances. No pictorial skill in the historian is adequate to the work. Given such graphic power as Macaulay had, or even such as a greater than he—Mr. Carlyle—has, what is required in the reader is a readiness of imagination almost as great as that of the historian to be sure that even a faint impression of the very reality has fixed itself. Mr. Carlyle's surpassing success in the vivid force which he gives to men and ideas of other times and places is due, first, to the sincere penetration with which he projects himself out into his subject in all its incidents, and next, to the extraordinary skill with which he finds or invents corresponding epithets of exceeding definitiveness and precision. His single line about the lean Pitt sniffing the storm from his watch-tower at St. James's seems to strike the eye of the reader as fully as a cartoon in *Punch*, or one of the caricatures in Mr. Wright's book. Mr. Carlyle's works abound in pictures of a single stroke each, which carry us to the very spot, to the man and the hour. But he stands almost alone in this respect. With the ordinary chronicler and standard historian words are an instrument weak as water. The student's mind floats in vagueness, now and again clutching at a solid order or series of facts. In an ordinary way, he gets as little true a notion of what took place, what was seen, thought, and felt, as he gets of the sea (supposing him never to have been near it) from a description in poetry, or of a mountain from Mr. Ruskin's most splendid prose. A set of caricatures such as we have in Mr. Wright's volume brings the surface of the age before us with a vividness that no prose-writer even of the highest power could emulate. Macaulay's most brilliant sentence is weak by the side of the little woodcut from Gillray which gives us Burke and Fox, before the coalition of 1783, thundering against North, and North, on the other hand, thundering with equal energy against them. Burke's gesture and attitude especially possess an admirable force, and suggest better than any written description how even his friends came to look upon that oratory which is so superb to read as madness and raving to listen to. Again, books no doubt tell us that the accusation which was brought against Burke at the very outset of his career, of being a Jesuit in disguise, was never heard the last of until the very end. But one forgets this in the glow of light which now surrounds the memory of that great man; in our reverence for a philosopher of a past age, we forget that he had contemporaries, and that contemporaries do not always treat even their philosophers in a discipular manner. The caricatures recall with extraordinary vivacity the constancy with which this calumny of the Jesuit clung to Burke, though the emblem of it seems to have disappeared in Gillray's excellent caricature called "Smelling a Rat," which represents "the long spectacled nose of the author of the *Reflections* armed with the crown and cross, penetrating into the secret study of Dr. Price, and surprising him, surrounded by all the evidences of sedition against the Church and State." The least uncomplimentary of the caricatures in which Burke figures is probably that famous picture, by Sayer, representing the triumphant entry of Carlo Khan into Leadenhall Street. It refers to Fox's memorable India Bill on which the Coalition Ministry were driven out of office, and represents Charles Fox being "conducted to the door of the India House on the back of an elephant, which exhibits the full face of Lord North, and led by Burke, as his imperial trumpeter." The Opposition, with the usual exaggeration of faction, vowed that Fox meant to make himself a dictator in Indian affairs, and by the peculiar provisions of the Bill to establish an influence, authority, and position that should be independent of the Crown, and of any change of Ministry which might take place. Some later historians, seeing the inappropriateness of this objection, have assumed that it could not have had much influence at the time. Yet, according to Mr. Wright, Fox acknowledged that it

was Sayer's caricature—embodying this objection with forcible humour—which dealt the severest of all blows to the Bill in public opinion. Young Pitt seems to have thought so too, for when he came into power he gave the artist a place. Mr. Wright gives us an entertaining account of some of the lampoons and caricatures that issued in countless numbers during the great Westminster election of 1784, which followed shortly after the dismissal of Fox and North from office and the accession of Pitt. Among them is a little cut representing the famous kiss with which the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was supposed to have bribed the butcher to vote for Charles Fox. Considering the decorous way in which the standard historians are justly content with mentioning an electioneering trifle of this sort, we get a wonderful vision from Mr. Wright's wider and more detailed account of the kind of things which were really said and drawn about the beautiful Duchess's share in the election. Indeed, it is not difficult, if one remembers the exceeding grossness and license of that day, to conjecture the outrages from tongue, pen, and pencil to which a woman of her prominence taking a violent part in a violent election would assuredly expose herself. We are not sure even now, if a lady of rank were to make herself as conspicuous for Mr. Mill as the Duchess Georgiana did for Fox, that she would escape gross and horrid lampooning. Some of the prints against the Duchess found their way along with others into the hands of the Queen, but their grossness was too much even for that august person's partisanship, inflamed and bitter as it was.

It really appears, as one turns over the pages of this queer and, in its way, elaborate history, as if society in England was in truth not formed nor shaped during the times which it describes. Manners, costumes, habits, amusements, conversation—all was a chaos of extravagance, meanness, coarseness, and ugliness. We can perceive the frank and sweet gaiety, the jocund simplicity, the gracious courtliness of the Shakspearian men; the sober gravity and self-respecting solemnity of the Cromwellian time. Even the levity of the Restoration was of the easy French type, while in all the follies of the Queen Anne men there were brains, and a flavour of wit and scholarship. But with George I. manners seem to fall to pieces, and society to become some shapeless community of hogs. You have a Beauclerk and a Langton, it is true, who could love their Johnson for his brains and his character; and you have a strange and polished Horace Walpole. But in the ruck, in society as a whole, there seems to have been no particle of capacity for rational pleasure—no simplicity, no shadow of grace. The atmosphere is thick with grossness and silliness. Nothing in the world was ever so nearly like a society of Swiftian Yahoos. It is true that we have Schneiderism in our time, but then compare that, silly and disgusting as it is, with the account of one of Mrs. Cornely's masquerades, or a masquerade at the Pantheon. Licentiousness, wantonness, and gross debauchery seem never to have been so bad and so avowed in England as they were almost exactly a hundred years from now, when the offices of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Abbot of Medmenham were possessed by the same titled personage, holding the presidency of the Hell-Fire Club *in commendam*. Imagine ladies of rank going now to a masked ball, say at Cremorne or the Argyll Rooms. Yet at a masquerade at the Pantheon in 1772 there were some fourteen hundred persons of rank and position present, and participating freely in the orgies. To sit in a box and watch a lady from Paris throw her legs about and otherwise outrage sober propriety is not a good thing, but it is better than what used to take place at the masquerades of the great-grandmothers of Madlle. Schneider's patrons and patronesses. "There were scenes in the upstairs rooms," says an eyewitness in 1774, "too gross for repetition; I saw ladies and gentlemen together in attitudes that would have disgraced the Court of Comus." After all, it is better that this kind of thing should be done by proxy on the stage. Then consider the disregard of physical cleanliness in those dreary times—the filthiness of the head-gear, for instance, which ladies of position were accustomed to wear. Everybody knows the mass of wool, tow, hemp, lard, pomatum, and other things which rose above the head, and the long time during which the structure once laboriously raised was allowed to remain undisturbed in its place. Just a hundred years, this very month, a correspondent of the *London Magazine*, quoted by Mr. Wright, describes the hairdresser as asking a lady how long it was since her "head" had been opened or repaired. "She answered, *Not above nine weeks*;" to which he replied, that that was as long as a head could well go in summer." The description which follows of the opening of the head is too disgusting for Mr. Wright to venture to reproduce it. It is some comfort, after all, whatever may be the comparative inner morality of this age, that we do keep clean the outside of the cup and platter.

THE COTTON MSS.—VITELLII B. XIV.*

EVERY one engaged in historical researches knows the famous state of the catalogue of the Cottonian Library in the British Museum. Twice in the course of the last three years we have taken occasion to draw public attention to the fact, and one main object which we had in view was to induce the authorities of the Museum to entrust the compilation of

* A Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Cottonian Library deposited in the British Museum. Printed by Command of His Majesty King George III., &c. &c. &c. 1802.

a new catalogue to one or more scholars who should be thought competent to the work. A very large proportion of the contents of this library of MSS. consists of State papers of the reigns of Henry VIII. and his three children who succeeded him on the throne of England, and this portion might very well be entrusted to a single hand; whilst the chronicles of an earlier date, and the documents that belong to the seventeenth century, might be respectively consigned to two other compilers, known for their historical knowledge in those departments respectively. We have suggested an easy and speedy method of compilation, for in truth the matter is very pressing; but if time were no object, there are really many scholars possessed of quite sufficient historical and critical knowledge to do the whole single-handed. The reasons for undertaking the work are obvious, and, we should have thought, had been sufficiently enlarged upon in our previous articles; but we are induced to recur to the subject because no step has, so far as we know, been as yet taken by the authorities of the Museum, and partly because, since the writing of our former articles, we have become acquainted with facts which give additional force to the arguments we then used for the issuing of a new catalogue of the Cottonian Collection.

And, first, we are credibly informed that, amongst the new purchases of MSS. which are continually and very properly made on behalf of the National Collection, the Trustees have been, of course quite unwittingly, spending the public money on duplicate copies the originals of which may be found amongst the Cotton MSS. by those who are familiar with their contents, but of which no mention has been made in M. Planta's catalogue of 1802. That such a supposition was not unreasonable would be palpable to any one who should take the trouble to read the account we gave of the mistakes made in the descriptions of the two volumes Vitellius B. XII. and B. XIII.; but the supposition really gains a high degree of probability if the reader will attend to what we have to say as regards the next volume of this celebrated collection, whose title Vitellius B. XIV. stands at the head of this article. The volume consists of 390 leaves, the latter portion of which from folio 148 is described with sufficient minuteness, if only the descriptions were in all cases correct, which we regret to say they are not. What we are principally concerned with, however, is the fact that, of the fifty-nine articles into which the compiler has divided its contents, the first entry describes the first 147 pages of the volume in such brief epitome as the following:—"The leaves of nearly the first half of this volume are so much damaged by fire that few of the articles can be of any use."

In proceeding to give some account of these 147 leaves we do so in the hope—we admit that it is something like a forlorn hope—that we may yet open the eyes of the authorities of the British Museum to the necessity of preparing a more exact catalogue than that which at present exists. If, however, we fail in this, as we have twice before failed in the same experiment, we shall at least have drawn the attention of historical inquirers to a volume which is surpassed in interest by no other volume of this splendid series of State papers. It really almost looks as if the fire which destroyed so many whole volumes, and such large portions of others, had been possessed of some discriminating power, and had selected for its own special gratification the most valuable parts of the Collection. What we are concerned with at present is to show the utter absurdity of the epitome, above quoted, of these 147 folios. We forbear to comment on the folly of the editor's apologizing, as it were, for not describing any of the documents because most of them were useless. He might at least have told us something about the few which by implication he allows to be of some value. It is the fact, and not the argument, we are dealing with now. And, first, we observe that his description as to uselessness applies to one only out of about forty different documents which may be found in a more or less mutilated condition in the first half of this magnificent volume. It consists of a short half page in an unknown hand addressed to Henry VIII. from Dunstable, on the 10th of May. It evidently contained an account of the proceedings of the first day of the trial on which the Queen was pronounced contumacious for not appearing, Cranmer having taken every precaution in his power to prevent her appearing. It is one of the most tantalizing fragments we have ever met with, as it no doubt contains the views of the writer as to the propriety of pronouncing a person *contumax* who had hardly had an opportunity of putting in an appearance. The precautions used were of course unnecessary, for Catharine never meant to appear; but the letter, if it had not been so injured, would have thrown some further light on the unmitigated villany of this first transaction in which the new Archbishop was engaged. We are not concerned with this document any further. It is the single document which comes under the head of M. Planta's careless account of these so-called useless leaves. It is, we regret to say, absolutely useless, for three-fourths of it have been lost, and of what remains no perfect sentence can be made up.

But after admitting that this tantalizing letter is quite useless, we proceed to observe that not only are all the other undescribed documents of the earlier half of this volume available, in spite of their mutilation, but they are of a most unusually interesting character. For, in the first place, this useless collection contains a holograph letter of Cranmer's, nearly complete, which, owing to its not having been catalogued, has escaped the notice of every searcher of records from the time of Strype to the present day. The date and signature are lost, but it was evidently a letter to

the King, of about July, 1533, giving his reasons for declining to reply to Cochleus' work against the King's marriage. The editor of the catalogue might, one would have thought, have been familiar with Cranmer's well-known hand, so many specimens of which must have been submitted to his inspection; but in the present case, if he had looked forward a few leaves, he would have found the other half of the sheet on which the letter was written, endorsed "The bisshope of Caunterbery to the King's highness," just as on the next leaf is the address of a letter from Bonner to Cromwell, which just precedes Cranmer's letter in the Collection. There is not evidence enough to show whether Cranmer had been reading a MS. copy of the work, or whether there was an earlier edition of the book than that published at Leipsic in 1535. We have no room to specify a half, or even a third, of the documents comprised in these few leaves. But we shall allege enough, and more than enough, to make good our charge of the utter absurdity of describing these papers as useless. Amongst them is a copy of the Queen's protest against the jurisdiction of the Legates, often alluded to, but never yet printed by any historian, which—though not the actual original which was signed by the Queen's hand, and put in at the trial on June 18, 1529—is an authenticated copy, attested by Campeggio's secretary, Florianus Montinus, and signed also by William Claiburn, one of the other notaries employed in the Legatine Court in which Wolsey and Campeggio presided. About half, or perhaps rather more than half, of this document has survived the flames. At least there is quite enough remaining to enable any intelligent reader to understand its purport.

Again, amongst other valuable papers of the few months subsequent to the marriage with Anne Boleyn, will be found, at fol. 42, a holograph letter from Carne, the Excusator at Rome, of July the 12th, 1533, which might very well have been described by M. Planta even though he had been ignorant, which in all probability he was, of the letter in the State Paper Office from Bonner to Cromwell of the same date which refers to it for further information on the subject; and, at fol. 40, is another valuable letter of Bonner's from Rome, of July the 24th, which partially fills up the long interval between his two letters of the 12th of July and the 16th of September of this year. From several other documents much may be gathered as to the feelings of the Emperor and others about the marriage—a subject which needs a great deal of illustration, which it would have received before this if only writers of history had known the existence of these precious papers; and we may observe that the very second document in the volume is a copy of the Pope's final sentence against the marriage, dated March the 23rd, 1534, which is probably the oldest copy extant in England. To all this may be added that there is a holograph letter from Vannes, of the 25th of September, supplementing the letter of the previous day to the King, and another document which gives some account of the way in which the Cardinal of Ravenna wanted to make the most of the promises made by the King to his uncle, the Cardinal of Ancona, after the death of the latter in December 1532; also the only copy that can now be found of the Intercession of the Nobles to Clement VII. in the autumn of 1530, to settle the case of the divorce in favour of Henry, together with two holograph letters from Chapuys, the imperial ambassador, and several, the contents of which may be easily read, from Augustine ab Augustinis, Wolsey's physician, detailing in his gossiping way the account of proceedings in Germany. Probably we shall now be considered by all competent judges to have made out our case; and we think it likely we shall have gained a hearing for Vitellius B. XIV., which owing to deficiency in description it has never yet obtained.

But there is another point on which, whilst we are on the subject of the Cotton MSS., we think it worth while to say a few words. At fol. 110 there is a document, referring to the death of Pope Clement VII., which has entirely lost its address, its date, and its signature. The date has been erroneously supplied in the margin by Sir Robert Cotton, who inserted December the 2nd, 1534, to satisfy the hypothesis of the letter having been written between the date of the death of Clement VII.—i.e. September the 26th, 1534—and the election of Paul III. which took place October 12, 1534. It is possible it may be a slip of the pen for October 2; but, however that may be, this, in common with other marginal annotations of the same writer, is a mistake; for the letter was written, not upon the actual, but upon the reported, death of Clement, as is evident from its contents. It is in fact a draft, slightly corrected, and very much damaged by fire, giving credence to Dr. Stephen Gardiner, Bryan, Sir Gregory da Casale, and Vannes—asking for them free access to the Cardinals, with a view to the proper choice of a new Pontiff; and, what is very remarkable, the same volume contains a leaf consisting of the names of about forty-five Cardinals arranged in three divisions, according to their seniority, and ending with the name of Hippolito de' Medici, who was created in January, 1529; and, as the list contains the name of the Cardinal of Mantua, who died in April of this year, the limits within which it could have been written are pretty closely defined. The list, therefore, is evidently a list of the Cardinals who might be expected to vote in the conclave for the election of a successor to Clement VII. The letter (a), which is placed against the names of Wolsey and Campeggio and some others, implies in all probability the necessary absence from Rome which would incapacitate these Cardinals from voting at all. Several have the letter (n) opposite to their names, implying probably that they would vote against the Cardinal of York. Many

of the y
doubtful
of the m
this leaf
above all
esting li
college to
We n
of the m
of this v
shows st
icates a
of MSS.
entry is,
to the fi
immediat
as "An
&c. No
that this
sion to I
in favour
to requir
have been
for rebui
sibly bel
volumes
Crooke's
of Vitell
half in t
This is
the gentl
have to
Library
document
This is
torical in
of the Co

THE
queen
Harold.
searches i
home to
starts into
in reality
coronation
of the lif
with the
seven ye
at last, t
among E
her people
cannot bu
Harold ch
Senlac.
against th
and the r
"patriot"
of his cha
great clos
over thirt
tration, ra
me the m
membered
father. T
him from
The defea
to the Sco
any fears
removed h
two formid
away in th
him to his
tortuous c
that stood
None of
supremacy
towards h
governor c
by high p
Harold, t
gift of min
tion of the
of a bodil
time, he wa
duration of
of a campai
stood forth
and vigorou
how to me
tactics to e
He knew h
to charge,

of the younger Cardinals are marked (d) implying that they are doubtful. What is the meaning of (e) which is added to several of the names we are unable to say; but it is plain enough that this leaf has a very close connexion with the draft of credence above alluded to, and, brief and damaged as it is, it throws interesting light on the supposed attitude of the members of the college towards the Cardinal of York.

We need not weary our readers with any detailed complaints of the method in which the rest of the papers in the latter half of this volume have been calendared. But the entry of Art. 59 shows such extreme want of sagacity in the compiler, and indicates so curiously the effect of fire and water upon volumes of MSS. that we may spare a few lines for its description. The entry is, "Divers accounts of travelling expenses." If we turn to the first entry in Vitellius B. XIII. the volume which was immediately adjoining to it on the left hand, we find it described as "An account of expenses on a journey from England to Italy," &c. Now, if the compiler was not historian enough to find out that this was the account, in Croke's own hand, of his mission to Italy to bribe the divines and Canonists to give opinions in favour of Henry VIII. in the matter of the divorce, it appears to require but little sagacity to guess that two adjacent volumes have been so welded together that when they are taken to pieces for rebinding, the last few leaves of the second volume may possibly belong to the beginning of the first, and that the two volumes have been divided at the wrong place; that the account of Croke's expenses on his journey is half of it at the beginning of Vitellius B. XIII. written in his own hand, and the remaining half in the same handwriting at the end of Vitellius B. XIV. This is exactly what has happened in the present case, and the gentlemen employed in publishing Mr. Brewer's Calendar will have to look forward through all the volumes of the Cotton Library to ascertain whether there are any similarly misplaced documents which belong to the period on which they are engaged.

This is a specimen of the amount of trouble entailed upon historical inquirers because of the utter inadequacy of the Catalogue of the Cottonian Library.

FREEMAN'S NORMAN CONQUEST.—VOL. II.*

(Second Notice.)

THE death of Godwine in the very hour of his triumph bequeathed the direction of English affairs to his son, Earl Harold. It is the special merit of Mr. Freeman's elaborate researches into the later history of Eadward's reign that they bring home to us the fact that the man who in common narratives starts into rule for a single year, by his seizure of the Crown, had in reality been the ruler of England for twelve years before. The coronation of Harold was, as he fairly puts it, the natural climax of the life of one who at twenty-four years old "was invested with the rule of one of the great divisions of England; who, seven years later, became the virtual ruler of the kingdom; who at last, twenty-one years from his first elevation, received, alone among English kings, the Crown of England as the free gift of her people." The obvious lesson of all this is a lesson which we cannot but think Mr. Freeman has too little remembered—that Harold can no longer be judged from the single standpoint of Senlac. The exaggerated declamation of his Norman opponents against the "usurper" and the "tyrant" of that memorable year, and the no less exaggerated declamation of his friends over the "patriot" and the "martyr," may, in forming any real estimate of his character and motives, be coolly set aside. The year of his great close is simply the last of an administration which extended over thirteen years; and it is the general tenor of that administration, rather than any isolated events in it, that must really give us the measure of Harold. He came to power, it must be remembered, unfettered by many of the obstacles that had beset his father. The revolution which had restored his house had freed him from the internal rivalry of a foreign party at the Court. The defeat of Macbeth and the elevation of a nominee of England to the Scottish throne removed all danger from the North. If any fears of a Danish reaction still lingered, they must have been removed by the death of Osgod Clapa. Siward and Leofric, the two formidable counterpoises to the power of his house, passed away in the first years of his rule. Godwine had carried with him to his grave a thousand party resentments, gathered along a tortuous course of political intrigue. The one great moral obstacle that stood between England and his family had died with Swegen. None of the jealousy which Eadward displayed towards the supremacy of his first Minister seems to have displayed itself towards his second. For twelve years he was the undisputed governor of the realm. And this political supremacy was backed by high personal qualities:—

Harold, the second son of Godwine, is set before us as a man uniting every gift of mind and body which could attract to him the admiration and affection of the age in which he lived. Tall in stature, beautiful in countenance, of a bodily strength whose memory still lives in the rude pictorial art of his time, he was foremost alike in the active courage and in the passive endurance of the warrior. In hunger and watchfulness, in the wearing labour of a campaign no less than in the passing excitement of the day of battle, he stood forth as the leader and the model of the English people. Alike ready and vigorous in action, he knew when to strike and how to strike; he knew how to measure himself against enemies of every kind, and to adapt his tactics to every position in which the accidents of warfare might place him. He knew how to chase the light-armed Briton from fastness to fastness, how to charge, axe in hand, on the bristling lines of his Norwegian namesake,

and how to bear up hour after hour against the repeated onslaughts of the Norman horsemen, and the more terrible thunder-shower of the Norman arrows. It is plain that in him no less than in his more successful and therefore more famous rival, we have to admire not only the mere animal courage of the soldier, but that true skill of the leader of armies which would have placed both Harold and William high among the captains of any age. . . . Great as Harold was in war his character as a civil ruler is still more remarkable, still more worthy of admiration. . . . From the time of his advancement to the practical government of the realm there is not a single harsh or cruel action with which he can be charged. His policy was ever a policy of conciliation. . . . As a ruler he is described as walking in the steps of his father, as the terror of evil-doers and the rewarder of those who did well. Devoted heart and soul to the service of his country he was no less loyal in personal attention and service to her wayward and half-foreign King. Throughout his career he was the champion of the independence of England against the dominion of strangers. . . . And yet no man was ever more free from narrow insular prejudices, from any unworthy jealousy of foreigners as such.

We cannot give at length the elaborate panegyric of Harold from which we have ventured to extract the most salient passages, but we cannot but wish that in the stead of a panegyric Mr. Freeman had favoured us with a character. Hero-worshipers generally defeat their own object by lifting their heroes out of the sphere of human sympathies into a perfection that is simply uninteresting and unintelligible. Every one had some faint idea of Henry VIII. as a human being till Mr. Froude took and deified him. And though Mr. Freeman has chosen his hero better, at least from a moral point of view, he is no less a hero-worshipper than Mr. Froude. We deplore this, as we have said, for the sake of the hero. We should like to have gained as curious an insight into the character of Harold as Mr. Freeman gave us into the character of Godwine, but human interest stops short of the seventh heaven. Amidst all this enthusiastic worship the character of the Earl remains singularly obscure. The very nature of his administration itself, during the greater part of it, is dark and mysterious. The three last years of it, indeed, are memorable enough—the years of the Welsh campaign, the expulsion of Tostig, the accession to the Crown; but the ten that precede them defy even the industry of Mr. Freeman. In 1059, for instance, "the Chronicles literally record nothing of greater importance than the fact that the steeple of Peterborough Minster was hallowed." It is this absence of important facts, we presume, that drives Mr. Freeman to one of the great blots on his book—the insertion of events of utter historic insignificance, simply because they are found in his authorities. This is pre-eminently the case in the matter of ecclesiastical appointments. "It is not of any special moment, as far as we know, when Heaca, Bishop of Selsey or of the South Saxons, died, and was succeeded by Athelric, a monk of Christchurch." We take Mr. Freeman's word for the unimportance of the event, but we wonder all the more why we hear of Bishop Heaca. Half the work of history, it seems to us, lies in the selection of facts, as the other half lies in the collection of them. The same absence of information tells, too, on the author's treatment of the events that he really has a right to mention—the exaggerated importance, for instance, which he attaches to the foundation of Waltham, or the ingenious speculations which he founds on the very doubtful passage of Earl Harold through France. In the kingdom of the blind a one-eyed man is king, and in the dearth of big events little events loom into bigness. The passage of the biographer of Eadward—if it has any value at all—is indeed curious enough, but we doubt whether it points to any contemplated alliances with French princes with a view to mutual support against William. It seems to us to point rather to some project of Harold's for providing a refuge abroad if, like his father, he was ever driven from the realm; and if any materials for a reply existed, it would be worth while questioning whether some such object as this was not present in his negotiations with Duke William himself. With the exception, however, of this doubtful voyage, it is notable that throughout the rule of Harold England is without any foreign relations whatever; for the embassy to the Imperial Court in 1054 had a simply domestic purpose, and the nomination of a few Lotharingian Bishops does not affect the really insular nature of his policy. Nor is this absence of outer relations compensated by any internal activity. Mr. Freeman marks, indeed, the predominance of ecclesiastical administration as the characteristic of this earlier period of Harold's rule; but when we look closer into the mass of details, there is simply no ecclesiastical administration whatever, no conspicuous synod, no great Church reform—nothing, in a word, but the appointment of a few prelates in the place of others, the attempted introduction of the rule of Chrodegang, and, so far as Harold himself is concerned, the foundation of a single religious house. Mr. Freeman is right in pointing out the secular nature of this foundation at Waltham, but we are amazed at the large deductions he draws from it. Harold's appointment of a schoolmaster is nothing very remarkable in itself; so far as we know, teaching was common to all the greater religious houses, regular or secular; and the tracing the existence of colleges up to this particular form of clerical existence is of about as much historic value as the tracing of pure academic teaching up to the Friars. Nor is it fair to lift Harold into a sort of Protestant hero by viewing the secular character of his house as a protest against monasticism. Whether— we do not say the mass of the secular clergy scattered in their cures over England, but—the secular clergy gathered in their snug prebendal houses round the minster at Waltham were, as Mr. Freeman puts it, a "more practically useful class" than the unfortunate monks who converted England, founded English literature and English education, reclaimed her wastes, and preserved her history, but who certainly omitted to use their "genuine

* History of the Norman Conquest of England. By E. A. Freeman, M.A. Vol. II. Reign of Eadward the Confessor. Oxford: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

Teutonic liberty" by marrying comfortably and leaving children behind them, may be doubted. But what cannot be doubted is, that something more than "the fashion of the age" looked on this particular class of the secular clergy as the constant plague and disgrace of the mediæval Church, and that in espousing the episcopal side against the regulars, Harold was at issue, not with Dunstan and Lanfranc only, but with Alfred and Wulstan.

In his civil administration, as in his foreign or ecclesiastical, it is difficult to grasp any new or large conception in the mind of Harold, such as those which lift his Norman rival into greatness. Take him at his best, there is little more than a sort of moral conservatism, without a trace of genius or originality, or even any attempt at high statesmanship. Take him at his worst, and we can hardly fail to see a certain cunning and subtlety of temper that often co-exists with mediocrity of intellectual gifts. In the internal government of the realm he simply follows out his father's policy, while avoiding his father's excesses. For one great political scandal he is solely responsible. It may not have been with a deliberate purpose of neutralizing the great constitutional check on an English King that he allowed the highest dignity of the English Church to remain throughout his rule in a state of suspension. But if we acquit him of a purpose which would be a crime, it can only be on the plea of an indifference to the true relations of the State which, like Talleyrand's blunder, was even worse than a crime. In all other respects, his civil administration during his first ten years of rule is the mere continuation of his father's. There is the same scheme of family aggrandizement, carried out in even a less scrupulous way. To gain the paternal earldom of Wessex, indeed, Harold had been compelled to resign his own lordship of East-Anglia to the rival power of Mercia. But two years after, when he was firm in his saddle, and the death of Siward had added the North to the domain of his family, Harold dealt a sharp blow at the one house that held him in check. Mr. Freeman's treatment of the banishment of Earl Ælfgar in 1055 again reminds us of Mr. Froude's treatment of similar judicial difficulties in the life of his hero. There are but four accounts left of the matter, and of these three agree in declaring the Earl guiltless, or nearly guiltless. The fourth, which avers that he publicly confessed his guilt, but that the confession escaped him unawares, is "that of the chronicler who is most distinctly a partisan of Harold's." We certainly cannot agree in the comment that "with such evidence as this we are not in a position to determine on the guilt or innocence of Ælfgar"; nor do we think Harold's case is much bettered by the suggestion that "at any rate, if Ælfgar was not a traitor before his condemnation, he became one speedily after it." The Earl was forced, indeed, to consent to his victim's restoration; but when Leofric's death threw his father's earldom into his hands, he wrested back East-Anglia, and girded Mercia round with the chain of the possessions of his house. It is impossible, in the absence of facts, to explain the change of policy that followed. It may have been that the house of Leofric, confined now to a few central counties of the realm, was no longer dangerous as a foe, and might be useful as a friend. It may have been that Harold was jealous of the power of Tostig, and of his influence with the King. All that we know is that Harold suddenly reversed his whole previous policy, and, in spite or in consequence of his brother's feud with the sons of Ælfgar, intermarried with their house. The marriage was quickly followed by the rising of Northumbria against its Earl, and the rising was clearly prompted by Mercian instigation. But was the instigation simply Mercian? Harold was now the fast friend of Eadwine and Morkere; the expulsion of Tostig removed the only possible rival to his hopes of the Crown; the division of Northumbria into two earldoms, so evidently stipulated as the price of Morkere's accession, told only to Harold's profit. It is certain that when the two brothers stood face to face the charge was openly made that the revolt had been owing to the machinations of Harold. It is certain that the charge was so vehemently urged, and received so much credence, that Harold thought it needful to purge himself legally by oath. Anyhow, in spite of the violent opposition of the King, the Royal Minister yielded every point to the insurgents, and his brother fled over sea. It is, we repeat, impossible from sheer dearth of information to disentangle the threads of this complicated web of intrigue and revolution, or to pronounce with any certainty on the character of Harold's course in the matter. If Harold was simply using England as a vast chessboard, and moving friends and foes in an unscrupulous play for power, he was amply punished. The revenge of Tostig proved the ruin of Harold. The victory of Stamfordbridge was the prelude of the defeat of Senlac. The close of Harold's life may, in Mr. Freeman's hands, throw some light on the dim obscure years that he has sketched in the present volume. Even hero-worship can hardly err in its praises of that final struggle, and the critic who rates Harold lowest may own that there are supreme moments when even the commonplace gather grandeur ere they pass away. But the character of the man and of his rule is to be gathered, not from the hour of heroic struggle, but from the years that Mr. Freeman has told. A policy of mere national stagnation within and without sprang from the natural temper, the poverty of purpose, the narrowness of conception, of a mind which it is impossible to call great.

(To be continued.)

THE DOWER HOUSE.*

IT is Mrs. Cudlip's own fault that she is not one of the first female writers of the day, for she has intellectual material which might before now have raised her to a really worthy place, if she had but given herself fair play, and especially if she had allowed herself more time in her work, and made careful studies instead of flimsy sketches. She has many serviceable qualities, did she know how to make the best use of them. She has dash, spirit, vivacity, keen powers of observation, and very fair powers of delineation; and though she has evidently not had a thoroughly sound original training, and commits the slight mistake of parading as quite new the elementary knowledge she learnt only yesterday, yet she parades it with a certain pleasantness of vain-glory, a certain innocent audacity in her self-satisfaction, that affects the reader only like a pretty woman's vanity, amusing far more than it annoys. And it is a gift of itself to be able to "peacock oneself" in any matter without exciting the jealousy or the anger of the bystanders. But she fails of supreme success because of her very facility. Were story-telling more difficult to her, she would do it better, because with more concentration of effort. She is like the clever schoolboy who will not give himself the trouble to learn betimes, trusting to his rapid study when the pinch comes; or like the traditional hare going to sleep during the race, confident in her own speed when she wakes and takes up the running again. Meanwhile, the plodding boy of the class carries off the honours, the hare is distanced by the tortoise, industry and perseverance go further than cleverness and carelessness, and Mrs. Cudlip writes slip-slop. Her books are one great scamper from the first page to the last. She is always out of breath herself, and keeps the reader out of breath too; not by the rapidity of her action, but by the hurry of her work. In her haste she makes blunders which a very little leisurely thought would have enabled her to avoid, and so breaks down sometimes in essentials, and almost always in minor details. She sins, too, in matters of taste, and her language would be all the better for the careful correction of a refined censor. To be "profoundly confounded" is inelegant, to say the least of it; and we scarcely rejoice to meet with such phrases as "he looked a lot," and "coming a cropper," in a lady's novel. But Mrs. Cudlip has always been liberal in the use of slang; and we are sorry to have to admit this, holding, as we do, this liberal use of slang by women as one of the blemishes of the present age. Her books, too, are crude and transparent copies of her own mental condition, whatever that may be, at the time of writing, which gives them a certain rawness, as artists would say, quite different from the ripe and mellow tone of work that comes out of long and well-digested experience. We forgive this rawness in young authors, for the sake of the freshness, which, like youth itself, never comes twice in life; but in the more matured it becomes wearisome, like the merry laugh of sixteen fossilized into the giggle of an "old girl," or the coquetry of a faded beauty. It is a radical defect not concealed by surface pleasantness. Still no one can deny the author of *Denis Donne* and the rest of the series a great deal of ability; and if we find fault with her, it is only because we give her credit for greater powers than any that she has yet perfected, and think her defects due to carelessness and haste rather than to incapacity to do better.

The Dower House is clever, and on the whole well sustained, but it is hurried, and surely makes one or two grave mistakes. The easy recognition by her stately, proud old mother, of Nellie Burnet's engagement with Mr. Fane is entirely untrue to county family nature. If Addie Rouse was afraid to tell the fact of her having been, for a short time only, a public singer, and if, merely because she was unknown to the neighbourhood and had no recognisable pedigree to show, she was not considered good enough for Walter, how could Mr. Fane possibly be accepted for Nellie? The traditional prejudices of caste, if a little rooted out of free-going London society, flourish stoutly in the country; and nowhere so stoutly as among those terrible county families. Such people as the Burnets would have allowed a daughter of their house to have married her groom quite as willingly as an actor of the local theatre, and perhaps would have thought the groom the honestest bargain of the two; and were he ten times more fascinating than Fane is reported (not depicted) as being, such a girl as Nellie, with her character and education, would have had too much pride to have allowed the first advances. Having allowed them—and it could only have been in secret and surreptitiously—she would have had too much constancy to have found her consolation so quickly with Mr. Craven, when her house of cards fell to the ground and she saw that what she had taken for a king was only a sorry knave after all. Fane himself too is unsatisfactory. Overcharged with scoundrelism as he is, he is made so inconsequent and changeable as to be weak, rather than wicked; and yet we are to accept him as perfect master of himself, and by no means drifting into evil, but boldly and consciously walking into it of his own free will. A man who, already married, could inveigle a beautiful girl into a public engagement which must end in misery whichever way it turned, either by a bigamous marriage or by discovery of the truth; who then could engage himself to another beautiful girl far superior to himself in station, and whom he certainly very passionately loved, only to cast her off for a third beautiful girl, sister to the first

* *The Dower House*. A Story. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip). Author of "*Denis Donne*," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

deceived, is too vacillating for a real villain. He would have been worse or better—more decided in his iniquity, or more constant to the women with whom his relations had not been of such a nature as to have sated him. His love-making is too objectless for a villain; it is the love-making of a coquettish woman rather than of an unprincipled man. But few women would have dared to paint such a character as Fane's with strict truth, or to follow his proclivities to their natural issues. And it is this odd mixture of boldness and timidity which makes almost all the *romés* in women's novels so intensely comical as studies of character. They sail perilously near the wind in the original sketch, but when they come to logic and details they veer off again, and instead of the perfected scamp well set up in all his rascality, leave only a loose disjointed anomaly half coward half routé, and as unlike his prototype, Don Juan, as they themselves are unlike the author of *Don Juan*.

Again, Addie is too cunning for a woman so substantially noble as she is meant to be; and much too deceitful, seeing that she really loved Walter, and did not marry him for convenience or ambition, as appeared at first. Love and lies do not go together with pure and proud women; and Addie is both pure and proud. Whatever it had cost her she would have told Walter the truth of her former life, and her very pride would have helped to make her candid. She had nothing to be ashamed of; her secrecy alone made the shame; and she was too clever and calculating not to have seen this. In fact, the character of Addie is a little tangled from first to last; and one scarcely knows how to take her—whether as an artful little jade, false and designing, or a good girl badly brought up and struggling to free herself from her evil associations. It is only quite at the last that the reader is satisfied in his own mind as to her actual nature, and feels sure of her morals. Marian's character, too, develops with rapidity towards the end, and she slides down her arc of evil with appalling velocity. This is the more startling, as there is nothing about her in the beginning of things to promise such a speedy declension. Indeed, for the matter of that, one is inclined to look with more favour on her than on her sister, and to believe in her as the more truthful and less selfish of the two. It was rather savage of Mrs. Cudlip to make her such a terrible little monster all at once. Could she not have been content to have had her simply extra-Bohemian, perhaps naughtily unorthodox in her recklessness and defiance of Mrs. Grundy, as sufficient contrast to her married sister's newly-learned respectability? Why must she be so abominably bad? There would have been abundant light and shade in the passionate artistry of the younger girl, and the county-family propriety of the elder—in the turning back of the one to the old Bohemian ways and those dangerous intoxicating waters which the other had abjured for ever. The excessive selfishness of Marian is violent and shocking, and looks as if dragged into the book merely because of a deficiency of copy. It is all too coarsely and hurriedly done to have formed part of the original plan; or if it did, then Mrs. Cudlip got tired over her task, and took to daubing in the place of painting.

Very well, if slightly, put is the contrast between the vulgar, shifty, vagabond lives of the Rouse family, and the sober, well-ordered, conventional homes into which they were so suddenly introduced. We can understand the sympathy of these untidy souls with the careless living and bright excitements of artist life, and how they chafed under the restraints of correct society, while at the same time carving out for themselves, as diligently as might be, such goodly portions of the fat of the land as came in their way to handle. Art was divine, applause godlike, and Bohemianism delicious; but money and settled revenues and personal luxuries and the final banishment of that importunate wolf which had prowled for so many years about the house door were better than the most glittering stage properties, or the loudest cheers of the pit, or the most fragrant bouquets from the boxes. And so Addie felt when she took Walter Burnet as her husband, and with him the somewhat monotonous responsibilities of "position." The character of Addie, if more than slightly confused as to its main bent, is made interesting enough, and the personation is distinct. Her pallid beauty and her scornful little smile, the steady gaze of her cold blue eyes, her exquisite grace if always a trifle mannered, her serene self-possession and perfect command of temper, her courtesy and unforgiveness, her keen insight and her steady will, make up a very charming heroine as times go, and one with whom it is impossible not to sympathize. At the same time we can understand the shrinking of the dowager Burnet from such an association; and can feel for the local pride which held itself humiliated by the connexion of an old-established family with a chance-comer of unknown antecedents and doubtful circumstances, however graceful in bearing and however beautiful in face. Blood counts for more than beauty in the country scale of degrees, where, as a rule, the unknown is already condemned, original taste in dress is next thing to immodesty, and art-honours are not scored. It is a little vexing that Mrs. Cudlip should not have done the best she could with her subject. It was a good one; and greater care and more time would have made all the difference between a first and second-class novel. But so long as she trusts to cleverness rather than to thought, and thinks speed better than industry, so long will her work be defective, and her measure of success short of what might have been attained.

PIERRE PUGET.*

(Second Notice.)

THE reader may perhaps remember that we concluded our former notice of this book with the brilliant *Discours* of Eméric David, in which Puget shines already as a very great personage at the age of twenty-eight. However, when he was thirty he received a commission for two pictures, the "Baptism of the Emperor Constantine," and the "Baptism of King Clovis," and, as the bargain was settled by a written contract which is still in existence, we have the means of knowing how Puget stood in 1652 relatively to his employers. Each picture measured about six feet by three, and the price, for the pair, was fixed at 140 livres, which, allowing for the great difference in the value of money, would be equivalent to about thirty guineas in England at the present day. The price alone would, therefore, prove that Puget could not be then recognised as an eminent artist; and there is a clause in the contract which no one but a beginner, anxious to show what he could do whether paid for it or not, would have accepted. The Brethren of the Holy Sacrament, who gave Puget the commission, actually took the precaution of stipulating that unless the pictures were "such as they ought to be," they would neither take them nor pay for them. Here is the passage, a curiosity in its way:—

Sous cette condition toutefois qu'il soit permis auxdits S^{rs} prieurs de pouvoir refuser lesd. tableaux en cas qu'ils ne soient tels qu'ils doivent estre, ce que faisant ils seront deschargés de ladite somme de cent quarante livres.

This is a condition which no artist ought ever to accept, because it leaves him perfectly defenceless in case the other party, for reasons which may have no connexion with the merit of the pictures—from motives of economy, for instance—should regret having given the order. Expenses unforeseen at the time when the commission was given, or an unexpected diminution in their income for the year, might have induced the brethren of the Corpus Domini to see defects in Puget's pictures and so keep the money in their purse. A picture is not like a machine which proves its efficiency by undeniable service; if you engage to supply a crane which shall lift ten tons, that is something positive, and if your contract is clear, the purchaser cannot get off his bargain when the crane lifts ten tons. But a picture which the buyer may refuse if, in his own sincere or affected opinion, it is not "what it ought to be," cannot be proved to be what it ought to be. Every quality or peculiarity of manner in the best artists may be represented as a defect; you might refuse a Turner because it was not distinct enough, and a Gérôme because it was too thinly painted, and a Whistler because it was sketchy, and so on, the pretext for refusal being always ready. Besides, arrangements such as this of Puget's imply that the buyer is a judge of art, which in a great majority of instances he is not. When a man commissions a picture, he ought to be compelled to take it, whether he likes it or not; his guarantee that the artist will do his best lies in the artist's anxiety to maintain or increase his reputation.

The brethren took Puget's pictures, however, though they were rather slow in paying him, and they even went so far as to give him another commission, this time for an altar-piece. Without dwelling longer upon Puget's career as a painter, which was now fairly open, we may add that the number of pictures attributed to Puget was fifty-six, of which nineteen are extant, and M. Lagrange tells us that he has seen thirteen of these. Here is his opinion of Puget as a painter:—

Ce qui distingue Puget peintre, aussi bien que Puget sculpteur, c'est la vie. Sculpteur, il donne la vie au marbre par la saillie des muscles et l'opposition des lignes. Peintre, il anime la toile par l'opposition des lumières et des ombres. Son modèle vient en avant. Sa peinture est une peinture de haut relief. Dans les lumières son coloris cherche la vivacité; dans les ombres, la chaleur. De là un certain éclat, et une harmonie généralement puissante. Mais des notes parfois un peu aigres, c'est à dire des tons trop directement reproduits d'après la réalité, et mal fondus, viennent déranger l'équilibre. En somme, les œuvres peintes de Puget présentent des inégalités et des défauts de plus d'une sorte. Il serait puéril de vouloir faire de lui un grand peintre. Il n'eût pas le temps de le devenir. Mais, dans cette forme de l'art aussi bien que dans les autres, son génie se donna carrière. Si l'on voulait ne tenir compte que de ses tableaux, et le juger uniquement à ce point de vue, il faudrait lui réserver une place d'honneur parmi les meilleurs coloristes de l'école française.

Puget came to be known at Toulon as a sculptor because the municipality, which had hitherto lodged in ordinary houses joined together, wanted to give these buildings the look of an Hôtel de Ville, and to that end determined upon the erection of a grand entrance, with a balcony over it. One Richaud, a stone-cutter, was asked for the design of the entrance and balcony, and Nicolas Levray was commissioned to do part of the work. But Puget, hearing of this, set to work and made a drawing which so pleased the municipality that he at once supplanted both Richaud and Levray; however, Puget kept Richaud in his employ, and Levray was consoled with a commission for a fountain. Whilst Puget was elaborating his design, it occurred to him to introduce caryatides under the balcony, which caryatides appear to have been suggested by living porters at Toulon, who, naked to the waist, went on board the vessels for sacks of corn. Puget carved these in stone, and finished them in 1657, being then thirty-five years old. This is one of the most important events in his life, because it gave him that love of sculpture, and pride in his own power as a sculptor, which ever afterwards directed the main current of his ambition.

* Pierre Puget, Peintre, Sculpteur, Architecte, Décorateur de Vaisseau, Par Léon Lagrange. Paris: Didier. 1868.

Next we find him as a contractor, ready to contract for anything, and employing other hands in the execution of the works he undertook. His various experience as carpenter, carver and gilder, painter and designer, made him very competent to direct the decoration of interiors in all its details, and he appears to have done this to some extent without introducing much of his own work.

Puget was better appreciated and understood at Genoa than in his own country, for a great personage offered him a regular income equivalent to about seven hundred a year of our money, merely to retain him, paying besides for everything he did. It is impossible to imagine anything more tempting for an enthusiastic artist than this offer of the Genoese—perfect pecuniary independence, and plenty of good white marble, with no harder condition than to carve masterpieces out of it; that is, to do the very thing he most wanted to do. When artists are really happy in their art (not many of them are so), and have nothing to do but work in the way that suits them, they are the most enviable of mortals. They are paid for enjoying what is to them the highest and best of all the pleasures of life.

The noble house of Sauli, of Genoa, had for two centuries been regularly devoting a portion of its means to the erection of a magnificent church. The Sauli of Puget's time had nothing to do but to finish it, and he wanted colossal statues, for which he gave the French artist a liberal commission, besides which other works were confided to him which we have not space to enumerate. It appears that he tinted two of his statues; and on this the biographer observes that it was a way of signing them as a painter, and that the work had altogether too much of the painter about it, and not enough of the sculptor. Without insisting upon its contradiction of other expressions in the volume, we may here quote a passage in which the writer becomes unusually frank and critical:—

Seulement, répétons-le encore une fois, et ne l'oublions jamais si nous voulons comprendre l'artiste dont il s'agit, Puget n'était ni un peintre ni un sculpteur. C'était un merveilleux ouvrier, doublé d'un philosophe. Il n'entendait rien aux lois spéciales de tel ou tel art, au style, à la ligne, à la couleur; mais il sentait puissamment la vie, il la sentait surtout par la douleur morale, et, comme il possédait de science certaine les éléments physiologiques du corps humain, il se servait de ces éléments pour l'expression de la vie. Un homme moins passionné, mieux formé par l'éducation, et plus spécialement sculpteur, se préoccupe d'avantage du coup d'œil.

M. Lagrange believes that the spirit of modernism and Christianity caused Puget to be less of a sculptor than the sculptors of classic times, because the interior life of man attracted more of his attention, to the neglect of the outward form. The sculpture of Puget has not beautiful lines for its object, but the expression of energy and passion, so that he has left no high ideal of beauty, but only great types of action or suffering, or religious conceptions closely related to painting.

A coldness sprang up between Puget and his protector Sauli, in consequence of what seemed a little neglect on the part of the latter. Puget went out one evening, and, in contempt of the rule which forbade the bearing of arms after sunset, he wore his sword, for which he was arrested and put in prison. He despatched immediately an express to his protector, begging him to take the necessary measures for setting him at liberty; but Sauli either could not manage this the same evening, or else neglected it, so Puget passed the whole night in durance, much enraged. It was by his own fault that he got there, and it seems highly probable that, as it was already late, Sauli was unable to be of use to him before the next day. However, Puget was so angry that, on his liberation, he ran to his studio and smashed with a hammer his model of the Magdalen. At the same time he firmly resolved to leave Genoa, and obtained a promise of employment at Marseilles as an architect.

The war of the utilitarian spirit against "useless" adornment has never been carried through more thoroughly, or with such complete success, as in the matter of naval decoration. In the first half of the seventeenth century it was considered essential to the prestige of a war-fleet that every ship should have a magnificently sculptured figurehead, and a poop designed with as much regard to architectural effect as the *façade* of a prince's mansion. Artists were employed in the great arsenals whose sole occupation was the invention of the most elaborate ornaments, which they carved in massive wood to load the great ships, so that they might bear to the remotest lands, not only the power of the famous sovereigns of Europe, but something also of their splendour and their pride. These decorations had reached such excesses of extravagance that a reaction against them set in in England, which was immediately followed by the French. The date of this reaction is clearly marked by two curious letters of Colbert, in the first of which, dated July 14, 1669, he says, "Il n'y a rien qui marque mieux la magnificence du Roy que de bien orner les vaisseaux"; whereas in the second, dated October 24, 1670, he has turned with the reactionary current, and writes in quite another sense:—"Il n'y a rien de si important que de retrancher tous ces grands ouvrages auxquels les sculpteurs s'attachent plus pour leur réputation que pour le bien du service."

Puget has left a great traditional fame as a ship-decorator, and for some time he was supreme at Toulon in this capacity; but it has happened in this instance, as in many others, that tradition has exaggerated the share of the famous artist to the prejudice of others less known. What concerns us most is the light thrown upon Puget's character by his conduct at the arsenal, and especially his eagerness to have a hand in everything, whether mechanical or artistic, in which point his genius resembled that

of Leonardo da Vinci. The extreme subdivision of employments and specialization of workmen which has been going on since the times of those great men, and which in our day has reached its utmost conceivable limit, makes us slow to understand their rich and various natures; but the key to them is usually to be found in the action of the constructive faculty, which, if allowed full play, will take quite readily to any employment which promises it healthy activity. And when a man is at the same time ship-builder and artist, there is nothing unnatural in the combination, for the basis of the artistic nature is the constructive faculty which coexists with, but is not weakened by, the delicate sensibilities and powerful emotions of the artist. No doubt the faculty of simple construction is a lower one than the capacity for sublime emotion, but for that very reason there is a strong temptation to fall back upon it when the higher powers are temporarily wearied, whilst the necessity for activity remains. Many a cultivated gentleman has found rest for the brain in the hard work of amateur carpentry, and such men as Puget and Leonardo refreshed themselves by the variety of their labours.

During Puget's stay at Toulon he was tormented by the sight of some fine blocks of Carrara marble which he eagerly longed to attack with the chisel. At last he got permission to do so, and made his famous Milo, which gave him a reputation at the Court of Louis XIV. This was followed by other works, and in his vigorous old age Puget realized his ambition and became famous as a sculptor. The great mistake of his life, with reference to his national fame, was that, at a time when communication was slow and difficult, he lived at such an immense distance from the capital. In the seventeenth century Marseilles was, for all practical purposes, further from Paris than it is now from St. Petersburg. Throughout M. Lagrange's biography we find Puget struggling against this difficulty, and only obtaining, after long delays, answers to petitions which would probably have been at once accorded if he had been in constant personal communication with Ministers. He did go to Paris twice, the second time about a great quarrel that he had with the municipality of Marseilles. To recite this quarrel at length would occupy a whole article, and it is a pity to spoil the story by telling it too briefly. From beginning to end it is most perfectly and admirably typical of the eternal warfare between the artistic and the *bourgeois* spirits. The *échevins* of Marseilles were so much delighted with the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes that they determined to erect a statue to the King. Puget was commissioned to do the statue, but he designed a magnificent oval place to put the statue in, and in his notion the place and the statue could not be separated. Now about this place the contentions were endless. First, the *échevins* wanted to have it square instead of oval; and then one L'Agneau would have it in a position that Puget detested, in order that his own house might look out upon it. Puget became terribly obstinate, and would not make even the statue; but at length, when too late, he made up his mind to go to Paris about it and try to see the King. The King, however, would never give him an audience, and Puget first saw the sovereign whom he revered as "Louis le Grand, *en tout*," by accident one day when he went to see Lenôtre at Trianon, and the King was there, on which occasion His Majesty deigned to honour the great sculptor by lifting his royal hat. Puget went back to the South, and another sculptor got the commission, but the *échevins* wrangled still, and then came a great war, and the whole project was abandoned.

Puget died in 1694, at the age of seventy-two, after one of the most active and energetic lives on record. We owe a great deal to M. Lagrange for having set this remarkable career before us. The letters of Puget, which occur here and there, paint their author to the life, and some of the sentences are sublime in their passionate earnestness. One of them certainly deserves to live—"Le marbre tremble devant moi!"

POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.*

IN nothing has the tide of time brought about a more wonderful change than in children's books. Our own infancy was nurtured upon the coarse food of "Dirty Jim" and "Greedy Dick"—"original poems" designed for the edification of such young ideas as did not reject the patent obtuseness, the read-and-run vulgarity of the moral inculcated. How ever "imagination smiled" upon boyhood so trained is a marvel which would be harder to understand did one not remember that these moral lessons presented themselves usually in the light of physic or penance, and that, on the sly, there were the pleasant pastures of "Jack the Giant-Killer" and the "Seven Champions" to expatiate in, by way of antidote. But modern days have made even moralizing palatable. The "luxury of doing good" is put before children in a light at once true and attractive in the "Wild-Duck Shooter" of Jean Ingelow's prose *Stories told to a Child*. The growth of imaginativeness, a great desideratum in our young people, will not be to be despaired of, if their fancy is but nursed on such a pleasant blending of allegory and reality as Mr. George MacDonald purveys in the "Golden Key" and his other "Dealings with the Fairies." And if we turn to poetry, how lucky nowadays in having "Dr. Merriment" to prescribe for them will be the urchins into whose hands *Lilliput Levee* may fall—one of the most sparkling, whimsical, yet withal wholesome outpourings

* *Poems Written for a Child*. By Two Friends. London: Strahan & Co. 1862.

of fun and frolic that have ever issued from our modern press. Such books as these—and they are bidding fair to make a very pretty shelf full—represent some of the Messrs. Strahan's Christmas-boxes to the rising generation. But—like as it is, or was, with Cambridge men who, because of ill-health or entering at out-of-the-way times, have had to go out at a by-term, and have so missed, however much they might deserve it, a place among the wranglers—so occasionally an exceedingly good book comes to the birth out of due time, presents itself when Christmas is over-past, and so misses commemoration among the volumes which publishers cater and reviewers discuss at that festive season. The accident is perhaps not prejudicial to real merit, which shines out none the less, it may be the more, at a time when there are fewer suitors and more room for them.

If this surmise is worth anything, *Poems Written for a Child* ought to reap the fullest advantage of the fair field which they just now enter, and should win the suffrages, not merely of child-readers, but also of those whose connexion, direct or indirect, with that element of the population has taught them to be critical as to its literature. There are mothers whose native judgment on such topics is acuter and more trustworthy than that of persons who have run through the most extensive curriculum of training for criticism; and there are maiden aunts who appeal to nephews and nieces by instinctive knowledge of the chords of mercy and pity, and of the subtle springs of wit and humour in their organisms, more immediately than if they had studied all the treatises on Rhetoric from Aristotle's day to our own. The two friends whose felicitous conjunction has borne fruit in the volume before us, with much in common, have each a distinct gift in marked prominence. "A." and "B."—for only by these disappointing symbols are the boy and girl readers permitted to distinguish their benefactors—have contributed equal shares of cultivation, fancy, love of right, and generous impulse to a joint-stock capital; and have superadded each her own crowning strong point—"A." in an uncontrolled, racy, almost vagrant humour; "B." in a certain force and spirit, which often speaks home to elder hearts, but must be always resistless in its appeal to the sympathies of the young and teachable. The gifts which these poetesses possess in common qualify them to mould, shape, and instruct their bright and docile audiences in no common degree; but that special attribute which distinguishes either from the other exerts itself in so perceptible a fashion as to "wield at will" any average child-group, and to arrest the most volatile of six-year-olds by downright fun on the one part, and downright fire on the other. When we run over in the index the list of "B.'s" contributions, nothing recurs to one so much as the impression they leave of unstrained force. Witness such stories in verse as the "North Pole Story," the "Wives of Brixham," and the "Heroes." The subjects, it might be said, are such as naturally to inspire this, but young critics and old know the difference between the ordinary narrator and the born poet or story-teller who can make cheeks tingle at will, and holds in hand a spell of words to stir men's blood, to say nothing of children's. Not only force, however, but art and skill characterize such graphic narratives as "B.'s" account of the Arctic wolves which, as they made a half-moon around a luckless deer and drove it backwards over a precipice, were not unwatched by a lone voyager, who silently took a hint from their tactics how to baffle their game when at length they tried it upon himself. This force and art are enhanced by the half-unconscious irony so noticeable often in good story-tellers. That little touch about the wolves' way of meeting the brave man's glance,

They crouched: they looked as if nothing was wrong,
And then—they turn'd to fly;

and the last lines of the poem, which recall

How they meant to sup on him,
But looked, and changed their mind;

illustrate this in a measure; but sometimes this irony is more outright, as in the conclusion of "B.'s" account of that incident in Bishop Mackenzie's mission, when he and his two or three comrades, without arms, and with nothing but the strength of a just indignation, dispersed an outnumbering force of armed slave-drivers, and set free the slave-troop. Prosaic folks might have called the act Quixotic, but *exitus acta probat*. Their daring answered, and "B.'s" reflections thereupon exhibit a charming union of vigour, irony, and much plainness of speech:—

A glorious gift is Prudence:
And they are useful friends
Who never make beginnings
Till they can see the ends:
But give us now and then a man,
That we may make him king,
Just to scorn the consequence
And just to do the thing.

The "Wives of Brixham" is a somewhat similar poem, based on an incident of fishermen's life, where the wives burn bedsteads and bedding on the pier to light home their husbands through the tempestuous night. Its conclusion may smack of Kingsley's "men must work and women must weep," but the finishing touch redeems the stanza from the suspicion of even unwitting plagiarism:—

And this is what the men must do
Who work in wind and foam;
And this is what the women bear
Who watch for them at home.

So when you see a Brixham boat
Go out to face the gales,
Think of the light that travels
Like light upon her sails.

But, it may be asked, is not this too much in a style to foster that peculiarity of the English mind, that propensity to "amuse ourselves sadly," which Froissart somewhere (but *where* nobody seems to know) declares to be our fashion? Doubtless too much in this vein might tend to such a result, though youth's prime lesson should be intensity of purpose, youth's prime example Christian heroism. But "B." is no crying philosopher. Fun and fancy twinkle at odd corners of such poems as "The Lady and the Rooks," where, in consequence of the birds' resolution to build in the mistress's cedar,

Sleep is hunted from the house:
Thro' the dark the master looks,
Saying to his weary spouse,
"There's a strike among the rooks!"

and where the cause of this disquietude is unfolded in the following triumph of concise hyperbole:—

And it was. They pile, they weave,
Flit, fuss, chatter through the shade;
The first twig was set at eve,
And by dawn the eggs were laid.

With her copartner "A.," "B." shares the notable qualities of keen observation and quaint originality. One might fancy that the wild wood, the green fields, the rocky shore, and the paths of the sea had all rejoiced to open their hearts to these twain, and to disclose to them aspects not vouchsafed to all comers. The descriptions of the songs of the birds in this volume (pp. 126-30, 41-4, &c.) are so wonderfully lifelike that one has not the heart to spoil them by quoting snatches. The trees, as in the opening of the "Lady and the Rooks," are invested with as much human feeling as ever the ancients attributed to the Dryads. "Morning" and "Evening" are photographed, as it were, by the observant touches of "A." who has thrown into one graceful stanza that special characteristic of stillly night which must have struck every wakeful ear, in-doors or out-of-doors, in the neighbourhood of a river:—

The flowing of the water
Is a very sleepy sound,
The lullaby of nature,
With silence all around;
The music of the night-time,
It stealth to repose.
The never-resting water,
How sleepily it flows.

This is true to the life, but who is to say that the child's thoughts "in a day's fishing" (p. 68) are not equally true, although not so patent to common observation—those, we mean, which "B." throws into four lines curiously fanciful, and yet in some sort curiously plausible:—

He thinks that God made the salt water so bitter
Lest folk should grow thirsty and drain the big cup:
He thinks that the foam makes a terrible litter,
And wonders the mermaids don't drink it all up.

We have little room to dwell upon the specialty of "A."—her exuberant humour and drollery, which is literally irrepressible, and is just the element needed to contrast with the special earnestness of the poems by "B." No youthful reader will be sad for long who has such a comical moralist to read him or her a lecture on Disobedience, so oddly opened as that in pp. 130-137. To read her "Bird's-Eye View," and the other piece just mentioned, one might imagine that she had been vouchsafed an invisible cap, and been an assessor, unseen, at scores of dialogues between pickle-ish boys and pattern girls. She has a way, too, of binding up every wound which the rigours of poetical justice compel her to inflict, by the interposition of fairies. Fairies bring Shag back to life, when the naughty boy has shot him with his father's gun. Fairies punish vain old Donald with Peggy's grandame, when he casts a sheep's eye at sweet Peggy herself; but she has not the heart to saddle him with such an encumbrance for ever, and so it turns out that Donald has only dreamed it all over his toddy. "A.'s" quaintest piece, perhaps, is that entitled the "Fox," a designing adventurer, who is represented as winking "like a wide-awake man trying to do a rich aunt," and about the record of whose adventures and tricks there is only this screw loose, that rich papas who, like "paterfamilias" in this "story in verse," set traps in their parks "foxes to snare," would find a sorry life of it in their neighbourhood if it were a fox-hunting county. But this is a pardonable improbability where a lady tells the tale, and no reader can mistake A. and B. for other than ladies. In their gravest as in their gayest moods the most thorough refinement presides. Of humour each in her way has an overflowing sense, but with "B." it is subordinated; with "A." it leaps and sparkles here, there, and everywhere. Which of this pair would be chosen for "laureate" of Lilliput (to borrow a fancy from another charming child's book) it would be hard to pronounce. Probably, if one were to "tabulate" results, and set the kindled cheeks and melting moods evoked by one against the mirth and merriment which come at the faintest call of the other, there would have to be two laureates, as of old there were a brace of kings at Sparta. It may well be that, according to a pretty fancy of "A." in her little poem "Lilies"—

Blossoms that have power to bless
Only children understand.

But the same privilege of innocence, to discern what is hidden

from older and more world-worn eyes and hearts, ought to dispose the denizens of nurseries and schoolrooms to be unanimous in voting these "two friends" into the topmost rank of their friends and benefactors.

ST. GREGORY THE ILLUMINATOR.*

THE preface to this volume concludes with the following exceedingly characteristic jeremiade:—"Church folk are now so taken up with silks, lace, candles at noonday, and other questions equally frivolous—very much like children playing at dolls when their house is on fire—that more solid lore and better sense" (like Mr. Malan's) "meet with little or no favour. In sooth, the only inducement to an honest workman to toil at an irksome task of this kind is assuredly not held out to him by man. But the labour is for Christ and for His Church, and this of itself is the greatest reward." In other words, Mr. Malan's books are a drug in the market, and, being unable to imagine any better reason for so strange a phenomenon, he finds it convenient to lay the blame on the shoulders of the Ritualists, who happen just now to be one of the best-abused classes of the community. To avenge himself on them he takes care to supplement a passage, where St. Gregory speaks of "offering incense to the living and true God," by a note suggesting that it may probably be a later interpolation. Let us hope they will have grace to profit by his scathing irony. Meanwhile, a simpler explanation of the case may perhaps be found in the circumstance that Mr. Malan, though unquestionably learned and painstaking in his way, is one of the duller and most ponderous of living writers, except indeed when his pages are enlivened by the querulous self-sufficiency of his protests against the neglect of an unappreciative public. We regret that it is so, because his books usually contain some valuable matter, however unattractive may be his way of presenting it. In the present volume he comes before us, not as an author, but as a translator, and here he is much more in his element. He tells us that he had the choice before him of selecting his own materials and writing a life of St. Gregory, or simply translating the best authorities, and he chose the latter course, preferring to put into English the history of the first Patriarch and Patron Saint of Armenia as it is commonly received in his own Church. We think he judged wisely. The biography would certainly have gained nothing in graphic power if it had been thrown into an original shape, while it would have lost its freshness and speciality of character as a record of the national tradition about the founder of the Armenian Church. Two fragments, however, are prefixed to the Life of St. Gregory, the first of which makes some claim to be considered a critical history. It is "A Short Summary of the Armenian Church and People," translated from Russian State papers. The second is an account of the introduction of Christianity into Armenia, translated from the Armenian "Acts and Martyrdom of the Holy Apostles, Thaddæus and Bartholomew," and is a strange medley of martyrdoms and miracles. So little is generally known in this country of the Greek Church itself, and still less of the various offshoots from it, that our readers may like to have a brief sketch of the origin and history of the Armenian Christians derived from local sources. It will of course be understood that we are not speaking of the Uniate Armenians, a body of some 200,000 only, in communion with Rome, whose splendid convent at Venice, presided over by a patriarch of their own, many visitors to that city are familiar with. The Armenian Church proper exists as an independent body, and has been isolated since the fifth century from the communion both of East and West.

There are good grounds for believing that Armenia was the first country to embrace the Gospel. According to native traditions, it was received from the Saviour Himself, who wrote a letter to King Abgarus, which is still preserved, and which the late Dr. Cureton was inclined to admit as genuine. Such is not the general opinion of critics. But Eusebius found in the archives of Edessa a report of the conversion of King Abgarus of Osroene by Thaddæus or Addæus, a Jew of Edessa, and one of the seventy disciples, who was sent thither by the Apostle Thomas. And thus, as Döllinger observes, Edessa may claim to be the first city that became completely Christian, and the centre whence Christianity was propagated in the Persian kingdom. The Armenians themselves identify their founder with the Apostle of that name, Thaddæus or Jude, but the most authentic evidence points to his being one of the Seventy. The confusion may have arisen from his being called the Apostle of Armenia, as having first preached the Gospel there. They also assert that he or his disciples established several episcopal sees in Armenia. From his time to that of St. Gregory, in the middle of the third century, the Armenian Church remained in communion with the Greeks, and used a Greek liturgy. St. Gregory, who is known as the Illuminator, in Armenian "Lusavoritch," is regarded as a second founder of the Church. He belonged to the reigning family of the Arsacids, but the actual sovereign, Tiridates, was a heathen, and kept his kinsman in prison for thirteen years, till he was himself converted and baptized, and established the Christian faith throughout his kingdom. Gregory was consecrated, at

Cæsarea in Cappadocia, Patriarch over the whole Armenian Church, and fixed his seat at a place he named Etchmiadzin, "the Descent of the Only Begotten," where he had seen a vision of Christ. From that day to this his successors have ruled, under the title of Patriarch or Catholicos, over the Armenian Church, but for a thousand years (from 454 to 1441), they were exiled from Etchmiadzin. One of them, Isaac I., whose patriarchate extended from 390 to 440, translated the whole Bible into Armenian, and revised the national liturgy, which has remained unaltered ever since. In 451 the Fourth (Ecumenical) Council was held at Chalcedon to condemn the heresy of Eutyches, and at this Council, from accidental causes, no Armenian Bishop was present. This circumstance led to permanent results, for a report was circulated in Armenia that the errors of Nestorius, condemned not long before at the Council of Ephesus, had been approved at Chalcedon, and hence arose the estrangement between the Armenian and the Catholic Church. The origin of the misunderstanding, if Mr. Malan may be trusted, was curious enough. The Tome of St. Leo on the Incarnation, which was submitted to the Fathers of Chalcedon and accepted by them, speaks of the two natures of our Lord, the one human, the other divine. This was translated into Armenian, but the words "the one and the other" were rendered by terms applicable only to persons, and thus the Armenians imagined that the doctrine of two persons, instead of two natures, in Christ had been sanctioned by the Council. Accordingly, in 491, the Armenian Patriarch Pappuen summoned a national Synod, which annulled the Council of Chalcedon, and from that time dates the isolation of the Armenian Church. Yet, according to some of their writers, Armenian Bishops were present at the sixth and seventh (Ecumenical) Councils, though not at the fifth, and they now profess to acknowledge the authority of all seven with the exception of Chalcedon.

The charge of Eutychianism has rested on the Armenian Church ever since the separation, though Mr. Malan seems to think it is not really deserved. In the sixth century they added to their hierarchy a new order of "Vartabeds," midway between priests and bishops, whose special office is the instruction of the people. These Vartabeds constructed a new system of chronology, reckoning from the patriarchate of Moses II. in 551, and a calendar which is still in use, and which has naturally helped to stereotype the isolation of the national Church. Its immediate effect was to drive back the Georgians, who had hitherto been in communion with Armenia, into communion with the rest of Christendom. In the following century an ineffectual attempt was made by the Patriarch Nerses III. to effect a reconciliation with the Greeks, but the majority of the Armenian bishops would not hear of it. A second negotiation towards the close of the twelfth century, when a correspondence took place between the Greek Emperor and the Armenian Patriarch, also proved abortive. When, in 1441, the Patriarchs were able, after a thousand years, to return to Etchmiadzin, they found it a heap of ruins, and, what was worse, the patriarchal chair became a matter of barter under the rule of the Osmanlis, and for three centuries sank to the lowest state of degradation. It was at length preserved by a Russian charter confirming a promise of protection granted by Katharine II. in 1766, and since 1828 Etchmiadzin has formed part of the Russian Empire, and the Armenian Church is thus secured in its rights and liberties. Meanwhile there had been several overtures for union with Rome, chiefly when the Patriarch was anxious to procure Western aid against the Byzantines. One Catholicos is said to have had a personal interview with Gregory VII., and about a century later others made strenuous attempts in the same direction; but the people always resisted them, and, with the exception of the Uniates, the Armenian Church stands aloof to this day, as it has for fourteen centuries, from the communion both of Eastern and Western Christendom. Their present organization, as modified by a recent arrangement, is the following:—They have a Patriarch at Constantinople, who governs eighteen eparchies subdivided into twenty-six vicariates. The Catholicos of Etchmiadzin rules directly over two Persian eparchies, and is supreme over the whole Church. In Russia, according to the directions of the Emperor's will in 1836, there are six eparchies, five under archbishops, and one under the immediate jurisdiction of the Catholicos. In 1842 these six Russian eparchies contained 955 churches, of which 15 are cathedrals, and 500,000 members of the Armenian Church. The Catholicos is elected by the whole body of Armenian bishops, subject to the approval of the Czar. He has the exclusive right of episcopal consecration and of blessing the holy oils, which last ceremony he performs every seven years at Etchmiadzin, whence the priests from all parts come to fetch it. Whether all bishops are actually obliged to resort there for consecration or not the author does not tell us, but he seems to imply it. The Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Constantinople have the title only, without any patriarchal rights.

We have thought it better to place before our readers some account of the origin and history of the Armenian Church, rather than to dwell on the somewhat legendary details of the life of St. Gregory himself. Whatever interest attaches to them would be lost in a mere abstract, and those who wish to peruse the subject can study it in Mr. Malan's translation, which reads smoothly enough and is carefully annotated. St. Gregory consecrated his younger son Arisdaghes to succeed him in the patriarchate, when desirous of retiring from the duties of his office, and Arisdaghes attended the Council of Nice, and brought back the twenty Nicene

* *The Life and Times of S. Gregory the Illuminator, the Founder and Patron Saint of the Armenian Church.* Translated from the Armenian. By the Rev. S. C. Malan, M.A. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1868.

Canons, which is an account of St. Gregory, Rome, as traces of a letter by M. description of Tiridates. The reference occurred was

At that time For when the stream Eutychianus they stood on the illumined while a bridge over the river top of the pillar that the light on that day

And they cleansed, and they should the grace of being adorned the sweet-scented abroad in the filled with joy set up; by the munition of the

He then carried eight people, which thousand. baptized in our narrative. This extract Lord 302, in Father, Gregory sovereign king

THE full present executive pointed to survey Territory recesses of among the The careful and of the generally, Federal I making k empire un which has ditions wi object, ind appreciation expected matters a would be the Far W him, and a ble auth valuable constantly the one s attract th their spec requisite the other who tell all such of Western of Brown a States and to be the has certain and fulness of existing Pacific h production cally the mineralog only in the peop thing lik invariably schools c not as y on the n by one o lost muc

* *Report Territories Printing*

Canons, which were received and published in Armenia. There is an account, resting on no very trustworthy evidence, of a visit of St. Gregory to the Emperor Constantine and Pope Silvester at Rome, as well as a letter of the Pope's, which certainly bears traces of a later age. The general style of the narrative translated by Mr. Malan may be judged from the following picturesque description of the baptism of the Armenians, after the conversion of Tiridates and the consecration of St. Gregory to the patriarchate. The reference to a former chapter is meant to imply that what occurred was miraculous:—

At that moment a great marvel was wrought by the Almighty Lord God. For when the people went down into the water of the river Euphrates, the stream rushed by with a murmur and roaring of the waters, as Enchymus writes. So that all the bystanders so wondered at the sight that they stood on the point of running away, and the holy Chrism poured by the Illuminator surrounded every one of those who had been baptized; while a bright light like unto a pillar of fire was seen to rise into the air over the river, on which rested the base of it firm and standing, and on the top of the pillar a figure of the Cross also of light. So bright was that pillar that the light thereof dimmed that of the sun. And those who were baptized on that day were about one hundred and fifty thousand.

And they all then dressed in white, inasmuch as, having been born anew, cleansed, enlightened, made like unto angels and adopted children of God, they should be made heirs of the light of the Gospel. And having received the grace of the Spirit as an earnest of the glory that awaited them, they, being adorned, gladdened, and made to blossom, should bring forth in Christ the sweet-savoured fruits of faith, hope, and charity, which being shed abroad in their hearts were confirmed by the Holy Ghost. And being thus filled with joy, they might become lamps in the House of the Lord only just set up; where the saint, offering the divine oblation, gave them the communion of the life-giving sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ.

He then changed the name of King Tiridates into Johannes; and having tarried eight days there, by the river Euphrates he baptized the whole people, which of the royal camp alone could not be less than four hundred thousand. And if any one should wonder at so great a multitude being baptized in so short a time, let him turn back to the sixteenth chapter of our narrative, and he will then see how that might take place.

This extraordinary and wonderful baptism happened in the year of our Lord 302, in the first year of the enlightenment of the country by our Holy Father, Gregory the Illuminator; and in the eighteenth year of Tiridates, sovereign king of Armenia.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE full and elaborate Reports which are from time to time presented to Congress, now by the regular officers of the executive departments, and now by special Commissioners appointed to investigate the condition of a particular industry, to survey and examine the resources of this or that State or Territory or group of Territories, or to explore the unknown recesses of the interior of the South American continent, are among the most valuable productions of the American press. The careful consideration of the material interests of the country, and of the convenience and advantage of the working-classes generally, and of emigrants in particular, which prompts the Federal Legislature to take so much pains in ascertaining and making known the real position of every part of the extensive empire under its control, as well as the zeal for scientific inquiry which has led it to expend such considerable sums in expeditions whose researches can hardly be said to have a practical object, indicate a far higher standard of intelligence and a clearer appreciation of the true functions of government than might be expected from its debates on party questions, or its legislation on matters affecting the foreign policy of the United States. It would be possible for a man, intending to venture his fortunes in the Far West, to ascertain nearly all the facts that most concern him, and ought chiefly to direct his choice, from the unimpeachable authority of official documents. Such documents are invaluable as serving to correct the conflicting accounts that constantly come from those wild lands of promise—the stories, on the one side, of adventurers already settled there, and eager to attract thither the capital which is necessary to give effect to their speculations, and still more the labour which is the first requisite of any attempt to turn their possessions to profit; on the other, of disappointed settlers or unsuccessful speculators, who tell only of the hardships and the failures that attend on all such ventures. One important contribution to the literature of Western exploration and development is the Report of Mr. Ross Browne and his condutors on the mineral resources of the Pacific States and Territories*—a Report which is declared by its authors to be the fruit of many years of careful investigation, and which has certainly been elaborated with an extraordinary completeness and fulness of detail, especially in regard to the principal centres of existing mining enterprise. The entire mining region of the Pacific has been examined, though chiefly with a view to its production of the precious metals. The Reporters lament especially the want of technical knowledge of mining business and mineralogical science which prevails in America, and which has only in part been compensated by the inventive ingenuity of the people. The control of mining enterprises requiring anything like thorough training or scientific knowledge is almost invariably entrusted to foreigners, natives of countries in which schools of mining exist—which, we are surprised to learn, is not as yet the case in any part of the Union. They insist on the necessity of creating such schools, enforcing their advice by one or two significant facts. They say that the miners have lost much time and labour from their entire ignorance of Euro-

pean machinery and processes, though their experience led them by degrees to re-invent many Old World arrangements, or effective substitutes for them; and that the country has suffered heavily by the consequent waste of its mineral wealth. The total value of gold and silver obtained is rated at twelve hundred millions of dollars, while one-fourth of that amount (or 60,000,000 sterling) is said to have been irreparably lost through the ignorance of the miners, and the consequent inefficiency of the processes employed. Science, skill, and capital are more than ever needed now that the character of gold-producing industry is undergoing a change which assimilates it more and more to the system on which mines of the cheaper metals are worked. There is a daily diminishing scope for mere individual adventure with the rough machinery of the "digger." The surface diggings are rapidly becoming exhausted; the deeper "placers" yield less than formerly; and the quartz rock, with its imbedded ore, requiring elaborate and costly machinery for its extraction, and only to be worked to advantage on a large scale and by a regular organization of labour, is the future source of the gold supply of America. The total production of precious metals is estimated at seventy-five millions of dollars (about 15,000,000 sterling) a year. Of this California furnishes one-third—a larger portion than any other State or Territory; but Nevada already runs her close, and Montana and Idaho are likely ere long to be equally formidable competitors. The Report pronounces the metallic wealth of the United States to be practically unlimited, so that there is no likelihood that the mining business will, for a long period to come, be a stationary or decaying one—a conclusion which lends additional value to the complete and exhaustive review of its present condition which is to be found in this volume. Each mining region, almost each important lode, is severally reported upon; and the work of the Commissioners might serve as a complete guide to the mining districts of America, if it were not too full and too detailed for such a purpose. At all events, everything which speculators or emigrants need ask on the subject may be found in its 650 pages.

Mr. Keyes' Special Report on the Savings' Banks of New York* is, like many similar American documents, made readable by a lighter and more discursive style than would be tolerated in English blue-books; by descriptions, moralizing, and illustrative anecdotes, which we should think more suitable to a popular treatise on the advantage of savings' banks than for a Report to the State Legislature on their condition and progress. But the business in hand is not, on that account, the less clearly and completely done; and all the information that could be desired on the general condition and operation of the savings' bank system in the Empire State, and on the details of the transactions of each particular bank, is given in proper form and order. The preparation of reports of this kind on every important institution, whether connected or not with the Government, is one of the most important duties of many State and Federal officers, and must contribute not a little to that practical sagacity in dealing with public business which often contrasts so strangely with the wildness of language on matters not within the scope of their practical action, characteristic of American legislators.

Under the title of *Beyond the Mississippi*†, Mr. A. D. Richardson has filled a large volume with experiences and anecdotes gleaned during some years of sojourn and travel in the Far West. Many of his adventures are interesting, and many amusing; and his stories of the rough life of settlers, trappers, and miners in the Territories on either side of the Rocky Mountains are strikingly illustrative of the character of the wild pioneers of American civilization, and of the various stages of semi-barbarous lawlessness and rude simplicity through which the new settlements pass within the course of a few years on their way to the condition of organized States inhabited by regular and peaceful communities. The peculiarities of "American human nature" come out with especial distinctness in that strange isolated life, combining so many of the conditions of barbarism with so much of the resource, intelligence, and ambition of civilized man, which the first invaders of the great central wilderness of the Western continent found themselves obliged to lead, and which belongs exclusively to the New World. The settler in the Far West must depend for life and security, for protection and for support, upon his own right hand, his own rifle and bowie-knife, his own spade and pickaxe, as completely as the veriest savage; and yet he is within a few days' journey of cities possessing all the latest inventions and appliances of civilization—a journey continually traversed by adventurous pioneers, by the regular mails and couriers of the Government, by Federal soldiers on their way to some distant post in the midst of the desert, and occasionally by travellers in search of sport or health. Hence he speedily acquires all the vigour, hardihood, ingenuity, and versatility of the colonist who must make every article that he needs, or invent a substitute for it; while he never loses his hold on the life he has quitted for a time, his interest in the works and thoughts of settled and educated men, or that quick intelligence and ready wit which is fostered by frequent intercourse with equals, and is apt to rust in the solitude of the bush or the prairie. In a word, combining

* *State of New York. Special Report on Savings' Banks, made by Emerson W. Keyes, Deputy-Superintendent of the Bank Department, and transmitted to the Legislature by the Superintendent.* Albany: C. van Benthuysen & Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *Beyond the Mississippi; Life and Adventure on the Prairies, Mountains, and Pacific Coast.* With more than Two Hundred Illustrations. By Albert D. Richardson, Author of "Field, Dungeon, and Escape." Hartford, Conn.: American Publishing Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

* *Report of J. Ross Browne on the Mineral Resources of the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

many of the advantages, the Western adventurer displays many of the best qualities, both of savage and civilized life—the practical readiness and resource of the one, the intellectual activity and mental wakefulness which belong to the other. The traditional humour of the race appears to be rather sharpened than dulled by this exaggeration of the kind of life which originally fostered it; the dry, quaint, sarcastic spirit, which gives so much zest to the speech of the genuine Yankee, comes out with a saltier savour than ever in the jest or the proverb, the story or the repartee, of the hardy inhabitant of Idaho or Nevada. Some of these, narrated by Mr. Richardson, are really excellent; nearly all of them are so characteristically American that we can hardly doubt their authenticity. Nature herself seems to partake the humour of the country, and few of the human witticisms related in this volume are so good as the practical joke which she played on the town built on the right bank of the Missouri, intended as the commercial capital of Nebraska, but suddenly removed, by the change in the course of the river, five miles inland into Iowa. The confusion of ideas which must have arisen in the minds of the townsmen is aptly reproduced by the language in which the story is told, and which suggests, not so much that the frontier of the States had changed, as that the site of the town itself had been bodily moved. The humour of such anecdotes is relieved, not only by a considerable amount of solid information respecting the mining and agricultural prospects of the West, but also by narratives which leave a lively impression of the horrors of the civil war that raged in Kansas for some years before the outbreak of the great convulsion which it foreshadowed, between the Free-soil emigrants sent from New England to secure the Territory for the North, and the Missourian champions of slavery. Notwithstanding that Mr. Richardson is careful to select his illustrations of that period exclusively from among the atrocities committed by the Border Ruffians, his occasional admissions make it plain that there was little to choose between the combatants, and that John Brown and Tim Lane were no whit better than Atchison and Titus. When we remember how atrocious were the cruelties, how many the cold-blooded murders, committed on both sides during that preliminary struggle, we can appreciate the debt which America owes to those—like McClellan on one side, and Lee and Davis on the other—whose influence and example restrained the combatants in the Confederate war, comparatively speaking, within the usages of warfare, and prevented the horrors of Kansas from being re-enacted along the whole frontier from the Chesapeake to the Missouri. Few things are more noticeable throughout these sketches of Western life than the powerlessness of the law and the legal authorities. The Territorial Governor was a helpless spectator of the Kansas atrocities, and Federal authority in Utah is wholly unable to cope with the spiritual power of Brigham Young. So, in other Western Territories, to leave a criminal to the law was to leave him to escape unpunished; and whenever the crimes of the desperadoes who form a considerable element in all societies on the verge of civilization had exhausted the patience of the respectable citizens, measures of repression invariably began by setting the law and its agents aside altogether, and substituting for their slow procedure and doubtful faith the prompt and effective severity of a Vigilance Committee. It is noteworthy that in every case the acts of these irregular bodies commanded more respect and popular support than those of the regularly elected officers of Government; and that the people seem to have had more confidence in Lynch law than in trial by jury, not only as respects efficiency, but as regards the substantial justice rendered to the accused. The woodcuts in Mr. Richardson's work are very numerous, and generally very poor; the best are those which illustrate his descriptions of landscapes in the Rocky Mountains, some of which are really effective in giving an idea of the gigantic proportions of the features of the scene described.

*Where is the City?** is the title of a theological work of small size and modest pretensions, but which has one merit peculiarly rare in works of that class—a spirit not merely of toleration, but of courtesy, fairness, and liberality towards sects the most various in their character and opinions, and an evident intention to do justice towards all, both in describing their conduct and in expounding their views and doctrine. The author does not even assume that tone of superior wisdom and enlightenment, looking down on the errors to which it extends a charitable construction, which passes for liberality, but is often more offensive than downright bigotry and angry fanaticism. The book is the history of a young man of unfixed views in religion, who sets himself to seek, among the various denominations which abound in America, the true Church, or the City of God. The strongest trace of prejudice which is visible in the story is the omission of the oldest Church of all from the scope of the student's inquiry, as if the doctrines of Rome could not even deserve examination before rejection. Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, are allowed in turn to put forward their own views in their own language; and the hero listens with little disposition to controvert, with a reverential feeling and earnest sympathy, which is constantly leading him to the verge of a hasty decision in favour of those among whom he finds himself. In no case is there any attempt either at open ridicule or covert sarcasm; even

doctrines or practices which from without appear questionable or absurd, are made respectable by being viewed from within. Each sect puts its best side forward; presents its doctrine from the standpoint of its best, most devout, and most earnest members, though the author, in simple honesty, feels himself obliged sometimes to show the working of the same ideas on minds less pure and less disinterested. The Episcopalians are the least fairly treated, the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession being a stumbling-block to an author who does not appear ever to have considered whether it be not an historical fact. But even here his evident want of appreciation is not wilful, but the effect of a narrow education and undeveloped taste. In other cases, even the sects to whose doctrines the writer is least favourable are not only candidly but generously treated, and their creed presented in its best aspect, with full recognition of the best feelings connected with it. The inquirer is finally conducted to the conclusion that no sect can claim to be "the City," but that all are among its gates.

*Marrying by Lot** is a story intended to illustrate the teaching and life of the Moravian Brotherhood in an earlier stage of its history. The writer frankly admits that her description is inapplicable to the present time, and that many of the practices to which she refers are obsolete; while she asserts that her facts are substantially true, and her picture real. Herself a seceder from Moravianism, she nevertheless speaks in her preface with great respect of the body she has quitted, and earnestly deprecates the displeasure which she evidently thinks her revelations likely to provoke.

The author of *Farming for Boys*† avows that the first object of his story is to counteract that tendency to seek fortune in the cities—that determination of youthful energy and ambition towards the exciting life of the great commercial towns—which is fostered by those anecdotes of wealth and position achieved by lads who started without a penny wherewith American fiction and biography is even more rife than our own. He justly observes that, for each of the recorded successes, there are hundreds of unrecorded failures; whereas in a country like America, where land is cheap and labour dear, an intelligent and industrious lad who is content to stick to the farm may be almost absolutely certain of a success, not indeed so brilliant as that of the great merchant, but bringing with it far less danger and more real happiness. The story is more readable than some of those whose moral is so very obtrusive; but it would be interesting only to boys bred in the country and familiar with the farmyard, and its lessons are hardly adapted to any other than American circumstances. The quantity of lectures and newspaper articles with which the little volume is crowded will also be a drawback to youthful readers.

Aldeane‡ is a novel in one volume, by Miss Preston, an authoress of established, if not first-rate, reputation—somewhat violent and sensational in plot and execution, but not perhaps on that account the less suited to the prevailing taste of the day.

It is impossible to dispute the right of Mr. John Godfrey Saxe§ to the title of poet, and equally impossible to assign him a high rank in the order. His genius is rather imitative than original, his pieces constantly reminding us of the comic poems of Hood, and more rarely of Longfellow, Lowell, and Coleridge. He shines most in translation, and in rendering into verse the lighter legends familiar to us in collections of Oriental and other fairy lore, which occupy a considerable space in the volume. Graceful levity and easy vivacity, rather than force or power or spirit, are the characteristics of his verse.

Among the publications of the month are two works of Eastern travel. *Going to Jericho*|| is, as might be expected from the title, pervaded from the first page to the last by an ineffably dreary attempt to be comical and amusing; and the reader is constantly teased with long stories apparently leading up to some humorous point which is never reached. *The Far East*¶, by Dr. Burt, is a work of an entirely different character, compiled from letters written during the author's travels through Egypt and Palestine, with the grave purpose and serious thought which naturally influence a scholar and a divine in visiting the cradles of classic civilization and of the Christian religion. Nevertheless, the tone of the letters is natural and easy, and the book, if not very profound or original, will no doubt help, as it is evidently intended, to convey to many American readers a livelier idea of the lands of the Pharaoh and of the Israelites, and of the manners and scenes which have changed so little within two thousand years.

There are on our list several professional and scientific works, the most notable of which is a new edition of Professor Dana's

* *Marrying by Lot: a Tale of the Primitive Moravians*. By Charlotte B. Mortimer, Author of "Morton Montagu," &c. New York: Putnam & Son. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

† *Farming for Boys: What they have Done and what Others can Do, &c.* By the Author of "Ten Acres Enough." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

‡ *Aldeane*. A Novel. By Laura Preston, Author of "In Bonds," &c. New York: Roman & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

§ *The Poems of John Godfrey Saxe*. Complete in One Volume. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

|| *Going to Jericho; or Sketches of Travel in Spain and the Far East*. By John Franklin Swift. New York: Roman & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

¶ *The Far East; or Letters from Egypt, Palestine, and other Lands of the Orient*. By N. C. Burt, D.D., Author of "Hours among the Gospels." Cincinnati: Carroll & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

* *Where is the City?* Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868

large work on Mineralogy.* There is also a treatise on Electricity in relation to Therapeutics and to Physiology† generally, of the character of which we do not attempt to judge; though we are greatly astonished to find the author twice, with obvious intention, calling the North Pole Austral, and the South Boreal. Dr. Paine, Professor of Pathology at Philadelphia, publishes the second edition of a ponderous treatise on the Practice of Medicine‡; while, last and not least, is a neat physician's pocket-book§, containing lists of diseases, symptoms, and remedies, with an almanac and diary conveniently arranged for professional requirements.

A *Verbal Index to Milton's Poetical Works*||, intended chiefly for the use of colleges and schools, and the first volume of the new series of *Putnam's Magazine*¶, require no further description than is involved in the mention of their titles.

* *A System of Mineralogy. Descriptive Mineralogy. Comprising the most Recent Discoveries.* By James Dwight Dana, Gilman Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College, &c. &c.; aided by G. Jarvis Brush, Professor of Mineralogy and Metallurgy in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Fifth Edition. New York: John Wiley & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *Electro-Physiology and Therapeutics; being a Study of the Electrical and other Physical Phenomena of the Muscular and other Systems during Health and Disease; including the Phenomena of the Electrical Fishes.* By C. E. Morgan, A.B., M.D. New York: Wood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

‡ *A Treatise on the Principles and Practice of Medicine and Pathology, Diseases of Women and Children, and Medical Surgery.* By W. Paine, M.D., &c. &c. Second Edition. Philadelphia: University Publishing Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

§ *The Physician's Handbook for 1868.* By W. Elmer, M.D. New York: Townsend & Adams. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

|| *A Verbal Index to Milton's Complete Poetical Works, designed for the Use of Colleges and Academies, &c.* Philadelphia: Bancroft & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

¶ *Putnam's Magazine.* New Series. Vol. I. January—June, 1868. New York: Putnam & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 669, AUGUST 22, 1868:

Election Addresses.
France. The Financial Reform Union. Ireland. The Cretan Insurrection.
The Chinese Treaty with America.
The Southern Railways. The British Association.

Taking Sides. Response.
Man and his Disenchanter. Millionaire Members of Parliament.
Public Schools. The Churches of Chartres and Le Mans.
Private Executions made Public. Dr. Pusey and the Wesleyan Conference.
The Protestant Demonstration. The New Rules of Racing.

A Handbook of Pictorial Art.
Smiles' Huguenots. Caricature History of the Georges.
The Cotton MSS.—Vitellius B. XIV. Freeman's Norman Conquest.
The Dover House. Pierre Puget.
Poems Written for a Child. St. Gregory the Illuminator.
American Literature.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL-SESSION
1868 and '69.—A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delivered by Dr. BARNES, on Thursday, October 1, at Three o'clock p.m., after which the DISTRIBUTION of PRIZES will take place.

Gentlemen entering have the option of paying £40 for the first year, a similar sum for the second, and £10 for each succeeding year; or, by paying £30 at once, of becoming perpetual Students.

Medical Officers: Honorary Consulting Physician—Dr. Barker; Dr. J. Risdon Bennett, Dr. Gooden, Dr. Peacock, Dr. Briantow, Dr. Barnes, Mr. Solly, Mr. Le Gros Clark, Mr. Simon, Dr. Clayton, Dr. Gervis, Mr. Sydney Jones, Mr. J. Croft, Mr. Whitfield.
Medicine—Dr. Barker and Dr. Peacock. Surgery—Mr. Solly and Mr. Le Gros Clark. Physiology—Dr. Barker and Mr. Ord. Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. Sydney Jones. Anatomy in the dissecting room—Mr. Rainey, Mr. J. Croft, and Mr. W. W. Wagstaffe. Chemistry and Practical Chemistry—Dr. Albert J. Bernays. Midwifery—Dr. Barnes. General Pathology—Mr. D. Clayton. Forensic Medicine—Dr. Stone and Dr. Gervis. Vaccination—Dr. Gervis. Ophthalmic Surgery—Mr. Sydney Jones. Dental Surgery—Mr. Elliott. Pathological Chemistry—Dr. Thudicum. Microscopical Anatomy—Mr. Rainey. Demonstrations Morbid Anatomy—Dr. J. Lees.

R. BARNES, M.D., Dean.

B. G. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary.

For Entrance, or Prospectuses, and for information relating to Prizes and all other matters, apply to Mr. WHITFIELD, Medical Secretary, the Manor House, St. Thomas's Hospital, Newington, Surrey, S.E.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.
WINTER SESSION, 1868-9.—The INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be given by Mr. THOMAS SMITH, on Thursday, October 1, at 2 p.m.
Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College Regulations.
All information respecting both the Hospital and College may be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, to the Resident Warden, Mr. MORRIS BARNES, and at the Museum or Library.

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.—FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS
are offered for Competition in September next, of £10 each. Two of which will be increased to £20 each if held by Boarders.—For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER.
The Autumn Term commences on September 19.

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.

President.

His Grace the DUKE of DEVONSHIRE, K.G., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Visitor—The LORD BISHOP of CHICHESTER.

Head-Master—The Rev. J. R. WOOD, M.A., Trin. Coll. Camb.

Assistant-Masters.

The Rev. F. W. BURBIDGE, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's Coll. Camb.

The Rev. A. K. CHERILL, M.A., St. John's Coll. Camb.

Modern Languages—Mons. JUSTIN AUGUSTE LAMBERT.

Drawing—Mr. W. CLIFTON.

The next Term commences on Saturday, September 19, 1868.

Prospectuses may be obtained from the Secretary, J. H. CAMPION COLES, Esq., Solicitor, Eastbourne, Sussex.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION FOR LADIES, Tufnell

Park, Camden Road, London.

Reopens September 18.

Fee for Residents in Finishing School, 60 Guineas per annum.

Fee for Residents in Middle School, 40 Guineas per annum.

Fee for Residents in Elementary School, 30 Guineas per annum.

Payment reckoned from Entrance.

Governors—Students received. Certificates granted.

For Prospectuses, with List of Rev.-Patrons and Lady-Patronesses, address Mrs. MORSE, Lady-Principal, at the College.

GORDON COLLEGE for LADIES, 57 Gordon Square, W.C.,
conducted by Professors distinguished in Theology, Literature, Science, and Art, will OPEN on October 8.—For Prospectuses, apply to the Lady-Resident.
AGNES CHARLES, Hon. Sec.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 Kensington
Square, affords DAY PUPILS a liberal Education, on moderate terms.—Applications for a Prospectus should be addressed to the HEAD-MASTER. Michaelmas Term commences September 19.

KENSINGTON PROPRIETARY SCHOOL.

Patron—The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LONDON.

President—The Ven. Archdeacon SINCLAIR, Vicar of Kensington.

Head-Master—The Rev. SAMSON KINGSFORD, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Assisted by Sixteen other Masters in Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, Modern Languages, &c.

Particulars as to Admission, Terms, Boarding-houses, &c., may be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER, 39 Kensington Square, W., or by letter to the Secretary, the Rev. J. F. GILL, M.A., 20 Kensington Square, W.
The Term commences on Thursday, September 3, 1868.

CLAPHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, London, S.W.—Head-
Master, Rev. ALFRED WIGLEY, M.A., F.R.S., &c., formerly Professor of Mathematics in the R.I.M.C., Addiscombe. Special Department for PUPILS preparing for the Civil and Military Services. Sciences, Experimental and Natural, taught. The next Term will commence on September 19, when a Scholarship of £20 a year will be awarded by competition.—Prospectus, with Terms, Honour List, &c., sent on application to the HEAD-MASTER, or to W. H. BARTLETT & Co., 186 Fleet Street, E.C.

UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, Lansdown, Bath.—The Rev.
THEODORE W. JAMES, M.A., Vice-Principal, has Vacancies for BOARDERS. At this School the Sons of Gentlemen are thoroughly prepared for the Universities; for the Sandhurst, Woolwich, East India Civil Service, Marine, Naval Cadetship, and other Competitive Examinations; and for the several Professions.—Address, Rev. THEODORE W. JAMES, 1 Lansdown Crescent, Bath.

CIVIL SERVICE and ARMY.—Mr. W. M. LUPTON
(Author of "English History and Arithmetic for Competitive Examinations") has GENTLEMEN preparing for all Departments of both Services.—Address, 15 Beaufort Building, Strand.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, DIRECT COMMISSIONS,
INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, &c.—The Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A., formerly Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the Royal Military College, Addiscombe, prepares PUPILS for the above.—Bromsgrove House, Croydon.

MILITARY EDUCATION.—CANDIDATES for Woolwich,
Sandhurst, or Direct Commissions, and OFFICERS entering the Staff College, PREPARED for the Examination by a retired CAPTAIN of ENGINEERS, who has passed through the Senior Department, Royal Military College, Sandhurst, served in the Crimea, &c., and has been peculiarly successful in Military Tuition. Highest references.—Address, A. D. C., Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall.

PREPARATION for the ARMY and UNIVERSITIES.—A
MARRIED RECTOR in South Shropshire, Graduate of Trin. Coll. Camb., and an old Rugbyman, who takes Four Pupils, has TWO VACANCIES. Classics, Mathematics, French, and thorough German; and in addition to the comforts of a Home of a higher order, some Shooting and Fishing. Highest references. Terms, inclusive, from £150.—Address, GRADUATE, Post Office, Much Wenlock, Salop.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE.—PUPILS are prepared for
Winchester and the other Public Schools at The Grange, Ewell, Surrey, by Dr. BEHR, whose Pupils have had distinguished success. At the last Examination at Winchester College, one of Dr. Behr's Pupils gained the Third Place in a Competition with 128 Candidates.—For terms and full particulars address Dr. BEHR, The Grange, Ewell, near Epsom, Surrey.

FOLKESTONE.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A. of Jesus
College, Cambridge, and Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, late Principal of the Elphinstone Institution, Bombay, prepare PUPILS for the Indian Civil Service and other Competitive Examinations.—Terms and references on application.

TUITION at OXFORD.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN,
who is partly engaged in College work at Oxford, receives into his House Two or three PUPILS to prepare for Matriculation or other Examinations. Special facilities offered to Candidates for Scholarships.—Address, M.A., care of Messrs. Street Brothers, Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

EDUCATION at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, for the SONS of
GENTLEMEN, who are thoroughly prepared by a CLERGYMAN, Graduate of Oxford, for the Universities, Public Schools, Competitive Examinations, &c.—For Prospectus, apply to the Rev. M.A., Belmont House, or to Mr. BIVER, 46 Regent Street, W.

EDUCATION (superior) in GERMANY, where the SONS of
GENTLEMEN are thoroughly prepared for the Universities, Professional, and other pursuits. A very liberal Table kept; kind treatment, and best Society. Highest references in London.—For an Interview or Prospectus, address Pastor VILMAR, University and School Agency, 46 Regent Street, W.

EDUCATION.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, formerly
Scholar of his College (Oxford), and a Second-class Man, receives PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools. At several of these he has had great success, and his Pupils have, in the last Two Years, obtained Two Scholarships at Wellington College. Name and references given on application. Inclusive terms, 60 Guineas.—Address, No. 25, care of Messrs. Biver & Co., 46 Regent Street, W.

EDUCATION.—The RECTOR (Married) of a small Country
Parish, Graduate of Trin. Coll. Camb., and an old Rugbyman, is desirous of receiving Two or Three PUPILS between the ages of Ten and Fourteen. Terms on application. References required.—Address, Rev. N. A., Mr. Coote's, Bookseller, Yeovil, Somerset.

THE Rev. WILLIAM CHAMBERS, M.A., late Fellow and
Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford, receives FOUR PUPILS to prepare for the Universities.—Address, West Isley, Newbury.

TUITION, MATHEMATICAL and CLASSICAL.—A
CLERGYMAN (High Wrangler, Scholar, and University Prizeman) of great experience and success in Tuition, who receives EIGHT PUPILS to be prepared for the University or Competitive Examinations, has Two Vacancies next Term. Situation most healthy on South Coast. Terms, 120 Guineas per annum.—Address, Rev. M.A., 29 Duncan Terrace, London, N.

TECHNICAL and SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION, ALEX-
ANDRA PARK COLLEGE, Hornsey, near the Rectory.—Thorough Instruction in the ENGLISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE, French and German Conversation every day. Workshops for Mechanical Instruction, Chemical Laboratory, Courses of Scientific Lectures, Office for Keeping Accounts, and preparation for Business. Terms, 40 to 50 Guineas per annum. Principal—Mr. C. F. NEWCOMBE.

FOLKESTONE.—TUITION for the UNIVERSITY.—A CLERGYMAN, residing in the above bracing place, takes FOUR PUPILS, and will have One or Two Vacancies in September.—For terms and references, address, Q. X., Post Office, Folkestone.

EDUCATION.—The RECTOR (Married) of a Country Parish In Notts has room for SIX BOYS, to be prepared for the Public Schools or otherwise.—Address, Rev. A. R. D. FRANKLIN, Lumbly Rectory, Nottingham.

EDUCATION.—Dr. MARTIN REED, of Hurst Court, Hastings, receives the SONS of GENTLEMEN between the ages of Six and Eighteen. First-class Private School.—Highest references and full particulars on application.

THE Rev. A. L. HUSSEY, M.A., Ch. Ch. Oxford, prepares BOYS for the Public Schools, at Peterley House, near High Wycombe, Bucks. Post-town, Great Missenden.

THE Rev. A. J. D. DORSEY, B.D. Camb., assisted by Professors of King's College, London, Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge, and eminent Orientalists, will receive, on October 1, SIX SONS of NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN, to be prepared for Diplomatic and Parliamentary Life, Army and Navy, Civil Service, &c.—Address, 13 Princes Square, Kensington Gardens, W.

PRIVATE TUITION at the SEA-SIDE.—The RECTOR of a pleasant but very quiet watering-place, formerly Scholar of Trin. Coll. Camb., and High Wmester, with Ten years' experience in Tuition, prepares FIVE PUPILS for the Universities, &c. One Vacancy.—Address, Rev. R. C. M. ROUSE, Rectory, Southwold.

THE CONTINENT.—The ENGLISH CHAPLAIN at one of the most favoured places of resort in the South of France, and who will spend a Month in Germany or Switzerland before going South for the Winter, is seeking a Youth, of about Fifteen, as PUPIL, who would have an excellent opportunity for studying Foreign Languages. His references are:—REV. CHAPLAIN, care of Messrs. Gellatly, son, & Worton, 3 St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, E.C.

TO MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT and LITERATI.—A READER and COLLABORATOR supplies COPIES, REFERENCES, and TRANSLATIONS.—Address, S. Y., in Gloucester Street, Queen's Square, W.C.

TO INVALIDS requiring a SEA VOYAGE and RESIDENCE in a GENIAL CLIMATE.—A duly-qualified PRACTITIONER, of Colonial experience (Married), having selected the Colony of Natal for his residence, has entered into arrangements for the adaptation of a commodious House and extensive Premises in one of the best localities, where he will be enabled to receive a limited number of PATIENTS, to whom are offered the special advantages of Effort and Professional Attendance on the Voyage, and a well-arranged Home in this remarkably healthy Colony. Terms moderate. Highest references given and required.—Apply, Managers, "Cape and Natal News" Office, 29 Bow Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

A MARRIED MEDICAL MAN, having a large House standing in its own Grounds, would receive an INVALID LADY GENTLEMAN, requiring a quiet comfortable Home. Carriage kept.—Address, M. B., Post Office, Croydon.

A HOME in the beautiful VALE of LLANGOLLEN is offered to a LADY or GENTLEMAN seeking retirement. The House is situated amid lovely scenery on the Banks of the Dee, and one mile from a Railway Station. Excellent Fishing close to the House.—Address, Llangollen, care of Mr. G. Street, 20 Cornhill, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN requiring RESIDENCE and PARTIAL BOARD, with a Private Family, in a very pleasant and rural locality, may hear of same by addressing E. C., care of Mr. Watkins, Baker, Horney, N.

A LADY is anxious to procure for a YOUNG GIRL, Nineteen years of age, a Situation as SECOND NURSE or SCHOOLROOM MAID, and to wait on Young Ladies. She leaves her present Situation the beginning of September.—Address, L. S. JONES, Stationer, Upper Clapton.

CHANGE OF NAME.—The LEGAL CO-OPERATIVE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, Limited, by virtue of a Special Resolution of the Company, and with the approval of the Board of Trade, has changed its Name to the LEGAL, CLERICAL, and MEDICAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, Limited. Forms of Application for Shares, 4s. each, £1 paid up (entitling Members to Free Delivery of Goods), and Annual Tickets, price 2s. 6d., available for Twelve Months from the date of issue, and Price Lists, price 2s., can be obtained at the Stores, 374 Euston Road (near Portland Road Station); and at the Office of the Society, 1 Curator Street, Chancery Lane, W.C.

BEDFORD HOTEL, Brighton.—Every endeavour is made to render this Hotel equal to its long-existing repute. The Coffee-room, with extensive Sea-frontage, has been enlarged and improved. Communications to "The Manager" will be promptly attended to.

MARGATE.—The ROYAL HOTEL and ASSEMBLY ROOMS.—The Hotel Department is conducted upon the Parisian principle. Breakfast and Dinner à la Carte. Beds, 2s. to 5s. A good Café and Billiard Room. Table-d'Hôte at Two o'clock.

MALVERN.—HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT and HOME for INVALIDS. Physicians—Dr. WILSON and Dr. RAYNER.—For Prospectus apply to the House Steward.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, S.W. Physician—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Turkish Baths on the Premises.

STEAM YACHTS.—Messrs. YARROW & HEDLEY, Engineers, Isle of Dogs, Poplar, have for immediate delivery, a STEAM YACHT, 36ft. long, by 6ft. 6in. beam; single Screw; 3-horse power; speed 7½ miles an hour; price £195. Also, a nearly New Twin Screw YACHT, 37ft. long, by 6ft. beam; 6-horse power; speed 10 miles an hour; price £390.

T. McLEAN begs to call attention to his Method of CLEANING and RESTORING OIL PAINTINGS, a Branch of Art which, with Valuable Pictures, it is so dangerous to neglect.—T. McLEAN, 7 Haymarket.

SAFE INVESTMENTS for CAPITAL. Dividends can be secured 10 to 20 per cent. per annum upon the Outlay. CAPITALISTS, SHAREHOLDERS, INVESTORS, TRUSTEES, requiring reliable Information and seeking safe and profitable Investments, should read SHARP'S INVESTMENT CIRCULAR for AUGUST (post free). GRANVILLE SHARP & CO., Stock and Share Brokers, 32 Poultry, London, E.C.

SAFE and PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—Mr. THOMPSON has been favoured with a REPORT on the ROYAL TIN MINE from Captain JAMES SECORDE, of Liskeard, a copy of which may be had at his Office, and from which the following is an extract:

"After carefully considering the matter, and making due allowance for contingencies, I have arrived at the following conclusions, viz.:
1st. That the supply of tin-stuff is practically inexhaustible.
2nd. That, with the present stamps and appliances, an excellent monthly profit can be realized from stuff of the quality produced at and above the 15th level.
3rd. That the stuff at the 25th level is 10 per cent. richer than what is obtained above that level; therefore, when the incline is carried down to it, a proportionate increase of profit will be the result; and, lastly, that by increasing the stamping power, the profits will be increased pro rata.
I may further say, that I believe the deeper the operations are carried the greater will be the percentage of tin in the elvan be found.
4th. The stuff at the 25th can be returned at fully 15 per cent. less cost per ton than that at the 15, on account of its being softer, and the extra proportion of tin in it may be set down as additional profit."
In a letter he says: "It (Royallon) is the best bit of mining property, so far as the certainty of durability is concerned, that I have ever seen."

In another letter he says further: "I beg to hand you the following calculation of results, presuming that level above the 25th be worked by forty-eight heads of stamps, viz.:
Forty-eight heads will stamp 80 tons per day, equal to 2,980 tons per month, which I estimate will yield 150s. to the ton, or 13 tons 18 cwt. 2 qrs., which at 50s. 10d. (the last price obtained) amounts to £814 12s. 3d., as the return for one month. From this must be deducted the cost, which, including Lords' dues and every other charge, would not exceed £300 per month, thus showing a net profit of over £500 per month, which might be increased by additional stamping power.
In estimating the cost of working the 25th only, I have made allowance for the additional expenses attending the increased depth below the stamps from which the stamps are now supplied."

Mr. THOMPSON, in considering the matter carefully over, is of opinion that by increasing the number of Stamps, as proposed, the Mine might readily be made to pay from its present workings £10,000 per annum, equal to £1 per Share. There is, however, a very extensive estate, and additional workings might be commenced on the elvan a quarter of a mile to the eastward, with results equally certain and satisfactory.
There is no investment whatever offering so large a return, or more entirely free from risk. The Shares are now at a very low price. For further particulars apply to MR. THOMAS THOMPSON, Mining Offices, 12 Old Jewry Chambers, London, E.C.

THE NATIONAL BANK of SCOTLAND.

LONDON OFFICE.—37 NICHOLAS LANE, E.C.
CIRCULAR NOTES and CREDITS are issued Free of Charge, available in all parts of Scotland, North of England, and Ireland. Also in all the Principal Towns on the Continent of Europe, and, generally, in every British Colony and Foreign Country throughout the World.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE.—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.
Branches.—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, & CO., and BANK OF ENGLAND. Branches in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Aggra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Banks, and interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:
At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.
At 4 ditto ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto
At 3 ditto ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto

Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.
Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.
Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.
Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.
Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.
J. THOMSON, Chairman.

ATTENTION IS INVITED TO THE REPORT OF THE SIXTH SEPTENNIAL INVESTIGATION OF THE SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

And to the Special Pamphlet explaining its economical and popular system of Minimum Premiums.—Copies free on application.
LONDON OFFICES.—1 THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.

SETTLEMENT POLICIES may be effected with the NORTH UNION LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, either before or after Marriage, by which an inalienable Provision may be made for a Family at the expenses only of the Ordinary Life Insurance Premium, and without the appointment of Trustees by the Assured.—For Prospectuses, showing the mode by which this object, hitherto unattainable, is carried out, and for copy of Report, apply to the Society's Offices, 50 Fleet Street, E.C.

FOUNDED 1836. LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

10 FLEET STREET, E.C.
Policies of this Society are guaranteed by very ample Funds; receive Nine-tenths of the total Profits as Bonus; enjoy peculiar "Whole-World" and other distinctive privileges; and are protected by special conditions against liability to future question.
New Assurances in 1867 £462,000
Corresponding New Premiums £4,830
E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 PALL MALL, LONDON.
Established 1803.
SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, £1,600,000. LOSSES PAID, £3,000,000.
Fire Insurances granted on every description of Property, at Home and Abroad, at moderate rates. Claims liberally and promptly settled.
JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

(Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)
CHIEF OFFICES.—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH—29 PALL MALL.
FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.
The Duty on Fire Assurances has been reduced to the uniform rate of 1s. 6d. per cent. per annum.
No Charge is made by this Corporation for Fire Policy or Stamp, however small the Assurance may be.
Life Assurances with or without participation in Profits.
Divisions of Profits every Five Years.
Any sum up to £10,000 is payable on the same Life.
The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.
A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.
The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a Half.
A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.
ROBERT F. STEELE, Secretary.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1820.
The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £750,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than seven years' purchase of the total Annual Income.
Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided amongst the Assured every Fifth Year.
Assurance of all kinds. Without Profit, at considerably reduced Rates.
Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.
The most Liberal Conditions of respect of Foreign Residence and Travel, Revival of Lapsed Policies, and Surrender Values.
Whole-World Licences free of charge, when the circumstances are favourable.
Endowments for Children.
Annuities—Immediate, Deferred, or Reversionary.
Notices of Assignment registered and acknowledged without a fee.
The revised Prospectus, with full Particulars and Tables, to be obtained at the Company's Offices in London, 1 Old Broad Street, E.C., and 16 Pall Mall, S.W., and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.
ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,

1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.
The Oldest Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1696. Extended to Life, 1836.
The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.
RETURNS FOR 1868.
FIRE DEPARTMENT—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.
LIFE DEPARTMENT—55 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above Five Years' standing.
ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (23th December 1867), £1,191,968.
The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, Tailors to the Queen, Royal Family,

and the Courts of Europe.
LONDON (114, 116, 118, 120 Regent Street; and 122 Cornhill).
MANCHESTER—10 Mosley Street.
LIVERPOOL—50 Bold Street.
FOR TOURISTS and for AUGUST and SEPTEMBER SHOOTING, NICOLL'S JACKETS, with Cartridge Pockets, in various Mixed Colours of Waterproof Cheviot, Wash Cloth, cool and strong as Linen, resisting the Thorn and Dump, and more adapted to the variable Climate than any other fabric, the cost of each with Silk sleeve Linings being 31s. 6d.
LIGHT CHEVIOT SUITS, from £2 2s.
H. J. & D. NICOLL, Merchant Clothiers.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS and CHURCH DECORATIONS.

HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE,
GARRICK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.
Illustrated Catalogue, post free, 3s. 6d.
PRIZE MEDAL—LONDON AND PARIS.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS and HERALDIC DEVICES.

Designed and Engraved as Gems of Art. Steel Dies Engraved.—NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES Stamped in Colour Relief, and Illustrated in the most elegant Style. CARDS PLATE elegantly engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed, for 4s. 6d. WEDDING CARDS, WEDDING ENVELOPES, BALL PROGRAMMES, CARDS, and BILLS OF FARE, Printed and Stamped with Crest or Address, in the latest Fashion.
HENRY RODRIGUES, 42 PICCADILLY, LONDON.

HEAL & SON, Tottenham Court Road, W.

IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS.—HEAL & SON have on Show 130 Patterns of IRON and BRASS BED-STEADS, ready fixed for inspection in their extensive Show Rooms, and their Stock consists of 2,000 Bedsteads, so that they supply Orders on the shortest notice.

Manufacture—196, 197, 198 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

HEAL & SON, Tottenham Court Road, W.

BATHS and TOILET WARE.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the display of BATHS and TOILET WARE. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever presented to the Public, and marked at prices proportionate to those that have tended to establish the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; make this establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; make this establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; make this establishment the most distinguished in this country.

THE BEST SHOW OF IRON BEDSTEADS in the Kingdom is WILLIAM S. BURTON'S.—He has Four Large Rooms devoted to the exclusive show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and Bed-hangings. Portable Folding Bedsteads from 11s.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent locking, from 14s. 6d.; and Cots from 15s. 6d. each; handsome ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from 42 12s. 6d. to 420.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post free. It contains upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of

STERLING SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE,
NICKEL SILVER AND
BRITANNIA METAL GOODS,
DISH COVERS, HOT-WATER DISHES,
STOVES and FENDERS,
MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECES,
KITCHEN RANGES,
LAMP, GASELIERES,
TEA TRAYS,
URNS and KETTLES,
TABLE CUTLERY,
CLOCKS and CANDELABRA,
BATHS and TOILET WARE,
IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS,
BEDDING and BED-HANGINGS,
BED-ROOM CABINET FURNITURE,
TURNERY GOODS, &c.

With List of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty Large Show Rooms at 30 Oxford Street, W. 1, 1a, 2a, 3a, and 4, Newmarket Street 1, 2, 3, and 4, and 1 Newmarket Street, London.

INTENDING PURCHASERS of the SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS, TUCKER'S PATENT, or SOMMER TUCKER, are respectfully cautioned against various imitations and infringements, preserving somewhat the appearance of the original, but wanting all its essential advantages.

Each Genuine Mattress bears the Label "Tucker's Patent," and a Number. The Smees's Spring Mattress, Tucker's Patent, received a Gold Medal or Honourable Mention given to Bedding of any description at the International Exhibition, 1862, and may be obtained, price from 25s., of most respectable Bedding Warehousemen and Upholsterers, and Wholesale of the Manufacturers.

WILLIAM SMEE & SONS, Finsbury, near Moorgate Railway Terminus, London, E.C.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING (Carriage Bed).—See our new ILLUSTRATED FURNITURE CATALOGUE, nearly 500 Designs, with Prices Thirty per cent. less than any other House. The most complete and unique Guide ever published. Gratis from

LEWIN CHAWCOUR & CO., 73 and 75 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge.

PARQUET SOLIDAIRES (HOWARD'S PATENT, No. 1,548)

For Floors and Borderings to Rooms, &c.

Being manufactured by Steam Machinery, is laid complete at less cost than Turkey Carpets, being the advantage over the Foreign-made Parquets of staining perfectly and being cheaper. Architects' Designs adopted without Extra Cost. Illustrated Catalogues on application to

25 and 27 BEHNERS STREET, LONDON.

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and BEDROOM FURNITURE.—An ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with Prices of 1,000 Articles of BEDROOM FURNITURE, sent (free by post) on application to FILMER & SON, Upholsterers, 31 and 32 Berners Street, Oxford Street, W. 1, Factory, 31 and 35 Charles Street.

MACHINE-MADE JEWELLERY, 18-Carat Gold, 50 per cent. less than Hand-made, and more perfect.

Mr. EDWIN W. STREETER (late HANCOCK, BURNBROOK & CO.), 37 Conduit Street (Five Doors from Bond Street), where the celebrated Machine-made Jewellery, in 18-Carat Gold, so extensively introduced by Mr. STREETER, is only to be obtained.

CHUBB'S NEW PATENT SAFES, Steel-plated with Dia- gonal Bolts, to resist Wedges, Drills, and Fire. Lists of Prices, with 130 Illustrations of all sizes and qualities, of Chubb's Safes, Strong-room Doors, and Locks, sent free by CHUBB & SON, 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

PATENT ENCAUSTIC, GEOMETRICAL, and GLAZED TILES, Sound, Durable, and in bright Colours, for Churches, Halls, and Corridors.

Manufacturers, MALKIN & CO., Burslem, Staffordshire.

London Agents, HARLAND & FISHER, Ecclesiastical Decorators, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, where Designs and all Information may be had.

PURE CLARETS.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Wine Merchants, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W. beg to draw attention to the following Pure Unloaded WINES of their own special selection. Prices per dozen:

LIGHT BORDEAUX..... 21s. **FINE BORDEAUX**..... 36s.
An excellent Dinner Wine. A Desert Wine, with Bouquet.

In Cases of Three Dozens. Bottles and Cases included.

A Detailed List of other Wines as below forwarded on application:

CLARETS..... 18s. to 10s. A good Vin Ordinaire, up to choice

OLD VINAGE Wines of First Growth. 36s. to 51s.

CHAMPAGNES..... 36s. to 51s. A Light, Dry, Sparkling Wine, up

to choice Wines of First Brands. 36s. to 51s.

ROCKS..... 36s. to 51s. A Light Rhine Wine, up to choice

Grown. 36s. to 51s.

COGNAC BRANDIES. Fine Pure Pale Cognac, 51s. to very Old Liqueur Brandy, 90s.

The Wines may be tasted, and Orders are received, at the Cellars and Offices, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

TEAS.—Strong CONGOU, 2s. 6d. per lb. for Household Use; Fine CONGOU, 3s.; and Choice SOUCHONG, 3s. 6d. for Family Use; and the Drawing-room, Packed, in Tins of 6 lbs., 14 lbs., and 20 lbs., and Chests of 50 lbs. and 90 lbs.

Samples by post on application.

E. LAZENBY & SON, Tea Merchants, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CON- DIMENTS.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts, and by their Name, are compelled to caution the Public against the inferior Preparations which are put up and labelled in close imitation of their Goods, with a view to mislead the Public.

Consumers having difficulty in procuring the Genuine Articles are respectfully informed that they can be had direct from the Manufacturers, at their Foreign Warehouse, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

Price Lists post free on application.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle bears the well-known Label, signed "ELIZABETH HARVEY." This Label is protected by perpetual injunction in Chancery of the 8th July, 1858, and without it none can be genuine.

E. LAZENBY & SON, of 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, as Sole Proprietors of the Receipt for Harvey's Sauce, are compelled to give this Caution, from the fact that their Labels are closely imitated with a view to deceive Purchasers.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and Oilmen.

FIELD'S PATENT SELF-FITTING CANDLES.

CANDLES for the BALL ROOM, pure Spermaceti, Chinese Wax, and wickless Stearine, all with FIELD'S PATENT ENDS. These Candles will neither Smoke, Burn, nor Smoke. Coloured Candles of all shades.—Sold by all Dealers in Candles, and (wholesale only) by J. C. & J. FIELD, Patentees, Lambeth, London.

ALSOPP'S PALE and BURTON ALES.—The above ALES are now being supplied in the finest condition, in Bottles and in Casks, by FIND-LATER, MACKIE, & CO., 33 Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.

BOUDAULT'S PEPSINE POWDER.—Taken by Dyspeptics at each Meal, to assist Digestion. Used in the Hospitals of Paris since 1854.

P. & P. W. SQUIRE, Sole Agents for England, 277 Oxford Street, London.

BOUDAULT'S PEPSINE WINE, 4s.

Sole Medal Paris Exhibition 1867.

P. & P. W. SQUIRE, Sole Agents for England, 277 Oxford Street, London.

BOUDAULT'S PEPSINE PILLS, 3s.

Taken by Dyspeptics at each Meal, to assist Digestion.

P. & P. W. SQUIRE, Sole Agents for England, 277 Oxford Street, London.

LOZENGES of the RED GUM of AUSTRALIA.—For Relaxed Throat. In Bottles, 2s.

P. & P. W. SQUIRE, Chemists in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, 277 Oxford Street, London.

MURIATE of AMMONIA LOZENGES.—In Bottles, 2s.

Useful for Bronchitis, by loosening the Phlegm and preventing violent Fits of Coughing.

P. & P. W. SQUIRE (Gazetted August 8, 1857—December 31, 1867), Chemists on the Establishment in Ordinary to the Queen, 277 Oxford Street, London.

SCHWEPPES'S MINERAL WATERS.—By Special Appointment to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Every Bottle is protected by a Label having Name and Trade Mark.—Manufacturers, London, Liverpool, Derby, Bristol, Glasgow, Malvern.

PEPSINE.—Only Silver Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1867.—MOR-SON'S PEPSINE WINE, GLOBULES, and LOZENGES, the popular remedy for Weak Digestion. Manufactured by T. MORSON & SON, 31, 33, and 124 Southampton Row, Russell Square, London, W.C.—Bottles from 2s. Boxes from 2s. 6d. Globules in Bottles, from 2s.

LOSS of APPETITE speedily prevented by the FAMED TONIC BITTERS, "Waters' Quinine Wine," unsurpassed for strengthening the Digestive Organs. Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Confectioners, &c., at 30s. per Dozen.—WATERS & WILLIAMS, 2 Original Makers, 2 Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London.

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, PARALYSIS, RHEUMATISM, PAINS, and DEBILITY. Gent. Sciatics, Lumbago, Cramp, Neuralgia, and Liver Complaints, Nervous Deafness, Epilepsy, Indigestion, Functional Disorders, &c.—O. JOHAN, for ascertaining the efficacy, a TEST of real VOLTA-ELECTRIC Self-applicable CHAIN BANDS, BELTS, and Pocket Batteries, will be sent gratis for a week. Prices from 1s. to 22s., according to power. Combined Bands for restoring exhausted Vital Energy, 30s. to 40s. New Patent Self-restorable Chain Batteries, 23 to 24 complete. Pamphlet post free.—J. L. PULVERMAKER, Patentee, Galvanic Establishment, 260 Regent Street, W., London.

WHITE and SOUND TEETH ensured by using JEWELRY & BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.

Established 40 Years as the most agreeable and effectual preservative for the Teeth and Gums. Sold universally in Pots at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

None Genuine unless signed JEWELRY & BROWN, Manchester.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY (Patented System).—All other Processes entirely superseded by Messrs. LEWIN MOSELEY & SONS, the Original and only Practitioners of the true System of Painless Dentistry. The prominent advantages are thus summarily characterised by the "Lancet," the Medical Profession, and the Press:—

1. Perfect immunity from pain; every kind of operation avoided; unparalleled comfort, utility, economy, durability; a wonderfully lifelike appearance; fees considerably less than usually charged for ordinary descriptions of artificial teeth. 2. Messrs. LEWIN MOSELEY & SONS (the Old-established English Dentists), 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, Strand, and over the Telegraph Office. Teeth from 5s. Sets from 5 to 30 Guineas. Consultation and every information free.

DR. DE JONGH'S

(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,

Prescribed as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Universally recommended by the highest Medical Authorities to be THE ONLY COD LIVER OIL invariably pure, uniformly excellent,

PALATABLE, AND EASILY TAKEN.

Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, observes:—"I consider Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

Dr. EDWARD SMITH, F.R.S., Medical Officer to the Poor Law Board, in his work "On Consumption," writes:—"We think it a great advantage that there is one kind of Cod Liver Oil which is universally admitted to be genuine—the Light-Brown Oil supplied by Dr. De Jongh."

Sold only in capsuled IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., by respectable Chemists.

SOLE CONSIGNERS,

ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

BOOKS, &c.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—NEW BOOKS.—NOTICE.

Nearly all the Books advertised in this day's "Saturday Review" are in Circulation, or on Sale, at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY. Fresh Copies of all the principal Books of the Season continue to be added as the demand increases, and ample supplies are provided of all the best Foreign Books as they appear. First-class Subscriptions, One Guinea per annum, commencing at any date. Book Societies supplied on liberal terms.

Mudie's Select Library, New Oxford Street, City Office, 4 King Street, Cheapside.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—CHEAP BOOKS.—NOTICE.—REVISED CATALOGUES of SURPLUS COPIES of RECENT BOOKS withdrawn from MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, for Sale at greatly Reduced Prices, are now ready, and will be forwarded, postage free, on application. These Catalogues represent a Collection of Fifteen Thousand Volumes of Works of the Best Authors in Ornamental Bindings for Presents and Libraries, and more than One Hundred Thousand Volumes of Second-hand Books of the Past and Present Seasons suitable for Libraries and Public Institutions.

Mudie's Select Library, New Oxford Street, London; City Office, 4 King Street, Cheapside.

THE UNITED LIBRARIES, 307 Regent Street, W.

Subscriptions from One Guinea to any amount, according to the supply required. All the best new Books, English, French, and German, immediately on publication. Prospectuses, with Lists of New Publications, gratis and post free.

* * * A Clearance Catalogue of Surplus Books offered for Sale at greatly Reduced Prices may also be had free on application.

BOOTH'S, CHURTON'S, HODGSON'S, and SAUNDERS & OTLEY'S United Libraries, 307 Regent Street, near the Polytechnic.

In preparation,

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK for 1869 is intended to be the BEST, the MOST COMPLETE, and the CHEAPEST ALMANACK ever published in England.

This day, 8vo. 6d.

LORD REDESDALE'S SPEECH in the HOUSE of LORDS, on Friday, July 17, 1868, on moving for a Copy of the Coronation Oath; with a Reply to an Article in the "Saturday Review."

RIVINGTONS, Waterloo Place, London; Oxford, and Cambridge.

Just published, 8vo. 4d.

THE CHURCH and the METHODISTS: a Few Remarks on Recent Proposals for their Reunion. By the REV. CHARLES HOLLAND HOBBS, Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford.

RIVINGTONS, Waterloo Place, London; Oxford, and Cambridge.

Large crown 8vo. 1,100 pp. cloth, new style, gilt top, 16s.; half morocco, flexible back, 21s. Postage, 1s.

TOWNSEND'S MANUAL of DATES, 11,000 Articles, (The Standard Work on the Subject.)

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

Just published, in 8vo. price 10s. 6d. cloth,
ECCE AGNUS DEI: or, Christianity without Mystery.
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Just published, in fcp. 8vo. price 3s. 6d. cloth,
TREFOIL: Verses by Three.
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Just published, in 8vo. price 2s. 6d. cloth,
ON the STRATIFICATION of LANGUAGE, the Rede Lecture, delivered in the Senate House before the University of Cambridge, May 29, 1868, by MAX MÜLLER, M.A. Prof. of Comparative Philology at Oxford, Hon. Doctor of Law in the University of Cambridge.
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.—DR. DE FIVAS' WORKS
FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, and PRIVATE STUDENTS.

Thirtieth Edition.
DE FIVAS' NEW GRAMMAR of FRENCH GRAMMARS.
With Exercises and Examples illustrative of every Rule. By Dr. V. de Fivas, M.A., F.R.S., Member of the Grammatical Society of Paris, &c. 12mo. handsomely bound, price 3s. 6d.—A KEY to the same, 2s. 6d.

Seventeenth Edition.
DE FIVAS' NEW GUIDE to MODERN FRENCH CONVERSATION. 18mo. strongly half-bound, 2s. 6d.

Twelfth Edition.
DE FIVAS, BEAUTÉS des ÉCRIVAINS FRANÇAIS, Anciens et Modernes. Ouvrage Classique, à l'usage des Collèges et des Institutions. 12mo. bound, 2s. 6d.

Nineteenth Edition.
DE FIVAS, INTRODUCTION à la LANGUE FRANÇAISE; ou, Fables et Contes Choisis; Anecdotes Instructives, Faits Mémorables, &c. 12mo. bound, 2s. 6d.

Third Edition.
DE FIVAS, Le TRÉSOR NATIONAL; or, Guide to the Translation of English into French at Sight. 12mo. bound, 2s. 6d.—A KEY to the same, 2s.
London: Lockwood & Co., 7 Stationers' Hall Court.

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.—DR. FALCK LEBAHN'S GERMAN SCHOOL BOOKS.

"As an educational writer in the German tongue, Dr. Lebahn stands alone: none other has made even a distant approach to him."—*British Standard.*

Seventh Edition.
LEBAHN'S GERMAN LANGUAGE in One Volume. Containing a Practical Grammar; Outline: a Tale, with Explanatory Notes; a Vocabulary of 4,500 Words, synonymous in English and German. Crown 8vo. cloth, 8s. With KEY, 10s. 6d. KEY, separate, 2s. 6d.

Third Edition.
LEBAHN'S FIRST GERMAN COURSE. Crown 8vo. cloth, price 2s. 6d.

Fifth Edition.
LEBAHN'S FIRST GERMAN READER. Crown 8vo. cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Seventh Edition.
LEBAHN'S EDITION of SCHMIDT'S HENRY von EICHENFELS. With Vocabulary and Familiar Dialogues. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

LEBAHN'S GERMAN CLASSICS. With Notes and Complete Vocabulary. Crown 8vo. cloth, each 3s. 6d.

1. PETER SCHLEIMMEL. By CHAMISSO.
2. EGMONT: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By Goethe.
3. WILHELM TELL: a Drama. By Schiller.
4. GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN. By Goethe.
5. PAGENSTREICHE: a Page's Frolics. By Kotzebue.
6. EMILIA GALOTTI: a Tragedy. By Lessing.
7. UNDINE: a Tale. By Fouqué.
8. SELECTIONS FROM THE GERMAN POETS.

LEBAHN'S GERMAN COPY-BOOK: a Series of Exercises in German Penmanship, beautifully engraved on Steel. 4to. sewed, 2s. 6d.

LEBAHN'S SELF-INSTRUCTOR in GERMAN. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. 6d.

MRS. LEBAHN'S GERMAN FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS.
THE LITTLE SCHOLAR'S FIRST STEP in the GERMAN LANGUAGE. By Mrs. FALCK LEBAHN. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR'S FIRST STEP in GERMAN READING. By Mrs. FALCK LEBAHN. 18mo. cloth, 1s.
London: Lockwood & Co., 7 Stationers' Hall Court.

Just published, small 8vo. pp. 133, price 2s. 6d.
GERMAN SIMPLIFIED: a Complete Grammar on the New Continental System; with Exercises on all the Rules, Dialogues, &c. Revised by a German Professor. No Key required.
London: SIMPSON, MARSHALL, & CO.; S. M. & A. WARREN, 1 Edwards Terrace, Kensington.

Lately published, 6d.
SIR EARDLEY WILMOT'S LETTER to PROTESTANTS on the IRISH CHURCH.
"The Recorder of Warwick is a very able champion of the Protestant cause."—*Law Times.*
Hatchard & Co., Piccadilly. And all Booksellers.

Fifth Thousand, 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. cloth, 10s.
A MANUAL of BRITISH BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS.
By H. T. STANTON, F.R.S. Containing Descriptions of nearly Two Thousand Species, interspersed with Readable Matter, and above Two Hundred Woodcuts.
JOHN VAN VOORST, 1 Paternoster Row.

Just published, 2s. 6d.
WHAT SHOULD WE DRINK? An Inquiry suggested by Mr. Beckwith's "Practical Notes on Wine." By JAMES L. DENMAN.
LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., Paternoster Row.

MR. NEWBY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.
ROKE'S WIFE. By the Author of "Little Miss Fairfax."
"It is imbued with all the talent that characterized 'Little Miss Fairfax.'"—*Telegraph.*
"An admirable tale. The author is an able hand at delineating character."—*Albion.*

MR. VERNON.
"Gracefully written. The work of a cultivated mind."—*Scotsman.*

ONLY TEMPER. By the Author of "Wondrous Strange."

THE TWO LIVES of WILFRID HARRIS. By F. WEDMORE.
"Mr. Wedmore writes with healthy enthusiasm and good taste; his lighter sketches are amusing, while the main theme of the hero's moral progress under his increasing misfortunes breathes a true and noble lesson, such as we do not too often find in modern fiction."—*Spectator.*
"It is cleverly conceived."—*Morning Star.*
"Real satisfaction will be experienced by all who read this novel."—*Era.*

THE TALK of the TOWN: a Novel. 3 vols. [Just ready.]

THE BRAMBLE HUT. By the Author of "The Angle House." [Just ready.]

SOCIAL SKETCHES, in Verse. By ROSE E. THACKERAY. 5s.
WILLIAM of NORMANDY—HENRY the SECOND—OFFA, KING of MERCA: Three Historical Plays, each in Five Acts. By HENRY J. VERLINDER, M.A., late of St. John's, Cambridge. Author of "The Bride of Rougemont." 1 vol.

Monthly, 1s.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

No. CVII. (for SEPTEMBER).

CONTENTS:

1. WOMEN PHYSICIANS.
2. MR. HELPS' "REALMAH." (Continued.)
3. PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S LECTURE TO WORKING-MEN "ON A PIECE OF CHALK."
4. MR. AUBREY DE VERE'S "AUTUMNAL ODE."
5. "THE BEUST RÉGIME IN AUSTRIA."
6. MISS YONGE'S "CHAPLET OF PEARLS." (Continued.)
7. MR. EDWARD DICEY ON "THE CANDIDATES FOR NEXT PARLIAMENT."

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

On Friday, the 28th inst., No. CV.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER. Price 1s.

With Two Illustrations by M. Ellen Edwards.

CONTENTS:

- THE BRAMLEIGHS of BISHOP'S FOLLY.** With an Illustration.
Chapter 51.—Lady Cuddif's Letter.
" 52.—Dealing with Cuddif.
" 53.—The Client and his Lawyer.
" 54.—A First Glimpse of Light.
" 55.—The Light Stronger.
- THOUGHTFULNESS IN DRESS.**
POCKET BOROUGHS.
THE STOCKBROKER AT DINGLEWOOD. With an Illustration.
"THE ENGLISH ARE NOT A MUSICAL PEOPLE." By G. A. MacFARREN.
THEOLOGY IN EXTREMIS.
THE VICTORIA: a Story of an Old Spanish Rover.

SMITH, ELDER, & Co., 65 Cornhill.

On the 28th instant, the SEPTEMBER Number of the

TEMPLE BAR MAGAZINE. Price 1s.

CONTENTS:

1. KITTY. By the Author of "Dr. Jacob," "John and I," &c.
Chapter 27.—Pitfalls.
" 28.—What Dead Sea Apples taste of.
" 29.—At Fontainebleau.
" 30.—A Reprieve and a Sentence.
" 31.—Laura's Slippers.
" 32.—Ire Amantium, &c.
" 33.—Pastures New.
2. IN REMEMBRANCE of the INAUGURATION of the LUTHER MEMORIAL, June 25, 1868.
3. SWEET NELLY HUNTINGDON. By the Author of "From Olympus to Hades," &c.
4. THE CAREER and CHARACTER of RAJAH BROOKE.
5. CAPTAIN TINDERBOX. By the Author of "£300 Reward."
6. WHAT'S HE TO DO? By Captain HAWLEY SMART.
7. A NIGHT ADVENTURE.
8. HATHERTON HALL.
9. THE HAUNTED GARDEN.
10. VERA. A Story by a New Writer. Chapters 6 to 10.

RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington Street.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S MAGAZINE.

On the 28th inst. will be ready,

SAINT PAULS for SEPTEMBER. Price 1s.

CONTENTS:

1. THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD. By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," &c.
2. AMERICAN RECONSTRUCTION.
3. A SONG of ANGOLIA in HEAVEN.
4. OUR ARCHITECTURE.
5. A STRUGGLE FOR MASTERY.
6. WHO WAS THE FIRST PRINTER?
7. THE NORFOLK BROADS.
8. GIAMPIETRO VIEUSSEUX, THE FLORENTINE BOOKSELLER.
9. PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. With an Illustration.

N.B.—This Number completes the Second Volume, which may now be had, cloth, 7s. 6d.

London and New York: VINTAGE & Co.

This day, published Weekly, price 6d., No. XXI. of

THE CHROMOLITHOGRAPH: a Journal of Art, Decoration, and the Accomplishments.

Contains the following Illustrations: "Return from Market." Chromolithograph after Sir A. Colcott, R.A.—"A Portuguese Peasant Girl," Water-colour Drawing by S. Bird—Vase Drawing by J. Needham.

Also, Instructive Lessons in Art Accomplishments by the most eminent Masters.

London: ZONN & Co., 81 Fleet Street, E.C.

RAILWAYS STRANGLED and DEVELOPED.—THE

BUILDER of this Week contains Fine View of the Ancient Church, Dunstable. The Amphitheatre at Cirencester, with Plan and Section—View of an Ancient German Gravelstone—Railways Strangled and Railways Developed—The Fairford Glass and Albert Durrant Bedford Castle—Partnerships of Industry—and other Articles; with all the News, Sanitary, Social, and Artistic. 4d.; or by post, 5d.

1 York Street, Covent Garden; and all Newsmen.

ENGLISH AND EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE MAIL:

A Paper containing the News, the Principal Leaders, a well-digested Summary, and all interesting Matter from the "Times."

The Newspaper hitherto known as the "Evening Mail," having become the property of the Proprietors of the "Times," is now published Twice a Week, under the title of

THE MAIL,

At the price of Threepence per Copy as heretofore, or 8d. a Week post free.

The days of publication will be Tuesday and Friday, and each Paper will contain the News and all matters of Interest appearing in the Three previous Numbers of the "Times," which will thus be rendered available, in a cheap and convenient form, for persons residing Abroad or in the Colonies.

Subscribers can obtain THE MAIL through Newspaper Agents, or may have it from the Publisher, on prepayment, at Printing House Square, London.

PHOTOGRAPHS of every Description may be inspected, and detailed CATALOGUES obtained, at MARION & CO.'s, 27 and 29 Soho Square, London (Publishing Department on the First Floor).
N.B.—Very Fine PHOTOGRAPHS of HER MAJESTY'S TOUR in SWITZERLAND, from 6d. to 12s. 6d. each. Also of the PICTURES and SCULPTURE by the OLD MASTERS in the Foreign Galleries.

August 22, 1868.]

The Saturday Review.

NOTICE.—This day is published, No. XIV. (for SEPTEMBER) of
TINSLEY'S MAGAZINE: an Illustrated
 Monthly. Conducted by EDMUND YATES. 1s.

- CONTENTS:**
- 1. **BREAKING A BUTTERFLY:** Or, *Blanche Ellerslie's Ending.* By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," &c. Chapters 6-9. With an Illustration.
 - 2. **CRITICISMS ON CONTEMPORARIES.** No. II.—Mr. Matthew Arnold.
 - 3. **ROBINSON TOM.** With an Illustration.
 - 4. **A HOUSE OF CARDS.** A Novel. Book II. Chapter 5.—Trying Back. Chapter 6.—People of Importance.
 - 5. **LIVERPOOL CHARITIES.**
 - 6. **AN ANCIENT GENTLEMAN'S IMPRESSIONS.**
 - 7. **FOUND DROWNED.** With an Illustration.
 - 8. **ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHS.** By an American. No. VIII.
 - 9. **THE ROCK AHEAD.** By EDMUND YATES. Book III. Chapter 8.—A Last Message. Chapter 9.—Twelve Months after.
 - 10. **ELLE ET LUL.**

THE ADVENTURES of a BRIC-A-BRAC HUNTER. By Major BYNG HALL. 1 vol. 7s. 6d. [Nearly ready.]

A WINTER TOUR in SPAIN. By the Author of "Altogether Wrong," "Dacia Singleton," &c. 1 vol. 8vo. with Illustrations of the Alhambra, Escorial, &c., 15s.

"CON AMORE"; or, Critical Chapters. By JAMES MCCARTHY, Author of "The Waterdale Neighbours," &c.

THE MARCH to MAGDALA. By G. A. HENY, Special Correspondent of the "Standard." 1 vol. 8vo.

THE GREAT COUNTRY: Impressions of America. By GEORGE ROSE, M.A. (ARTHUR SKETCHLEY). 1 vol. 8vo.

TINSLEY BROTHERS' NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.
 Ready this day, a New and Revised Edition of "Clarissa."

CLARISSA: a Novel. By SAMUEL RICHARDSON.
 Edited by E. S. DALLAS, Author of "The Gay Science," 3 vols.

"Not read 'Clarissa'! If you have once thoroughly entered on 'Clarissa,' and are infected by it, you can't leave it."—MACAULAY TO THACKERAY.
 Mr. Dallas deserves the thanks of every lover of English literature for his endeavour to produce one of his most unquestionable masterpieces. The romance glows and is radiant with the very purest impressions. The most censorious critic in such matters will allow that not a shadow of vicious influence can be found in 'Clarissa.'—*Saturday Review.*
 "It is certain that if our generation will not read 'Clarissa' in this form, they will never read it at all; and we may derive from the fact, should it prove so, the comfortable reflection that the readers of our time are unable to appreciate one of the most beautiful, natural, heroic, and thrilling works of fiction that any country or any language has produced....
 Nothing in literature can be more pathetic than the closing passages of her young life.... Upon her brow shame is ashamed to sit. She dies a Christian Lucretia, rejoicing to go to her Father's house, with words of forgiveness, hope, and faith on her lips.... The power of the story lies in the contrast between Clarissa and her betrayer—between the lives and deaths of the two. From first to last it is sad, stern, harrowing. There are readers who will probably shrink from it, alarmed by the mere nature of the subject. If they do so from vice or called motives of delicacy, they are mistaken. There is not a line in 'Clarissa' at which any educated man or woman ought to feel shocked.... If the age has grown so wicked to read Clarissa's sad and beautiful story, we are sorry for the age."—*Morning Star.*

NEW STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADA," "NO NAME," "THE DEAD SECRET," &c.

THE MOONSTONE. By WILKIE COLLINS.

THE RED COURT FARM. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," &c. 3 vols.

DIANA GAY; or, the History of a Young Lady. By PERCY FITZGERALD, Author of "Never Forgotten," &c. 3 vols. [This day.]

WILD AS A HAWK: a New Novel. By Mrs. MACQUOID, Author of "Hester Kinton," "Charlotte Burney," &c. 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

THE LOST LINK: a Novel. By TOM HOOD, Author of "A Golden Heart," 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

NEW NOVEL BY GEORGE MACDONALD.
THE SEABOARD PARISH. By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "Robert Fulconer," "Alec Forbes of Howglen," &c. 3 vols. [Now ready.]

A NEW NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.
THE OCCUPATIONS of a RETIRED LIFE. By EDWARD GARRETT. 3 vols. [This day at all Libraries.]

"The author is worthy of a criticism which few critics have the good luck to be able to pronounce more than once or twice in a lifetime."—*Athenaeum.*
FRANCESCA'S LOVE: a Novel. By Mrs. EDWARD PULLEYNE. 3 vols.

THE DOWER HOUSE. The New Novel, by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. FENNER COOPER), Author of "Called to Account," &c. 3 vols.

THE TWO RUBIES: a Novel. By the Author of "Recommended to Mercy," 3 vols.

JOHN HALLER'S NIECE. By RUSSELL GREY, Author of "Never for Ever," 3 vols.

NOTICE.—This day is published, the Cheap Edition, 1 vol. 6s.
NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL: a Novel. By the Author of "Cometh up as a Flower."

OUT of the MESHES: a Novel. 3 vols. [Just ready.]

TINSLEY BROTHERS' TWO-SHILLING VOLUMES.
 To be had at every Railway Stall and of every Bookseller in the Kingdom.

THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "Paul Massie," &c.

THE PRETTY WIDOW: a Novel. By CHARLES H. ROSS.

MISS FORRESTER: a Novel. By the Author of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," &c.

BARREN HONOUR. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Breakers," &c.

SWORD and GOWN. By the same Author.

Also, a Cheap Edition, 2s., of
THE SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS (1867). With all the Original Illustrations.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

STANDARD SCHOOL BOOKS.

FOR THE UPPER FORMS.

DR. WM. SMITH'S COMPLETE LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. With Tables of the Roman Calendar, Measures, Weights, and Money. Medium 8vo. 1,250 pp. 21s.

DR. WM. SMITH'S NEW CLASSICAL DICTIONARY of MYTHOLOGY, BIOGRAPHY, and GEOGRAPHY. With 750 Woodcuts. Medium 8vo. 18s.

DR. WM. SMITH'S CONCISE BIBLE DICTIONARY: its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. With Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 21s.

FOR THE LOWER FORMS.

DR. WM. SMITH'S SMALLER LATIN-ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Square 12mo. 670 pp. 7s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH'S LATIN-ENGLISH VOCABULARY, with a Latin-English Dictionary to Phaedrus, Cornelius Nepos, and Caesar's "Gallic War." 12mo. 3s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH'S SMALLER CLASSICAL DICTIONARY of MYTHOLOGY, BIOGRAPHY, and GEOGRAPHY. With 300 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH'S SMALLER DICTIONARY of GREEK and ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. With 300 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH'S SMALLER BIBLE DICTIONARY: its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. With Maps and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A GREEK COURSE.

DR. WM. SMITH—INITIA GRÆCA, PART I.
 A First Greek Course; containing Grammar, Delectus, Exercise Book, and Vocabularies. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH—INITIA GRÆCA, PART II.
 A Reading Book; containing short Tales, Anecdotes, Fables, Mythology, and Grecian History. With a Lexicon. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH—INITIA GRÆCA, PART III.
 Greek Prose Composition; containing the Rules of Syntax, with copious Examples and Exercises. 12mo.

THE STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR, for the Upper Forms. By Professor CURTIS. Edited by Wm. SMITH, LL.D. Post 8vo. 6s.

DR. WM. SMITH'S SMALLER GREEK GRAMMAR, for the Middle and Lower Forms. Abridged from the above. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

HUTTON'S PRINCIPIA GRÆCA: a First Greek Course. A Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise Book, with Vocabularies. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

BUTTMAN'S LEXILOGUS: a Critical Examination of the Meaning and Etymology of Passages in Greek Writers. Translated, with Notes, by FISHLAKE. 8vo. 12s.

BUTTMAN'S IRREGULAR GREEK VERBS. With all the Tenses extant—their Formation, Meaning, and Usage. Translated, with Notes, by FISHLAKE and VERABLES. Post 8vo. 6s.

A LATIN COURSE.

DR. WM. SMITH—PRINCIPIA LATINA, PART I.
 A First Latin Course. A Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise Book, with Vocabularies. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH—PRINCIPIA LATINA, PART II.
 Latin Reading Book. An Introduction to Ancient Mythology, Geography, Roman Antiquities and History. With Notes and a Dictionary. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH—PRINCIPIA LATINA, PART III.
 Latin Poetry: 1. Easy Hexameters and Pentameters. 2. Eclogæ Ovidianæ. 3. Prosody and Metre. 4. First Latin Verse Book. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH—PRINCIPIA LATINA, PART IV.
 Latin Prose Composition. Rules of Syntax, with Examples, Explanations of Synonyms, and Exercises on the Syntax. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

DR. WM. SMITH—PRINCIPIA LATINA, PART V.
 Short Tales and Anecdotes from Ancient History, for Translation into Latin Prose. 12mo. 3s.

THE STUDENT'S LATIN GRAMMAR, for the Upper Forms. By Wm. SMITH, LL.D., and THEOPHILUS D. HALL. Post 8vo. 6s.

DR. WM. SMITH'S SMALLER LATIN GRAMMAR, for the Middle and Lower Forms. Abridged from the above. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

KING EDWARD VI.'S FIRST LATIN BOOK.
 The Latin Accidence; including a Short Syntax and Prosody, with an English Translation. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

KING EDWARD VI.'S LATIN GRAMMAR, for the Use of Schools. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

OXENHAM'S ENGLISH NOTES for LATIN ELEGIACS; designed for Early Proficients in the Art of Latin Versification. 12mo. price 3s. 6d.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

THE POPULAR NEW NOVELS

At all Libraries.

A SCREW LOOSE. By W. P. LANCASTER, M.A. 3 vols.

LOVE; or, Self-Sacrifice. By the Right Hon. Lady HERBERT OF LEA. 1 vol. post 8vo.

FLIRTS and FLIRTS; or, a Season at Ryde. 2 vols.

THROUGH FLOOD and FLAME. 3 vols. post 8vo.

"The story is worked out so well that a reader is sure of entertainment. There is a fund of shrewd sense exhibited in the reflections of the writer which indicates a mind of no ordinary power. Some local characters are exceedingly well drawn."—*Athenæum*.

SUNSHINE and SHADE. 2 vols.

WORK-A-DAY BRIERS: a Novel. By the Author of "The Two Anastasias." 3 vols.

"A well-conceived story, unaffectedly told, which, without creating a sensational amount of excitement, creates a healthy and legitimate interest, which lasts throughout.....Is a truly sensible and praiseworthy book."—*Athenæum*.

Also, nearly ready,

AN AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER. By the Author of "Mr. Hogarth's Will," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Now ready, 1 vol. post 8vo. 6s.

A WALKING TOUR IN NORMANDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL ROUND IRELAND ON FOOT."

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

THREE WIVES. By the Author of "Margaret and Her Bridesmaids," &c. "These volumes are most interesting, well-written, and highly entertaining."—*Observer*.

MRS. ST. CLAIR'S SON. By Lady BLAKE. SWEET ANNE PAGE. By MORTIMER COLLINS. "The most laded of novel-readers will find 'Sweet Anne Page' sufficiently striking and brilliant to excite his attention and interest."—*Imperial Review*.

MILDRED. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. "A novel of rare merit. It is admirable at once in structure, in style, and in absorbing and sustained interest. As a love tale it is unsurpassed."—*Post*.

ROBERT FALCONER. By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "Alec Forbes," &c. 3 vols. "A work brimful of life and humour, and of the deepest human interest."—*Athenæum*. HURST & BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS, 13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

On September 1, price 4s.; gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

THE SUNDAY LIBRARY, Vol. III. Seekers after God; the Lives of Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. By the Rev. F. W. FABRER, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

THE CHURCH AND POLITICAL PARTIES. This day, 8vo. post free, 1s.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND POLITICAL PARTIES: a Letter to the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, D.C.L., one of the Bishops of the University of Oxford, and Secretary of State for the Home Department, &c. &c. &c., from the Rev. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.C.L., F.S.A., Vicar of All Saints', Lambeth, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations. London: THOMAS BOWDITCH, 215 Regent Street.

This day, post 8vo. with Coloured Illustrations, half-bound, 10s. 6d.; post free, 11s.

MODERN CAVALRY: its Organization, Armament, and Employment in War. With an Appendix containing Letters from Generals Fitz-Hugh Lee, Stephen D. Lee, Thomas L. Roser, of the Confederate States Cavalry. By Lieut.-Col. G. T. DENISON, Jun., Commanding the Governor-General's Body Guard, Upper Canada, Author of "A Manual of Outpost Duties," &c. London: THOMAS BOWDITCH, 215 Regent Street, W.

Now ready,

A NEW WORK ON TREES. By GEORGE BARNARD. Containing Thirty of the principal Trees of Europe, drawn from Nature, the individual touch and distinguishing features of each Tree being rendered with remarkable vigour and fidelity. Accompanied by a description of the Characteristics, Method of Delineation, and favourite Localities of each Tree.

The Work of 30 Plates in Three Parts, complete, with Explanatory Text, £2 2 0
Or handsomely bound 2 12 6
Separate Parts, containing 10 Plates and Text 0 14 0
London: WILSON & NEWTON, 38 Rathbone Place; and all Booksellers and Artists-Collourmen.

Just published, Second Edition, with Addenda, containing additional Facts and Cases in illustration of the Serious Proceedings of the Advertising Quacks, 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 8d.

REVELATIONS OF QUACKS and QUACKERY. By DETECTOR. Reprinted from the "Medical Circular." London: H. BAILEY, 215 Regent Street.

HARROW SCHOOL ATLASES.

MODERN.

Just published, New Edition, cloth, lettered, 12s. 6d.

HARROW ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY,

Containing 30 Coloured Maps, with Index to the Principal Places.

Also, just published, New Edition, cloth, 7s.

JUNIOR HARROW ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY,

Containing 14 Coloured Maps, with Index to the Principal Places.

The selection of these Maps for the use of the great Public School at Harrow offers the strongest proof of their superiority. Being the largest Maps of their class, their size (17 inches by 14) affords opportunities for the insertion of various details for which there is no room in the Maps of smaller Atlases. In the present Edition the new Railways have been added; the alterations in the boundaries of Germany, the Russian Empire, and Turkestan have been made, and the latest divisions of India are introduced. The transfer of the North-Western part of America from Russia to the United States, as well as the amalgamation of Canada with other British Provinces in one Dominion, are among the numerous improvements inserted in this Edition, to keep pace with recent Geographical events.

Also, the following Atlases, uniform in Size, &c., with the above.

CLASSICAL.

Cloth lettered, price 12s. 6d.

HARROW ATLAS OF CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY,

Containing 23 Coloured Maps, with Index.

Cloth, 7s.

JUNIOR HARROW ATLAS OF CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY,

Containing 11 Coloured Maps, with Index.

CLASSICAL AND MODERN.

Cloth lettered, 12s. 6d.

SCHOOL ATLAS OF CLASSICAL

AND

MODERN GEOGRAPHY:

25 Ancient and Modern Maps, with Indexes.

Half morocco, gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

UNIVERSITY ATLAS

OF

CLASSICAL AND MODERN GEOGRAPHY:

53 Ancient and Modern Maps, with valuable Consulting Indexes.

* Any Map in the Series may be had separately, plain, 6d.; coloured, 8d.

A DETAILED CATALOGUE of the entire SERIES of ATLASES and MAPS designed by the USEFUL KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY, can be had gratis, or will be forwarded per post on receipt of One Stamp.

LONDON: EDWARD STANFORD, 6 AND 7 CHANCING CROSS, S.W. AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Now ready, fcp. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE THEORY OF THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE adopted at BEN RHYDDING. By WM. MACLEOD, M.D., F.R.C.P. Edin., Senior Physician to Ben Rhydding. JOHN CHURCHILL & SONS, New Burlington Street.

ORTHOPRAXY. (ὀρθός, straight; πρᾶσσειν, to make.) By HEATHER BIGG, Assoc. Inst. C.E.

This Manual embraces the Treatment of every variety of Deformity, Debility, and Deficiency of the Human Body.

CHURCHILL & SONS, 1 and the Author, 36 Wimpole Street.

Just published, One Hundred and Tenth Thousand, 1s.

MORISONIANA: or, Family Adviser of the British College of Health. By JAMES MORISON, the Hygeist. Comprising Origin of Life and True Cause of Diseases Explained, forming a complete Manual for Individuals and Families for everything that regards preserving them in Health and curing their Diseases. The whole tried and proved by the Members of the British College of Health during the last Forty-five Years.

May be had at the British College of Health, Euston Road, London, and of all the Hygienic Agents for the sale of Morison's Vegetable Universal Medicines throughout the World. No Vaccination, no Bleeding, no Poisons. Remember that the Blood is the Life, and that Vaccine Lymph is nothing but putridity leading to disease and death.

Whereas there are counterfeiters of Morison's Vegetable Universal Medicines on the Continent, the Public are hereby cautioned to purchase only of the accredited Agents to the British College of Health, Euston Road, London.

New Series.—No. I. (for SEPTEMBER 1868), price 1s.

THE BROADWAY:

A London Magazine.

CONTENTS:

1. STRETTON. By HENRY KINGSLEY. With a Full-page Illustration by G. H. Thomas. Chapters 1-4.
2. WHISPERS OF HEAVENLY DEATH. By WALT WHITMAN.
3. PARTRIDGE SHOOTING. By "IDSTONE." With a Full-page Illustration by Harrison Weir.
4. OURSELVES. By a WOMAN.
5. STUDIES ON THACKERAY: Thackeray as a Novelist. By JAMES HANNAH.
6. ON AN OLD BUFFER. By FREDERICK LOCKER.
7. FALSE COLOURS. By ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDDEP). With a Full-page Illustration by M. E. Edwards.
8. VERSES IN MY OLD AGE. By BARRY CORNWALL.
9. THE OCEAN BROADWAY. By REV. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.
10. CELEBRITIES OF THE CORPS LEGISLATIVE. I.—M. Rouher. By GEORGE MACKENZIE TOWLE. With Portrait.
11. THE VOLUNTEER CRISIS. By an OLD LINEMAN.
12. LIEUT.-GENERAL LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA: a Memoir. By Lieut. C. R. Low, (late) L.N.

THE REV. J. G. WOOD'S NEW WORK.

1 vol. super-royal 8vo. cloth, 774 pp. 18s.

ROUTLEDGE'S

NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN—AFRICA:

Being an Account of the Manners and Customs of the Uncivilized Races of Man.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

WITH NEW DESIGNS BY ANGAS, DANBY, WOLF, ZWECKER, AND OTHERS.

Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel.

"Many travellers have given accounts, scattered rather at random through their books, of the habits and modes of life exhibited by the various people among whom they have travelled. These notices, however, are distributed through a vast number of books, many of them very scarce, many very expensive, and most of them ill-arranged; and it has therefore been my task to gather together in one work, and to present to the reader in a tolerably systematic and intelligible form, the varieties of character which develop themselves among races who have not as yet lost their individuality by modern civilization. In this task I have been greatly assisted by many travellers, who have taken a kindly interest in the work, and have given me the invaluable help of their practical experience."

THE REV. J. C. M. BELLEW'S NEW BOOK.

1 vol. crown 8vo. 920 pp. cloth, 7s. 6d.

POETS' CORNER:

A Manual for Students in English Poetry, with Original Biographical Sketches of the Authors.

By J. C. M. BELLEW.

From the Preface.

"The sense of a want, both in the library and in the schoolroom, induced me to undertake the production of this work. There has been a superabundant supply of 'Selections,' 'Gemmes,' 'Specimens,' of Poetry; but I am not acquainted with any book that meets a need which the education of my own children made me experience."

"A Manual, a portable volume, which gives the student a fair knowledge of the style of our great poets, which supplies him with the most famous or familiar passages of their works, and at the same time prepares his mind for the poetry by first of all (through the aid of a biographer) introducing him to the poet, recites to me to have been long required. I am bound to admit there are publications which, in a measure, have done what I endeavour to accomplish; but they have only strengthened my conviction that something fuller and more complete was necessary."

No effort has been or will be spared to render this very important Work, which has engaged the constant attention of the Editor during the last two years, the standard Selection of English Poetry.

THE MOST POPULAR NOVEL OF THE SEASON.

Now ready at all the Libraries, 3 vols.

FIRST LOVE AND LAST LOVE.

By JAMES GRANT,

Author of "The Romance of War."

The *Athenæum* speaks of it as Mr. Grant's best production for many years.

MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S NEW WORK.

Second Series, crown 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

HALF-HOURS

WITH

THE BEST LETTER-WRITERS AND AUTOBIOGRAPHERS.

The First Series is published at the same price and size.

ROUTLEDGE'S STANDARD LIBRARY.—NEW VOLUME.

Crown 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, green cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR;

A Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Surgery, especially adapted for Family Use.

By a DISPENSARY SURGEON.

The aim has been to produce a Book that shall be in very truth the "Family Doctor," reliable for ready reference in all those numerous cases in which it is unnecessary or impracticable to obtain the assistance of a Surgeon or Physician, whose aid should ever be sought when there is really an occasion for it. The information conveyed is thoroughly practical, and such as may be depended on; it is the result of much study and research. The Author has not on his own Experience simply, but has made it a point to consult the most recent and eminent Authorities, so as to give a complete Digest and Compendium of the present State of Medical, Surgical, and Sanitary Science.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

Third Edition, with Corrections, Vol. I., 18s.

THE ANNALS OF RURAL BENGAL.

By W. W. HUNTER, B.A., M.R.A.S.; Hon. Fel. Ethnol. Soc.; Of the Bengal Civil Service.

"The real history of India—the history, that is, of its peoples—has yet to be written. It can be written only by a man to whom long service in India has given special knowledge, and who combines with this a real historical genius. Mr. Hunter is the first Englishman who combines these qualifications, and he has in this preliminary volume given us a history which, in its minute knowledge of the people, their ethnology, language, traditions, religious literature, manners, and customs, its philosophical breadth and freedom from prejudice, its noble principles and sympathies, and its literary skill and eloquence, will be as fascinating to the ordinary reader as it is valuable to the student."—*British Quarterly*.

"In Mr. W. W. Hunter's 'Annals of Rural Bengal' we find evidence of careful research, clear intelligence, reflective power, and artistic skill. Yellow stained volumes from each district treasury in Bengal, family archives from the stores of rajahs, local information collected by pandits specially employed for the purpose, folk-lore supplied by the laborious inquisition of native gentlemen, manuscripts in London, Calcutta, and Bengal, have all been laid under contribution, and, as the initial result, we have the first volume of what promises to be a delightful and valuable history..... We consider it as one of the most important, as well as most interesting, works which the records of Indian literature can show."

"The history of India under English rule from a novel point of view, and that history treated by a master's hand. Mr. Hunter, in a word, has applied the philosophic method of writing history on a new field. What concerns him is the people of whom he writes—and he does not merely investigate facts—he uses them as an historian ought, to illustrate principles of government and social progress..... The grace and ease, and steady flow of the writing, almost make us forget, when reading, the surpassing severity and value of the author's labours."—*Fortnightly Review*.

"We have not pretended to do more than indicate very roughly what may be looked for in this most able volume. We shall watch for its successor with considerable eagerness, and we can say of Mr. Hunter's first instalment, that it might fairly be the text of many essays, not only on Indian government, but on various niceties of race, of religion, of agricultural, manufacturing, and social life. Such books are magazines of trustworthy political data."

"Mr. Hunter has given us a book that not only possesses sterling historical value but is thoroughly readable..... The picture of the great famine of 1769, which did so much towards ruining the native Bengal aristocracy, is worthy of Thucydides."—*Imperial Review*.

"If Mr. Hunter does not ultimately compel recognition from the world as a historian of the very first class, of the class to which not a score of Englishmen have ever belonged, we entirely mistake our trade..... He has executed with admirable industry and rare power of expression a task which, so far as we know, has never yet been attempted; he has given life and reality and interest to the internal history of an Indian province under British rule, to a history that is without battles, or sieges, or martial deeds of any sort."—*Spectator*.

"It was a happy thought to investigate the contents of these fast perishing papers..... There is still a thick cloud between the rulers and the ruled, which is only broken by the occasional flash of some great calamity like the Santal insurrection, or the Orissa famine. The work before us affords some light in the midst of this gloom..... But it is better to refer those who would understand the subject to Mr. Hunter's book, which deserves to be read and studied by all who have the welfare of India at heart."—*Athenæum*.

"A book so conceived, built of such materials, at the hands of so earnest and conscientious a litterateur, blessed with such splendid opportunities and sense to use them, manifestly marks a new era in our Anglo-Indian historical literature."—*English Independent*.

"For years Mr. Hunter has been steadily pursuing this great literary work in the midst of his official labours..... The Government would not hesitate to expend the means of pounds on a commission of inquiry, not likely to be productive of more good than this investigation which Mr. Hunter has voluntarily instituted, and has conducted single-handed with such remarkable ability."—*Homeward Mail*.

"It will not be his (Mr. Hunter's) fault if the English public should be slow to realize the fact, that a new historian of the highest capacity has started up from the ranks of a service fruitful in distinguished men, but somewhat barren of great writers..... And what a picture he has succeeded in evolving. Page after page is lighted up with incidents, tragic and touching, mournful, stirring, or pleasurable; the whole enhanced by a style of thoughtful eloquence that redeems the driest topic from dullness."—*Allen's Indian Mail*.

"Favourably known as the members of the two chief branches of the Indian service have ever been for their literary talents and industry, it is no exaggeration to regard this admirable volume as the first step towards a higher and more philosophical order of literature than has hitherto emanated from the Anglo-Indian community. Many profound scholars both in this country and in Germany, and even in France, have written learnedly upon the Aryan emigration. But for Mr. Hunter it has been reserved to study an aboriginal race and its native mountains, to mark the reciprocal influence of two phases of civilization at their point of contact, to trace the debased superstition of the modern Bengali to the mixture of monothistic Brahmanism with the nature-worship of a primitive people, and, by implication, to delineate the aspect of Northern India prior to the armed immigration of the fair-complexioned [Aryan] race."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

"One of the most remarkable books upon India that has ever been written. In his 'Annals of Rural Bengal,' a work radiant with an inner light, Mr. W. W. Hunter, a Bengal civilian, has drawn from official sources a picture of the depopulation of the ill-fated provinces, equalled, perhaps, but not surpassed by the pen of Thucydides when delineating the pestilence that devastated Athens."—*St. James's Magazine*.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65 CORNHILL.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

In September, large 4to. 42s.; to Subscribers, prepaid, 31s. 6d.

A COMPARATIVE DICTIONARY OF THE NON-ARYAN LANGUAGES OF INDIA AND HIGH ASIA,

With a Preliminary Dissertation, based upon the Hodgson Lists and Vernacular MSS.;

With Contributions from Her Majesty's India Office and Foreign Office, the Government of Bengal, the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, and from English and Continental Scholars.

Being a Lexicon of One Hundred and Forty-four Tongues, illustrating Turanian Speech, arranged, with Prefaces and Indices, in English, French, German, Russian, and Latin.

Intending Subscribers may receive a Specimen Page upon application, by letter, to

Messrs. MURRAY & GIBB,

Printers to Her Majesty's Stationery Office, Edinburgh, who will register Subscriptions up to September 1st.

BOOSEY & CO.'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GRAND DUCHESS. By OFFENBACH.

THE VOCAL MUSIC. The Complete Opera, with French Words, 12s.; with English Words, 10s.

Or the Songs separately, with English or French Words, as follow:

SAY TO HIM. "DITES LUI." 3s.
LO! HERE THE SABRE OF MY SIRE. "VOICI LE SABRE." 3s.
OH! I DOTE ON THE MILITARY. "AH! QUE J'AIME LES MILITAIRES." Price 3s.
THERE LIVED IN TIMES NOW LONG GONE BY. "LEGEND DU VERRE." Price 3s.
OH! WHAT A GALLANT REGIMENT. "AH! C'EST UN BIEN BEAU REGIMENT." 3s.
THE HAMBURG JOURNAL. 3s.

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS.

BRINLEY RICHARDS'S "DITES LUI-LOVE'S CONFESSION." 3s.
BRINLEY RICHARDS'S SABRE SONG. 3s.
KUIHE'S FANTASIA BRILLANTE. 4s.
MADAME GURY'S ROMANCE ("DITES LUI"). 4s.
CRAMER'S BOUQUETS OF MELODIES. Two Books, each 4s.
KETTERER'S FANTASIA DE SALON. 4s.
W. H. GOODBAN'S MÉLANGE OF THE FAVOURITE AIRS. 4s.
MUSGRAVE'S GRAND DUCHESS WALTZ. 4s.
MUSGRAVE'S GRAND DUCHESS GALOP. 3s.
STRAUSS'S GRAND DUCHESS WALTZ. 4s.
ARBAN'S GRAND DUCHESS QUADRILLE. 4s.
W. H. CALLCOTT'S AIRS. In One Book, Solo, 5s.; Duet, 6s.
BOSCOVITZ. Transcription. 4s.

NEW SONGS.

CLARIBEL'S Reply to "Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?"
"WHAT NEED HAVE I THE TRUTH TO TELL?" Answer to the celebrated Song, "Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?" 4s.

New Songs by CLARIBEL.

THE PASSING BELL. 3s.
FRIENDS FOR EVER. 3s.
ROSES AND DAISIES. 3s.
MAGGIE'S WELCOME. Sequel to "Maggie's Secret." 3s.

LITTLE BIRD, SO SWEETLY SINGING. By G. B. ALLEN.
The most successful Song ever introduced by Madlle. Liebhart. Sung by this distinguished Vocalist every night at the Promenade Concerts, Brighton. 4s.

OH! SWEET AND FAIR. New Song. By ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN. Sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby at all the principal Concerts of the Season, with great success. 4s.

THE FAITHFUL ECHO. By W. GANZ. 3s.

"Miss Banks sang a ballad which was in many respects the gem of the evening. The composition was so pleasing that the audience insisted upon its repetition, and the fair executant complied, to their intense gratification."—*Southampton Times*.

THE VAGABOND. By JAMES L. MOLLOY. Sung by Mr. Santley, and always encored. 4s.

THE NIGHT WINDS SIGH ALONE. By ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN. This favourite Song may be had in F and G. 3s. "Simple, plaintive, and melodious."—*Lady's Paper*.

WHAT IS LOVE? By ELIZABETH PHILP. 3s.
"The words are quaint, antique, and redolent of the olden time. The air is very pretty, and as quaint as the words."—*Illustrated News*.

CLEAR AND COOL. By DOLORES. Companion to "The Brook." 3s.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG. By ELIZABETH PHILP. 3s. "A song which, sung with spirit and feeling, will not speedily be forgotten."—*Illustrated News*.

HAMILTON AIDÉ'S NEW SONGS.

BABE, GOOD NIGHT. By HAMILTON AIDÉ, Author of "The Danube River." 3s. Also, by the same Author, each 3s.

HAVE YOU SEEN HER NEAR THE FOUNTAIN?
THE FISHER.

HIE WILL RETURN. By ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN. 3s.
"A most charming song."—*Sunday Times*.

THE SABRE SONG, from "The Grand Duchess." Also, arranged by BRINLEY RICHARDS for the Pianoforte. 3s.

THERE LIVED IN TIMES NOW LONG GONE BY.
The celebrated Drinking Song from "The Grand Duchess." 3s.

THE ROSE OF ERIN. By BENEDICT. Words by CLARIBEL.
Sung by Madlle. Adeline Patti at Mr. Benedict's Annual Concert, and repeatedly encored. 4s. "A charmingly plaintive song."—*Daily Telegraph*.

I WILL NOT ASK TO PRESS THAT CHEEK. By VIRGINIA GABRIEL. Sung by Mr. Nelson Varley. 3s. "It is not often that even an experienced composer writes a song so melodious and impassioned as this."—*Birmingham Journal*.

CLOCHETTE. By JAMES L. MOLLOY. Sung by Madame Sherrington. Tenth Thousand, 4s.

WILL HE COME? By ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN. Sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby, Miss Edith Wynne, and Miss Elena Angele. 4s. "One of the most unaffected and charming songs of the day."—*Times*, February 21.

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

GOLLMICK'S OTHER DAYS. A New Piece for the Pianoforte. Also.

GOLLMICK'S A HAPPY THOUGHT. Second Edition. 3s.
GOLLMICK'S THE DRIPPING WELL. Fifteenth Edition. 3s.
GOLLMICK'S VALSE STYRIENNE. 3s.

ROSE ET PAPILLON. By F. BOSCOVITZ. 4s.

CHANT DU SOIR. 4s. By the same Author, PAUL AND VIRGINIA. 3s.

BRINLEY RICHARDS'S DITES LUI.

BRINLEY RICHARDS'S STRANGERS YET.
BRINLEY RICHARDS'S SABRE SONG.
BRINLEY RICHARDS'S I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.
BRINLEY RICHARDS'S JANET'S CHOICE.

W. H. CALLCOTT'S GRAND DUCHESS. All the Favourite Airs from Offenbach's celebrated Opera in One Book. For Pianoforte Solo, 5s.; Duet, 6s.

W. H. CALLCOTT'S HALF-HOURS WITH OFFENBACH.
A very effective Book of Twelve Airs from the best Operas of this popular Composer. Pianoforte Solo, 5s.; Duet, 6s.

GOLLMICK'S BROKEN RING.

GOLLMICK'S WANDERLIED. GOLLMICK'S TRUE LOVE.
Arrangements for the Pianoforte of popular German Volkslieder, of which many thousands have already been sold. New Editions, each 3s.

NEW DANCE MUSIC.

HIT AND MISS (L'Œil Crêvé) GALOP. By HERVÉ. 3s.
"As good a galop as Offenbach ever composed, and certain to become a favourite."—*Daily Telegraph*.

HIT AND MISS QUADRILLE (L'Œil Crêvé Quadrille), on the celebrated French Comic Opera, performed at the Prince of Wales's Ball, and at every State Ball this Season, by Coote & Tinney's and Dan Godfrey's Bands. 4s.; String Band, 1s.; Brass Band, 1s.

BOOSEY & CO.'S

HOUSEHOLD MUSIC. A New Series of Illustrated Music Books, printed from new type on the finest toned paper, each 6d.

1. FIFTEEN HOUSEHOLD SONGS.
2. TWENTY CHRISTY'S NEWEST SONGS.
3. THIRTY SACRED SONGS.
4. NINE GEMS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.
5. TEN GEMS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.
6. TWENTY-NINE SACRED PIECES FOR PIANOFORTE.
7. LITTLE SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS.
8. LITTLE PIECES FOR LITTLE PLAYERS.

Each Number contains a Full-page Illustration.

ROBERT SCHUMANN'S ALBUM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS:

Forty-three Characteristic Pieces, complete, in BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. No. 11, price 1s. Also another Edition, handsomely bound in blue cloth, gilt edges, suitable for Presentation, price 2s. 6d. Also in the MUSICAL CABINET, each, post free, 1s. 2d.

No. 109. ROBERT SCHUMANN'S SCENES OF CHILDHOOD, complete, and Nine other short Pieces.

No. 99. FRANZ SCHUBERT'S FOUR IMPROMPTUS and SIX MOMENTS MUSICALES, all complete.

No. 87. LEBYACH'S SIX MOST CELEBRATED FANTASIES, including "Puritani," "Sonnambula," &c.

No. 86. MENDELSSOHN'S EIGHT SHORT PIECES, including "T'e Rivulet," Two Musical Sketches, Andante and Ron-do, &c.

No. 85. STEPHEN HELLER'S PROMENADES D'UN SOLITAIRE, complete.

No. 84. STEPHEN HELLER'S TWELVE SHORT PIECES FOR PIANOFORTE.

No. 83. KUIHE'S SHORT FANTASIES.

No. 78. TEN DRAWING-ROOM PIECES, including "The Shepherd's Song," "Perles et Diamants," &c.

No. 77. MENDELSSOHN'S SIX BOOKS OF SONGS WITHOUT WORDS, complete.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S NEW SOLO.

BENEDICT'S DER FREISCHUTZ. Performed by Madame Arabella Goddard at the Author's Concert. 5s. Also, the same celebrated Fantasy, arranged by F. Cowen, as a Pianoforte Duet, 6s.; and as a Duet for two Pianofortes, 5s. The last arrangement has been performed by the Author and Madame Arabella Goddard on three occasions with remarkable effect.

ESPANIOLA. By FORBES, Author of "Caprera." 3s.
"An exceedingly brilliant and effective fantasia."—*Waterford Chronicle*. "A very elegant and graceful piece."—*London Review*. "A brilliant and dashing piece."—*Illustrated News*.

By the same Author,
SHOULD HE UPBRID, for Pianoforte. An effective and popular Transcription of Bishop's celebrated Song. 3s.

RÉNÉ FAVARGER'S SECOND OBERON FANTASIA. 4s.
"This piece bids fair to rival the author's first fantasia."—*Ladies' Transcript*. Also, RÉNÉ FAVARGER'S FANTASIA DER FREISCHUTZ. 4s.

RÉNÉ FAVARGER'S ROSE D'AMOUR. Penna's Fugitive. 3s.
"An elegant little piece."—*Musical World*.

KUIHE'S GRAND DUCHESS. 4s.
KUIHE'S CLOCHETTE. 3s. | KUIHE'S COME BACK TO ERIN. 3s.
KUIHE'S TAKE BACK THE HEART. 3s. | KUIHE'S MAGGIE'S SECRET. 3s.
KUIHE'S CLARIBEL FANTASIA. 4s.

THE GRAND DUCHESS QUADRILLE. Performed at every State Ball this Season. Solo or Duet, 4s.; Brass Band, 1s.; String Band, 1s.

THE GRAND DUCHESS WALTZ, on Offenbach's popular Opera. 4s.; String Band, 1s.

CHEAP EDITIONS.

BOOSEY'S SHILLING OPERAS for Pianoforte Solo. A New Series in the MUSICAL CABINET, complete, with Overtures and the whole of the Music, containing from 48 to 64 pages each. Now ready.

DON JUAN.	FIDELIO.
LUCREZIA BORGIA.	IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.
DER FREISCHUTZ.	SONNAMBULA.
CRISPINO E LA COMARE.	UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.
IL TROVATORE.	LA TRAVIATA.
NORMA.	MARTHA.

THE GRAND DUCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN.

BOOSEY'S SACRED MUSICAL CABINET: a Library of Music for Voice, Pianoforte, Harmonium, and Organ. Each Number, price 1s.

1. TWENTY-FOUR SACRED SONGS BY CLARIBEL.
2. THE MESSIAH, FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.
3. THE CREATION, FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.
4. FIFTY VOLUNTARIES FOR HARMONIUM.
5. TWENTY-FIVE SACRED WORKS FOR HARMONIUM.
6. WELLY'S OFFERTOIRES FOR HARMONIUM.
7. WELLY'S OFFERTOIRES FOR ORGAN.
8. ANDRE AND HESSE'S VOLUNTARIES FOR ORGAN OR HARMONIUM.
9. TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY CHANTS.
10. ANTHEMS BY MODERN COMPOSERS (J. L. HATTON, J. BARRETT, AND HENRY SMART).

THE NE PLUS ULTRA BEETHOVEN. 7s. 6d.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA MOZART. 5s.
These complete Editions of Beethoven's and Mozart's Sonatas are printed from engraved plates, and are superior to all others published in this country or on the Continent.

LONDON: BOOSEY & CO., HOLLES STREET.

Printed by GEORGE ANDREW SPOTTISWODE, at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by DAVID JONES, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, August 22, 1868.